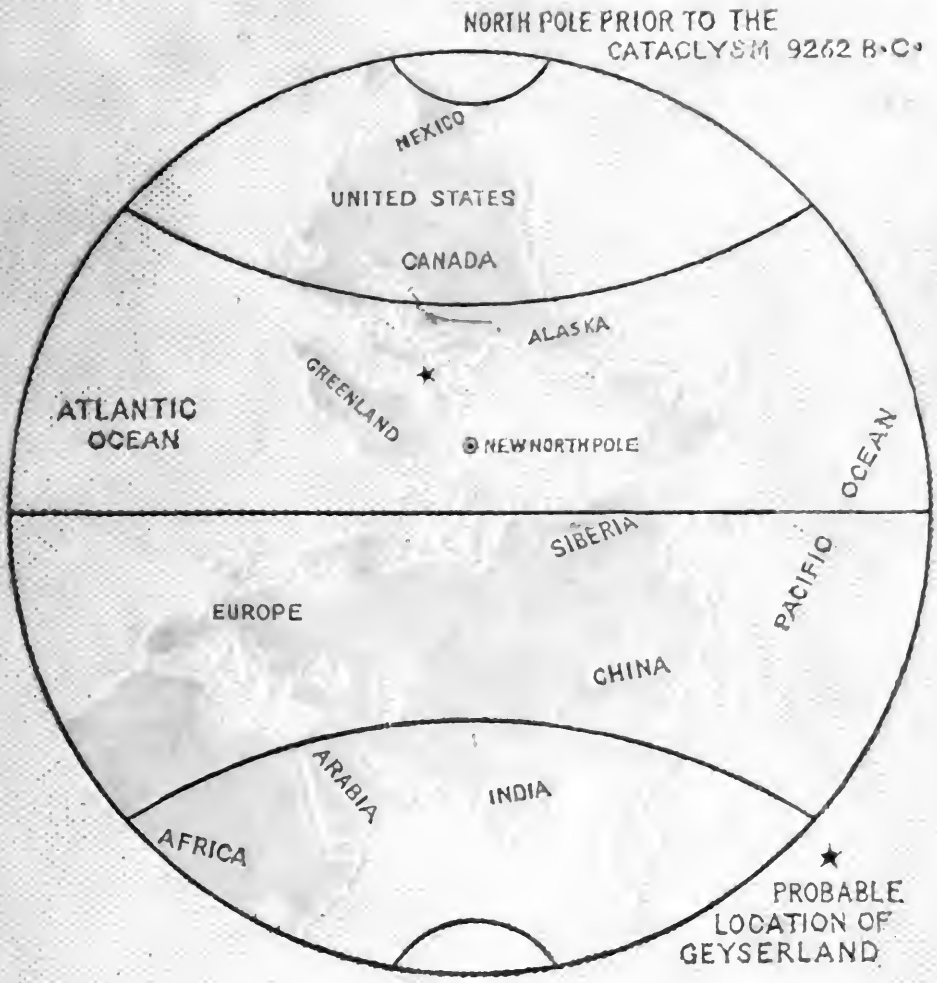
GEYSERLAND



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GEYSERLAND

ADAM AWAKENED BY EVRONA

GEYSERLAND

EMPIRICISMS IN SOCIAL REFORM

BEING DATA AND OBSERVATIONS
RECORDED BY THE LATE
MARK STUBBLE, M.D., Ph.D.

EDITED BY
RICHARD HATFIELD

[*A TENTATIVE EDITION*]

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UTOPIA
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MOTIVE

WITH a view to enlarging our present field of happiness, we wish to write what *might be.*

We are of the opinion that about 11,000 years ago there was a deluge or revolution of seas and wrinkling of the shell of the earth, and that the survivors of that cataclysm were our ancestors and the connecting link between the past and present eons. We also believe that the isolated inhabitants of Geyserland, like ourselves, were survivors of that antediluvian period.

These Geyserlanders, not being influenced by many of the conditions that have affected us, make an interesting study, and we purpose to contrast their system with ours by relating the experiences of an English castaway who passed several years in Geyserland.

Geyserland was a community where, through numberless wars, famines, pestilences, and iniquities, principles were evolved partially resembling those preached in "The Sermon on the Mount," and impractically practiced by the Pentecost and Arian Communities, and many modern monastic associations. We also wish to show that the failure of these historic communities was the result of the personnel, the environments, and the conditions, rather than the falseness of the theory.

The praising and recording of successful noble acts we believe to be an essential element toward high culture, and we wish to show that a greater happiness is attained by such as love their race, in contrast to such as concentrate their affections upon individuals.

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PROLOGUE

"Use gentle words! for who can tell the blessings they impart?
How oft they fall (as Manna fell) on some nigh fainting heart.
In lonely wilds, by light-winged birds, rare seeds have oft been sown,
And hope has sprung from gentle words, where only griefs had grown."

EARLY in my life my father told me he would give me whatever I asked for, if I would remember to only ask for what I should have. This was humorous; however, my father lived up to the spirit of his contract.

When about seventeen years of age, I told him that I should like to go abroad and study to be a professional artist.

"If you insist, you may go," he replied; "but my suggestion would be, that instead of being a professional artist, you study to be an amateur artist. The banker, George Grote, was a historian; and the surgeon, Oliver Wendell Holmes, was an eminent writer; you also can lead a dual career. Go, learn the fundamental principles of your art, then return and I will make you an officer in one of my manufacturing companies. In this way you will have two strings to your bow, with plenty of time for both."

But with an assurance founded on my youth and ignorance, and a confidence based upon physical strength and determination, I decided to stake all —to win or lose all—in an artistic career.

My father died the following year, leaving me a large fortune. Ten years later in Paris, ten years of hard work, I regretted that I had not followed

his advice. I was discouraged by the manner in which my artistic performances were received by the press and by my professional colleagues, and I realized that I was too old to begin a commercial career. I felt as useless as a blind window in the wall of a church, and was wretched with the idea of eating the bread of idleness and throwing away what might have been a useful life.

I had a classmate, Jacques Roussel, from Normandy, who, from the beginning of my art career in Paris, had been a close companion in all my studies. One night at a students' ball, where models, quasi-models, and others joined with us for merriment, Jacques introduced his brother Xavier to me. He made me know all the pretty, lively girls, and, with the fellowship of frolicking friends, we enjoyed ourselves. Toward morning I asked him his occupation and learned that he was a waiter at a quiet restaurant in the neighborhood of the "Gobelins," a quarter of Paris unfrequented by English or Americans. This good fellow was supporting his brother Jacques during his art studies. He was intellectually alert, and understood the conditions of the society that surrounded him. He realized, also, his own limitations.

I have always sought to discover treasures in odd places, and a few days later I visited the restaurant where Xavier was employed. I was not greeted by "Tiens! le grand Richard" (Hello! big Dick); but by a most correct servant, who showed me to a desirable seat and recommended to me—"Monsieur"—those dishes he knew to be the most palatable in the cuisine. He was a Frenchman, hence he was an actor; he was a waiter, hence he sought

to give an imitation of a perfect waiter. Shakespeare says:

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

We would elaborate on the significance of this word "player." Some players are creatures of impulse, others creatures of imitation. The first—the man of instinct—no more sacrifices himself than does the child playing tag. He is a man acting with all sincerity as he sees the right, capable of initiative when he recognizes the necessity for invention. The second, the imitator's rôle, usually demands the element of self-effacement. He acts with all the acumen of one who is capable of performing a commendable part, and with a desire to excel in it.

Xavier, like most Frenchmen, enjoyed this double personality. The evening we met, Xavier and I had been on terms of equality and drunk out of the same glass; now he was playing another part, on a different stage. Obsequious civility was expected of him, just as physical strength is expected of a blacksmith. Civilities, like good sauce, make a restaurant's renown. I cherish the memory of Xavier both as a waiter and as a friend.

Many days later he made me known to a client of the establishment, an interesting gentleman about forty years of age, with a pinched face and care-worn look—a Mr. Peter Seaton, an American.

Peter Seaton was a social misfit; he had made a bad shot at happiness. His father, a wealthy resident of Hartford, of the bondholder caste, had brought him up with all the old-time unconven-

tional New England comforts, and, dying, left him a vast fortune, with but little to do save to cut off coupons. At Yale he had been popular, and nicknamed "the philosopher," because he bore upon his forehead a defiance that challenged all superstition. When confronted with a dogma or tenet he was ever ready to use that experimental rationalism which has been approved in all departments of science. It was only necessary to tell him of some unlucky omen—breaking looking-glasses, crossing fingers, or opening umbrellas in the house —to have him essay it to show its fallacy. Appreciating the fact that his father's ability, aided by his mother's economy, had left him financially independent, to gratify them he early in life married the handsome sister of one of his classmates.

Mrs. Seaton was a product of that species of her race that has been evolved from loveless marriages. When she had married for money, and her home had been secured, with a dashing, unscrupulous cunning she strove to better her social position. Mrs. Seaton was as pure as snow. No breath of scandal ever gave her husband cause for complaint; but of intellectual sympathy he received none. In this respect she was absolutely false to him. Mrs. Seaton took society as it is; Mr. Seaton desired it only as it should be. Her life was governed mainly by social ambition. His was lived for the real appreciation of its surroundings and comforts, with a hearty sympathy and a commendable desire of securing like enjoyments to as many others as possible.

There is much truth in Swift's saying, "There would be fewer unhappy marriages in the world if women would think less of making nets and

more of making nests." A wife who seeks to make home happy by efforts to please the vanity of her husband, with well-organized entertainments and elegant appointments, sometimes loses sight of the main objects of household supervision—the healthy comforts of good beds, delicious food, comfortable chairs, with clean, attentive servants. To a practical man, or to a philosopher like Peter Seaton, these foundations of home were the most essential.

Mr. Seaton had no pretensions to be considered more fashionable, or in any way better than he actually was; but Mrs. Seaton and their only daughter, Henrietta, were masterpieces of that self-satisfied but unpraised and envied class of women called "snobs." As his daughter grew older the state of affairs became worse. He said he had no time (he meant no talent) for society's small talk or twaddle. "What is the use of talking to any one unless you can make that one your confidant?" He found himself always in the way and not wanted. Old! He was not old. It was the number of times he had kept his temper that had traced the wrinkles on his face. He never tried to dominate his wife; on the contrary, she tried to humiliate him, often nagging and criticising him, and in this manner his daughter and their exclusive fashionable friends followed her example. He was isolated, although he was in his own home. Solitude is not necessarily living alone; it is living with others who are not interested in us.

Mr. Seaton had not the Buddhist desire to "acquire merit" by being imposed upon. His dash for freedom was as generous as it was original. He put into the hands of a Parisian banker a portion of his bonds, an inconsiderable sum, but suffi-

cient to last him for his life; wrote a note to his wife and daughter, enclosing a power of attorney and the key to his vaults, and soon found himself in Paris, where, as he said, his hat covered his family and roofed his home! He became the friend of the lowly, and said that if the Devil had any more traps for him he could not bait them with ladies. He was no longer a believer in matrimony. A picture has a right to choose the frame that fits it best. At another time he said, "If I were a woman I hardly know of a man whose wife I should like to be—I do not know that I should have liked to have been my own; but I should never have treated an enemy with the ignominy I have received from my wife."

A man wants no fetters before the age of forty. Property, wives, household establishments and children all seem mere flukes to his anchors—hindrances to his liberties. Girls, on the contrary, are when young most bewitching. The romantic period of a man's life is twice as long as that of a woman's. A woman is in her prime from fifteen to thirty-five—a man from fifteen to fifty-five; a man is no more an old bachelor at fifty-five than a woman is an old maid at thirty-five. If a man can so arrange as to live to see his legitimate grandchildren he has had enough of marriage and life's joys and sorrows.

Mrs. Seaton was willing to give her soul to trifles, although she had all the requisites of being a social leader, except that most essential of all, the noble motive. She was a member of the most fashionable church, whose coarse, sagacious rector, with a half-nurtured intellect, had opinions to suit those whom he wished to conciliate on all religious, moral, social, or political questions. By this

mental astuteness he managed to hold his position at the head of his fashionable parish, which was little else than an "exclusive social club." His parishioners were recognized as being the correct leaders of a generally supposed sterling upper "social set," whereas his parish was really a refuge for human drones—"a paradise of fools" or a hypocritical "shoddy," "silver-plated," "brummagem" imitation of the *real thing,* both social and religious. Winwood Reade wrote in "The Martyrdom of Man," "What a state of society is this in which 'free-thinker' is a term of abuse. . . . Worship is a conventionality, churches are bonnet shows—shabby genteel salons, where the parochial at home is given, and respectable tradesmen exhibit their daughters in wooden stalls."

Emerson wrote, "The rulers of society must be up to the work of the world."*

* * * * *

One morning, while at luncheon, Mr. Seaton, alluding to a picture I was painting of Socrates for the Salon, observed:

"Do you think Socrates will be forgotten if you do not paint him for this year's Salon?"

*Mark Stubble said this about society: "It is a mistake to assume that the *grand principle of refinement,* at present so little in evidence, is really dying. It is only in a state of lethargy. The time will surely come when the few noble characters who cherish convictions of refinement will reassert the correct principle as a *true standard for an aristocracy.* No community should exist without an aristocracy. This superior class should receive the respect and be imitated because of the noble qualities in their characters.

"At the time of William the Conqueror the aristocracy of the continent had evolved from 'Robber Barons.' But he, believing that an aristocracy should be based on family and wealth, installed the peerage of England with the 'gentleman' and the 'lady' as the standard. The term 'gentleman' is derived from 'gens'—family—as is also generous; and its correlative term 'lady' was synonymous with 'bread-giver,' because only the ladies of the manor or feudal castle who were the loaf-wardens or bread-keepers were in a position to be bountiful or

"Socrates forgotten," I replied, "might be happier than Socrates remembered by my performance. I chose that subject merely to show how well I can paint the half-nude fragments. I wish it to be rumored that a new master has come to town."

"Master of what?" demanded Mr. Seaton, "beauty or skill?"

"Skill."

"My dear young friend, don't forget the objective haven in becoming too much interested in the methods of getting there. You remember the inland commoners of England who went to war with Charles I. about the 'ship tax,' but forgot the cause of the dispute in the excitement of the fighting. The inland boroughs still pay the 'ship tax.' Good painting without any other object in view is as useless as a treadmill. The highest function of art, mark you, is to collect, to select, and arrange what Nature has given us. She furnishes the gem, but art must attend to the polishing and setting."

I wish to pay the world a tribute for my existence," I said, "and I believe to do this I should create something that will sell; if others are will-

generous. To-day it is impossible to accept family and wealth as a standard of refinement. Millionaire is not synonymous with refinement. The progress of ethics has already shown the advantages of the divorce of church and state, and now this same progress demands the divorce of prominent political statecraft and social standards of refinement.

"A fraternity will exist among aristocratic people of all countries; like Masons they will recognize each other when others cannot.

"It should be an important function of the aristocrats to be on the alert to welcome everyone worthy of joining this highest circle, but a social leader should stand ever ready to challenge all aspirants to prove their worthiness before admission, *because* every aristocrat should consider himself responsible for the evil actions of his acquaintances. The ladies of society should stand forth for truth. The gentlemen should be ever alert to protect them from imposture."

ing to pay it proves that the thing is wanted and that in creating it I am being of use to the world."

Mr. Seaton, uncommercial man in a commercial age, muttered something that was not flattering about "shopkeepers."

"Wanted by whom?" he asked. "Abraham told Isaac to acquire what others needed, then to sell it at a profit. Your standards of the artistic might be studied, and altered to the advantage of the world. You wish to exhibit in the Salon for notoriety, and to sell the object of that notoriety in order to assure yourself that your career is noble. Bosh! What is this Salon? Is it like the Olympian games; or is it a show of technical skill, where the draughtsman exhibits his skill in depicting form, and the painter in rendering texture? I believe it is simply a coterie of artists organized for the benefit of themselves to perpetuate their own methods. Their art has degenerated to the level of a sport; they annually exhibit their works to show their dexterity, in the same way that men attend regattas and coach parades to show their ability in sailing or driving.

"To the point," he continued, "what is the relation of this Salon to the love of the æsthetic? What is the value of this much-sought-after renown? Who are the judges of the appropriate and the beautiful? Certainly not a lot of unwashed painters who are notorious for preferring dexterously painted fragments of the nude, resembling amateur photographic snap-shots, to untrammeled inspirations or designs combining grace and beauty. A man has a right to be tried by his peers. But you remember Pliny's story of the five statues of the Amazons on the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, each carved by a celebrated sculptor.

When it was left for these same sculptors to decide the most meritorious statue, each voted for his own, and the prize was awarded to the one selected for second place.

"If there is nothing in art but technical skill," continued Mr. Seaton, "then fellow-workers could judge; but if it is an appeal to the very highest strata of culture and refinement, then let the unprofessional connoisseur be heard; for I believe it is impossible that an artist can be a good critic, because of his utter lack of sympathy and enthusiasm. He is always a doctrinaire, the exponent of some fad outside the cognizance of a genuine critic. The critic is an analyzer, and is useful in proportion to the enthusiasm and sympathy which the beautiful evokes in his temperament. A professional critic has a right to demand of an artist that he be a master of correct workmanship, that his taste can be trusted in regard to the beautiful and appropriate, that he is capable of elaborating and decorating such schemes as are presented to him, and that he should ennoble his work with love and mystic depth.

"Personally, I believe that artists, like doctors and plumbers, will be judged by laymen. Competition applies to them as it does to the makers of pies and biscuit. The Salon was originally held in the King's palace; hence the name. The court was composed of the most highly cultured people, and their approval meant success. Dramatic art has not been developed by the criticisms of actors, but by the applause of the most critical people of culture. There will always be an element of cruelty about an atmosphere where all are as alert to condemn as they are to praise; but,

mark you, from a progressive point of view the best atmosphere is the one in which the highest type of excellence will develop. To illustrate this. A good-natured English audience will praise the effort of a painstaking young singer and lightly pass over her false notes. At La Scala the first false note results in her being hissed from the stage, regardless of tears and efforts. The consequence is, that a Milanese reputation is a thing of value, whereas no one cares for an artistic reputation made in London."

"But I want a rational, tangible token of my success," I interrupted.

"Do you mean selling?" he snapped at me. "Beautiful objects have always been of value. Art has not degenerated, but the public has been forced to accept trivial performances in lieu of greater ones. The world has always been ready to recognize the distinction between good and bad, unhappily much more quickly than a distinction between right and wrong. Approach the market for the good—and you'll be on the turnpike to immortal fame.

"Note the travels of a work of art. It leaves the artist's studio, goes to a patron or to a dealer; it is mixed with other chosen works; it is resold, and if worthy eventually finds itself where it aptly belongs, in some public gallery. Mark you, eminent men are recognizing that when they die the only thing they are to be remembered by is what they leave to others, and a memorial, such as a noble work of art, is becoming more popular every day. These patrons of art all buy or strive to get the best. Old art, by having withstood the test of constant criticism, is unquestionably entitled to a respect which should be charily given to modern

works, hence the love of old masters—the old story the survival of the fittest. Where are now the works of the three hundred pupils of Titian? A fleet is as fast as its slowest ship, a chain as strong as its weakest link, but a school of artists will be judged by it most brilliant members, and their work only will survive."

"You are right in theory," I said, "but the praise of an interested dealer and the mushroom reputation gained through the press have become tremendous sources of profit and encouragement."

"Artistic productions should be such as give pleasure to those who create them as well as to those for whom they are created," replied Mr. Seaton. "The artist must first perceive what is needed, then love to do it; but, above all, have the capacity to do it; for as Lowell wrote, 'It is not the singer's wish that makes the song.' I envy you your dexterity in your craft. I often feel that my ideas are as choice and beautiful as those of Shakespeare, but I cannot express them as well. The curse of our time is that penny-a-liners, who can write, think that they can think. Mark you, nine-tenths of humanity are imitators, but ninety-nine one-hundredths of artists are imitators. 'There are few voices in the world, but many echoes.' When the school of Boucher had refined painting to a flimsy state of washed-out color and stereotyped forms, it was most fortunate that Chardin appeared upon the scene with his materialistic pots and pans, fruits and vegetables. But like a tuning-fork, one Chardin is enough for any one school. The public does not need paintings galore of dead fish nor disgusting interiors of slaughter-houses. It is when we create a thing which makes the world happier that we have accomplished a

stroke of genius. The world is always ready for another artist who has the sagacity of originality. Brunnelleschi, the originator of the Italian Renaissance, antagonized the poltroon feelings of the imitator and presented to the Florentines what they needed when he designed their Cathedral, and did it so well that Michael Angelo a hundred years later, when asked to revise the plan for the Cathedral's completion, refused to do so, saying that they must get a better artist than he to improve it. Let it be understood that to deviate from the trodden path is the birthright of all mankind. Gregarious humanity has thousands of frontiersmen or pioneers in every direction, from the mental recluse in his lonely attic to the fearless scientific explorer in the canyon's depths, and from the rare singer to the wizard decorator. All attempts to force these honest, valiant spirits back into the ranks of life would be the death-knell of originality. William Morris, a philistine, was not recognized by the professional artists' associations of his time; nevertheless, he developed more art than any man since the old goldsmith pre-Raphaelite Florentine; he never saw an artistic creation without thinking how he could make something more beautiful. The Prince Consort, with his South Kensington Museum, has done more during the last thirty years to advance the artistic feeling in industrial England than the Royal Academicians have in a hundred and thirty years—as modern English wall-paper and faiences demonstrate. The appreciation of the beautiful is the cornerstone of the artistic. The æsthetic is the link of love between the Creator and the created. Do not confuse Science and Art. Science is the correct knowledge of Nature, whereas Art

is the happy combination of nature interpreted by man and manipulated by his schemes, ingenuity and skill. In other words, art is the æsthetic in nature as evinced by a man's mind. Do not confound the marvelous with the artistic. Our art galleries are to show what art has been able to perform—the making of the beautiful. Our museums are to show curiosities, works of marvelous dexterity, samples of early innovations."

"In plain words," I said, "you believe that there is no straight road to success?"

"There is not," replied Mr. Seaton. "There is no rule for excelling in art, such as the Golden Rule which regulates moral actions. All systems of classifying art are belittling. Certain professors and men whose chief enjoyment is in teaching others, think they have what their masters, centuries ago, knew enough not to search for—a system. They have tried to reduce all the methods of artistic skill into fixed rules which they designate as classical, and which they adopt in order that the standards of tastes may be universally established. Fixed standards and ideals are only mythical moving creations of men who crave for law and order, the outcome of which would give results like unto peas in a pod or pins in a paper. This is atrocious. The only standard of good taste should be that which our most refined element deems charming. Old classical paths, like mausoleums, may be beautiful, but they lack the live and progressive spirit of the age. Foolish are any systems that compel poets or artists to conform to rules, tenets, canons, or standards. Those who follow cannot lead. Artists are standard-bearers of progress and are little children—the multi-multiplied great-grandchildren of the Al-

mighty, the original artist. The fine arts should be ever emblematic of liberty and originality. Artists should be priests of Nature, and should embody the beauty of those who love Nature. 'One success outweighs a hundred failures.'"

"Please clear my mind," I said, "about some of those modern innovations. As an art critic where would you place a perfect wax representation of a friend?"

"Art is Nature on a minor scale," Mr. Seaton quickly replied. "An artist dignifies certain qualities by sacrificing others. The Greek sculptor omitted the pupil of the eye, thereby sacrificing expression to accentuate the pure beauty of the form. A duplicate has not the charm of an artistic rendering. A beautiful thought is more quickening when expressed in the unnatural language of verse than when spoken in prose. To fool the eye is no more the function of an artist than to mimic is the sphere of a musician.

"There are two distinct stages in creation—first, the conception and starting; second, the refining and perfecting. He who has the conception deserves greater glory than he who but refines and elaborates. James Watts, a breaker of paths with his primitive steam engine, will always be remembered as more eminent than his successors who have brought the details of his invention to their present high standard. As for drawing—in the future, whenever scientific accuracy is more desired than artistic merit, the process system will prevail. The photographer will replace the draughtsman in the same manner as Gerard, the scribe and illuminator in Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth," had his career changed by the process printing-press."

"I don't know what to do," I said with tears in my eyes; "please don't discourage me any more."

"Ten thousand apologies, my boy!" he exclaimed. "I see I have been mistaken. I thought possibly you wished to be a gentleman-artist with a reputation for being original, made by imitating well-known works. I believe in you. I have seen others like you, with a yearning desire to be of some service in the world. It is hard for a rich young man to throw himself unrestrainedly into a career of usefulness. Notice how few men of worth to-day come from wealthy parents. You deserve better luck, my lad. I believe you have it in you to do something for the world. Go ahead. Don't mind if your friends find you lacking in stifling conventionalities. A beneficial idea instigated by a single individual if fortunate enough to reach and permeate the masses means one step up the ladder of humanity's progress. It may be paradoxical, but it seems to me as if some screw should be loose or loosened in the machinery of society to permit genius to achieve its end. A well-balanced man often fails in being a great factor in great results. 'The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong'—'nor yet favor to men of skill, but time and chance happeneth to them all,' said Solomon. But look, my boy, at the men whose skill has not been rewarded by success. Time has not afforded them a chance, nor has their skill 'found favor' in the world's judgment. Their most earnest efforts spell failure. Note this encouraging item in your profession. Lawyers, doctors, and clergymen have to have a diploma in order to practice their professions. Whereas artists—literary, musical, or plastic—have only to produce one success-

ful performance to be recognized in their profession. Stamp as well as you can what charms you most upon a piece of canvas, and according to the rules of the game of life you take your chance on its being of value."

"That is all right," I said, "but if I painted those things in nature which fascinate me, such as the nude, which I love as Rubens loved it, I know that I should not be tolerated. My family, not my conscience, makes a coward of me."

"You must choose between your art and your family," he suggested in his quick, nervous way. "Unless it is contrary to the interests of the commonweal, what Nature has joined together should not be rent asunder. Art and society must ever be at odds, for art stands for freedom—society for conventions. Be honest with yourself at any price. An independent bastard has many advantages in the line of freedom over the legitimate member of a respectable social set."

"I certainly have the desire," I interrupted; "and in the name of pity, help me! My father told me that a man's shoulders were broad enough and strong enough to carry all the troubles fate sends to him, but it is not so. My own heart is breaking; and men are dying every minute whose burdens are greater than they can bear."

"You must not be discouraged," said Mr. Seaton kindly. "Of all the horses that are entered, trained, and ridden in the race, but one can win and be famous. Those who fail are often quite as useful as their illustrious and victorious competitors. Note the men in history who have done great things after shipwrecks and disasters. Don't be in a hurry. You don't want to be like that little hero, Louis II., of Hungary, who was

born before he was expected, was married at the age of twelve, was a father at thirteen, gray at sixteen, and killed on the field of battle before he was twenty-one!"

With a feeble attempt at a smile, I told him such anecdotes were amusing, but not so comforting as his generous heart intended.

"Mark you," said he, "intelligence, zeal and power are not the only requisites necessary to raise men from obscurity. Good art should demand admiration even though the environments be bad and the popular critics in vogue condemn it. Greuze died of starvation, yet some of his pictures are now worth almost their weight in diamonds. Nobody can command success, but the advantages of advertising must be recognized. The Bible particularly recommends that a man should not put his light under a bushel. I do not agree with Emerson, who wrote, 'If a man should do a piece of work incomparably better than his fellows, the world will make a pathway to his door, though he live in a forest.' People must know what you have for them, in the same way as a so-called 'savage' Bushman, when he has killed and cooked any large game, stands before his hut and loudly calls to all who are hungry to come and help themselves. So if you have anything that will benefit mankind, proclaim it, hire a herald, ring the bell, blow the horn. 'If gods we are, we should make ourselves known.' Your feeling of discouragement is natural. Courage which has originated from despair may be an embryo of success. However, mark me, that while to become famous and incidentally recognized as a 'social lion' is cheering, soothing, and reflectively delicious, yet a truly great man of usefulness generally has mental acu-

men enough to know that it is really immaterial who gets the credit of a philanthropic work. Some artists arrive at distinction early, others late. A savage is in his prime at seventeen; Columbus discovered America at fifty-eight; Humboldt started to write 'Cosmos' at the age of seventy-five and lived to complete it. Corot never sold a picture until sixty, and lived to make a fortune before dying at seventy-eight. Puvis de Chavannes had his pictures rejected at the Paris Salon for seventeen consecutive years, but later he became president of that society and the leading mural decorator of his time. Every successful person can be eminent for only a portion of his life, as, a hod-carrier is only good in youth and strength; a philosopher, in old age, with experience."

* * * * *

One Sunday I called at Mr. Seaton's apartment on the Rue des Petites Epingles (Little Pin Street), and found him in a Scotch plaid dressing-gown, slippers, and smoking-cap. Some people dress for conventional propriety, others for the admiration of their friends, and others to keep warm; the last was evidently his scheme. It is a popular belief that "free-thinkers" are unkempt, dingy, and untidy; possibly this is from the lack of the weekly "sprucing up" that "church-goers" give themselves each Sunday morning. The "bearded" or barbarous were despised by the Greeks and Romans, who considered neat personal appearance a requisite of healthy manhood. Yet Socrates, who dominated the intellect of his time, was content with the appearance of a slouch. On the contrary, Hadrian, who owned the Roman Empire, was most particular about his appointments and appearance.

My friend had for a housekeeper a healthy, robust woman named Gabrielle, from Brittany—a woman past the age of maximum beauty, who had had her history and was now glad to work for a man who always used gentle words.

Dear old Peter Seaton was happy in Gabrielle's society. To be a congenial companion it is not necessary to have wealth, influence, or pedigree. What is most needed is a kind heart and good manners, with a certain amount of mental sympathy. This good French girl possessed all these. Whatever the relation in which they stand, a woman should be the complement, rather than the duplicate, of her mate, for a woman is not an inferior man. Mr. Seaton was like the Duke of Cambridge, who wanted a *home,* not a *bazaar* of *fashion.*

"Listen to me seriously," said my friend, after a preliminary chat, "there is a useful moral to be noted in every man's life. Your candor, frankness, and love of honesty bespeak your Puritanical ancestry, your love of getting down to bed rock. A Puritan should love the nude. You have not failed in painting. You've got an indigestion of art. You will yet do influential work. But get a hobby, get a fad. You need a digression. You say that your loves and ideas are at variance with your family traditions; why do you not write a book describing the man you would like to be? Many people do two things better than one—as a woman talks more interestingly when sewing, and a man makes better bargains when whittling a chip. You can publish your work anonymously and continue your painting. In this way you will be master of your own career and independent of fate. *What might be* is a pleasant thing to paint,

why not write it? To be practical, all imaginary characters like Jean Valjean, Colonel Newcombe, Pickwick, Don Quixote, Wilhelm Meister, and many such have influenced more people beneficially than millions of real men who have led useful lives. Do not be discouraged in a new field. Mark you, it is by cowardly proverbs that the world has been perverted. Remember Michael Angelo with the dome of St. Peter's and Leonardo and his 'Last Supper.' Neither thought for a moment of 'lifting a calf daily,' but tried to carry the ox at once. Their efforts will ever be remembered and classed in the first grade of heroic art. Like them you may do a wonderful work or tell a wonderful story, if you have the story to tell and the courage to do it. This you may do without preliminary education."

"I dislike a weak-kneed turncoat," said I, whereupon Mr. Seaton spoke of the folly of considering people frail, or condemning their judgment because they changed their opinions.

"Nobody benefits by succumbing," he said. "The idea of a captain going down with his ship is the folly of a fool. Consider your existence as sacred, have a purpose worthy of it, and don't waste it for a trivial whim or feeling, for *where success is impossible and failure is assured, then try again—but try something else.*"

CHAPTER I

ADAM MANN

"If we could live without women, we should keep free from that hindrance; but, since Nature has shown that it is as impossible to live without, as it is disagreeable to live with them, let us sacrifice the pleasure of life so short, to the good of the republic that it may last forever."—METELLUS NUMIDICUS.

PART of this chapter is given in the original language used by Adam Mann, and written by him on the margin of an old English Bible which Professor Mark Stubble found at Stoveren, Holland. The notes were made while Mann was in Geyserland, with the hope that, in case he did not return to Christendom, they might, by chance, reach someone who would understand and value the information recorded. His expectations were realized, for the book fell into the hands of the Eskimos, from whom it passed to a Dutch whaling ship.*

The margins and blank leaves of the old book were closely covered with writing, done with an instrument unknown to us. These quaint observations, including notes, memoranda, and conclusions, were secured by Professor Stubble, who was the first to appreciate their scientific importance. He subsequently tried to arrange the items and weave that which was obviously autobiographical into some coherence and continuity. Before his premature death he made considerable progress in

* NOTE—In the latter part of the sixteenth century the English fitted out several whaling expeditions for the northern portion of Baffin's Bay. The Dutch succeeded the English in these voyages early in the seventeenth century.—ED.

this work, which the lack of order or method on the part of the narrator made difficult. Professor Stubble also left records of many investigations, both at Tenderton in England and at Plymouth in Massachusetts.

*"My parents having had eight children before me, all of them girls, had already selected 'Nina' as a name for their ninth; but circumstances over which they had no control persuaded them to call me 'Adam'—it being a suitable name for the first male. It was a strange coincidence that I may have been the first man born in England in the seventeenth century, as I have been informed that my arrival took place a few moments after midnight on the morning of January 1st, 1601.**

"My father is a man of importance and property, Old Stone Hall, his home, and his adjoining farms, be at Tenderton, in Kent, England. My mother died during my babyhood and I, having survived the experimental caring-for by all of my eight sisters, each having original and untried theories about the up-bringing of boy-babies, seemed destined to live. Strange, but certain it is, I waxed great in height and strength, and where I came from there was not my equal in boxing, or wrestling, no, not in ye whole of Kent nor in Surrey. My father stinted no expense on my education. I knew some Latin and Greek authors; I

*RICHARD HATFIELD'S CHRONOLOGICAL NOTES

Population of London, about 80,000.
Population of Paris, about 280,000.
Elizabeth was Queen of England.
Henri IV. reigned in France.
Cromwell, Blake, and Vandyke were each less than six years old.
Shakespeare was writing "Hamlet"; first played in 1602.
Cervantes was writing "Don Quixote," published in 1605.
Rubens, Velasquez, Bacon, Harvey, and Galileo were all at their zenith of usefulness.

could compute corn in ye crib, or ye number of cords in ye wood-pile. He early lett [allowed] me participate in ye management of ye farms, which be entailed, and so will be mine in time. Both our heads were none too many to make ye receipts meet the expenses. Three sisters were married and had families. They now were widows dependent upon my father. I have been told that my mother, forethoughtful woman, had always persuaded my father to be as saving when he had money, as he was forced to be when he had it not. As a result of this sagacious practise, there were no incumbrances on Old Stone Hall, and we were all happy there together.

"Across the good stream Medway, in view of Old Stone Hall, lived Gilbert Natson, and his handsome daughter Polly, the goodliest maiden to behold, I wist, in all England. Never have I seen aught of the limner's art, but I do not believe that Peter Paul Rubens, who hath recently been knighted for making beautiful pictures, could paint aught so pure and handsome as Mistress Polly Natson. Gentle-tempered was she as she was beautiful. In her presence always felt I awed. I marvel not that her approval was the inspired motive for all my actions, for she was noted for her goodness. . . . She believed in the supernatural; never so did I. By my troth, I believe not that anyone has ever lived who knew more about a future existence than do I—and that is absolutely nothing. Never yet did I believe in a statement of facts, because they showed me ye grave of ye man who made them. She was heavenly-minded; I was earthly. I studied about this world, but her friend and adviser, ye Rev. Master Pratt, claimed to know all about heaven and hell, with precise and accurate

details of how to get to either place, if one could but believe him as Polly believed. Finally, about the year 1617 his influence waxed so great, that she and her father were minded to goe with him to Holland, where many Pilgrims had begun to goe as early as 1608. Later, they followed ye 'Mayflower' to ye Plymouth plantations, and there they settled and worshipped in their own perfect manner."

* * * * *

The foregoing were all of Adam's marginal notes that were in any way consecutive; the rest was confused and apparently written without method. We have tried to weave these incidents, characters, and naïve observations into a story with such digressions as suggest themselves by the contrasts between prevailing customs with us and those met with by Adam Mann.

* * * * *

In London, within sight of the old landing at Billingsgate, early in the year 1638, the old Red Crow Ale House was a conspicuous landmark. Often during the morning hours, when the masses of humanity were laboring, idle men would gather together and strange acquaintances would be made.

"My felicitations, Mistress Hester. A brimming measure of your foaming October brew, served by your own dainty hands, would be most refreshing to a tired sailor this morning.—Much am I beholden to you. Prithee, rest: tarry a bit, that I may look into thy pretty eyes; and tell me, pray, what is new on the river."

"Thanks for my eyes; but seldom do my eyes see beyond these walls."

"True, but your pretty ear doth hear, and I would be knowing to what passes. Perchance some new adventurer might appear, bringing wealth and distinction to me, John Shagstaff, and proud would I be to think that to you I owed the starting of some fertile fancy. A little string of pearls from New Cadiz, or some other distant land, would look well round that shapely neck. So I prithee tax thy memory on last evening's topics." *

"Naught to interest you, John Shagstaff. Forsooth, it would be strange if so brave a gallant as you were to take any interest in the brig *Raven* that is now fitting out for the New England Company's plantation. But here comes her skipper, Master Job Hawkins. His passengers, I am told, have more of worldly gear than those who have gone over before, and that is all Job Hawkins cares for. Little interest takes he, I wot, in any psalm-singing folk."

"Thanks, pretty Mistress Hester; another tankard of thy brew—Good-morrow, Master Hawkins. Fine ship, the *Raven.*"

"Aye, good Master, and you should judge fair; for the color of your face was ne'er gotten mewed up in a city. I will wager you have sailed the Spanish Main."

"That have I, and the frozen North as well. Wherever fortune lies, there I, John Shagstaff, would shape my course, and hazard my destiny."

"Go to! It is not with me then that you would be content, for never saw I such a barren shore as New Plymouth, the harbor I am next to make."

"Tush! —' wait a minute, please,' as my mother said to the horse. Granted that you be well paid

* This may be an important clue to the sequel of this story.—ED.

for carrying over these modern saints to that bleak shore, pray what brings back you?"

"Naught."

"By St. James and his father Zebedee! so much the better; for your return will not be impatiently expected. If you be well paid and well provisioned, I would like naught better than to fill thy place."

"Out upon thee! What for?" demanded Hawkins.

Subduing his voice, in order that it should not reach the ears of Hester, Shagstaff said:

"Simply this, brother. Your psalm-singing saints are all too good for this world. Heaven is awaiting for people such as these, and their harps and crowns are ready and mayhap may rust—why consider them? You have a ship, you have a crew. If not, you can gather one of chosen men. You are well equipped and well armed 'gainst the Spanish Rovers, why not sail to Cathay, the land of white and gold? What know your passengers where they go?"

"Absolutely nothing," drawled Hawkins. "Faith have they in themselves to reach their heavenly home, and trust in me to steer them to New Plymouth. But who knoweth the way to China?"

"That do I," blurted out John Shagstaff; then in a low whisper he permitted Job Hawkins to know that he had been one of the victorious mutineers who abandoned Hendrick Hudson with his son and seven of the crew in a shallop in the bay that now bears his name. Job Hawkins never removed his eyes from the face of his new acquaintance during his confession. Job was not shocked, but interested; nor was he surprised when

Shagstaff continued, "So fill your ship with the crew you need, for I ween these people take food and live stock in plenty; and what care you if you land them in China or elsewhere?"

Job Hawkins summoned Hester to get another tankard, and the sea-hawk, John Shagstaff, unfolded his villainous plan to make money and then to return to London and join that moneyed class who are free from care, labor, responsibility, custom, local usages and local attachments—the rich, unfettered, shareholding class, the freest men ever known in the history of independent man.

John Shagstaff, like a true son of Neptune, considered everything for its buoyant qualities. He thought that money was just like salt water—he could float through life on it. "If people know what they want and have the money to procure it there is no good reason why they should not have it," was Shagstaff's reasoning. John Shagstaff was depraved; keenly conscious of the difference between right and wrong, he yet permitted his actions perfect license without shame or remorse. Job Hawkins could have all the honor, fame, and glory as a discoverer of the Northwest Passage—John Shagstaff only bargained for a lion's share of the profits resulting from such a discovery. With more beer we will leave them to discuss the details of their nefarious scheme.

* * * * *

We are told that Samuel Johnson said it was leaving the peaceful comforts of home that made death terrible. Dr. Johnson never had a home of his own and, therefore, must have known what he was talking about; or perhaps his remembrance of the typical country homes of Litchfield made him appreciate how much more attractive the

country homestead was than the fluctuating city residence with its constant changing of paint and upholstery.

The love of security or the fear of receding, inspires cautious people to "fix things"—to nail them down. It was in the home, the fortress of the head of the family, that our ancestors first began to save and accumulate, not only the surplus necessities which produce wealth, but souvenirs and family relics. Without going to the extent of the supernatural, there is something about the preservation of our heirlooms and family vaults that is akin to ancestral worship—"the *Mayflower* chair"; "my grandfather's clock"; "the sword of my father." When a man and woman become partners, this home where they gather their mutual interests becomes a subject of the greatest importance, and the desire to perpetuate this home is the dominant sentiment of their lives. All the heirlooms about a homestead are altars of conservatism; an ancestral home is a greater bond of kinship than a family name. There are those who cleave to home and those who do not. The former are narrow in their interests, and conservative, useful, steady and reliable; the latter are free and mobile, capable of receding, or capable of advancing; untethered in their affections and cosmopolitan in their tastes. Old Stone Hall, where Adam Mann lived, remains to-day practically as it was in the time of Charles I. 250 years ago.

* * * * *

On the evening of the day when John Shagstaff and Skipper Hawkins were discussing, at Billingsgate, their audacious plans for accomplishing the northwest passage to China, the following episode took place at Tenderton. Adam Mann, pipe in

mouth, with his legs stretched out before him, sat alone in the large living-room of the Old Stone Hall, watching the smoldering fire on the hearth. The furnishing were comfortable for those days—a buffet filled with shining pewter; wide comfortable settles; his mother's straight-backed chair and other treasured heirlooms were placed about the room, while guns and powder-horns, fishing-rods and cross-bows hung on the walls. His nephews and nieces had been in bed for hours, and one by one his sisters had bade him good-night. Alone into the small hours of the morning he sat serenely smoking his precious church-warden pipe. He thoroughly enjoyed each puff of smoke as it floated from his contented lips, which he moistened occasionally with a glass of good warm sack, while he kept the fire alive and the kettle warm, resolving to sit up and await his father's return from London.

In those days the law forbade the country people to visit London, because Charles I. hoped thus to prevent the spreading of the rebellious ideas of the town's people; but brave, honest, old Hugh Mann obeyed only the laws which he thought right. He was a hot-headed English-upper-class farmer, and he hoped to magnify his own importance socially in the country by a measurement of those same aristocratic feudal standards that he antagonized. We have the same spirit to-day in the inflationists, who would make money cheap that they may appear to possess more.

* * * * *

This was the year 1638.
Charles had been on the throne thirteen years.
Parliament had not met since 1629, nine years before.
The Star Chamber was beginning to crowd its ignoble deeds.
The commons were visibly richer than the nobility.

The forced loans were making people desperate.

Mutiny was in the air. The English sailors had but a short time before refused to fight the Huguenots at Rochelle.

Harvard College was founded in 1638.

Milton was thirty years of age, and had not yet earned a penny.

The population of England was about 5,000,000.

* * * * *

Hugh Mann came into the room shaking the cold rain from his top coat. He sat down and, while he ate with great relish the meat pasty his daughters had left for him, told Adam of the resistance that John Hampden was making to the ship tax.

" Adam, my son," said he, " now cometh ye time of our importance. Each class of people hath its term of power, now for ye respected yeomen of old England. Unfortunately, I am all too old to do much toward it; but, to thee, Adam, and to thy children and thy children's children, a just inheritance is coming."

A half-audible grunt from Adam showed a lack of enthusiasm for his own posterity.

" Adam, my boy," continued the father, " I have been thinking all the way from London of my greatest sorrow."

" Pray, sir, and what is that? " ejaculated Adam.

" That thou hast no family. Increase and multiply, ye Sacred Book commands. I have worked hard, but my heirs bear not my name. Long have I prayed that our name might become ennobled and respected throughout ye country. Listen to the yearnings of thy father, my son! The necessity of marriage depends upon the worldly importance of the people marrying. In thy case thou must inherit Stone Hall and all these fair acres—the

home of our ancestors for generations. Why, forsooth, should strangers with new names come here? Dost thou blame me for grieving that thou hast no family? Odds bodikins! As it was my duty to my father, so is it thy duty to me not to let our name die out; bethink thee, it is thy duty likewise to thyself, to perpetuate our intellect, our brawn, and our sinew."

"True, dear father, but Polly Natson is ye one I want. For ye love of ye Lord do not suggest any other fish in ye sea."

"Didst ever speak to her, my son?"

"Speak to her! How dare I?"

"Zounds! what prittle-prattle is this? Dare sayst thou? thou, the son of an English gentleman? I hold no man your superior. Our time hath come. I am a prophet. At least I wot of no power that prevents my prophesying. If thou but hadst a son to leave here with me when the trouble comes, as come it surely will, for Hampden is not alone! You have time. Go fetch your dame. Then go thou into the fray and make our name glorious. Hurry, go bring her home. Be not too late!"

"Nay, good my father, she would not listen to me."

"Mooncalf! Would not listen to thee! God never made a better man. Thou hast the scrivener's art, go thy ways. Tell her thou'rt coming to bring her home; she'll be a sorry fool if she grasps not the chance to leave yon fishy coast! Grim and gloomy be the tales we hear of life in yon plantation. Surely, she will return with thee, fear not. Take the guineas in the blue bag, and God prosper thee, for I will yet live to see thee knighted and greeted as—Sir Adam Mann."

Adam wrote the following day, and made all plans to follow the letter as soon as possible.

Father and son were finally of one mind, and the project of marrying Polly was accepted as the correct course to take. Their reasons for reaching this opinion, however, were somewhat different. When a man is heading toward the sunset, his ambition ungratified, he must hurry to accomplish his aim or flaccidly accept the inevitable and die too soon. Realizing this, Hugh Mann argued, "It is impossible for me to leave a pyramid or a soldier's immortal record, but it is possible that I should leave a race of English gentlemen to succeed me and keep alive my name." This was a fundamental feeling for self-perpetuation. Adam, in his young and lusty nature, thought only of Polly with her superb physical charms. He remembered her graceful lines displayed in the days of the swing on the old oak tree, and her plump, rosy arms as he had seen her at the churn on a summer's afternoon. Her smiling face and her large, soft, blue eyes so full of soul, haunted him, and he longed for her now in the ripe bloom of her young maidenhood.*

Adam's resolute old father, with all the zeal of an aged man, struck while the iron was hot and did all in his power to forward this project. Energy often comes with despair and the shortening of years. And so it happened that Adam, after much preparation, sailed from London Port in the early spring of 1638.

* Why should those who have large eyes be credited with more soul than those with small ones? Madonnas, saints, and angels are always given large eyes. The deer, calf and horse have also large eyes and they are certainly stupid. The elephant and the pig, who are alert and gentle, have remarkably small organs of sight.—ED.

CHAPTER II

GEYSERLAND—ADHEMAR

"We will not attempt to decide the question whether the races at present termed savage are all in a condition of original wildness, or whether, as the structure of their languages often allows us to conjecture, many among them may not be tribes that have degenerated into a wild state, remaining as scattered fragments from the wreck of a civilization that was early lost."—HUMBOLDT'S COSMOS.

GEYSERLAND was a ring-shaped island in the open Polar Sea within the Arctic Circle. The lake which made the center of the ring was supplied by an enormous geyser, that moderated the temperature for several leagues in all directions. The subterranean conditions which existed in this region were not unlike Tanna, near Port Resolution, or the land of the Maoris in New Zealand. There was an outlet for the surplus water from the lake through a tunnel and gorge to the open Arctic Sea. Thus the inhabitants of the island enjoyed a climate varying from soft and balmy on the lake shore to frigid and icy on the outer mountainous coast.

The mountains which encircled the island near the coast line had been perforated by volcanic action, and vast caverns had been formed, whose mild temperature, like that of the Basilica of St. Peters at Rome, seldom varied. The waters of the ponds and streams in these caves were alive with fish of many varieties. During the starlight season of winter these vast grottoes, artificially illuminated, were the scenes of amphibious sports by the natives.

We know that all Greenland was fertile in the Miocene Age, and that the fossil remains of plants and flowers show specimens similar to those of Europe and America, as well as some of a purely tropical origin. The existence of these plants can only be explained by assuming that the Eastern and Western Continents were connected in past eons by a short passage near Geyserland, like that of the Bosphorous which connects Asia and Europe, and that commerce with its travelers and adventurers passed that way between what are now two continents. There must have been a mixed local population like that of Constantinople, Alexandria, or Gibraltar, because, although the majority of Geyserlanders resembled the Eskimos, there were also recognizable among them such types as the yellow-haired man and the black-haired man, the dark curly-haired swarthy man, as well as types similar to the blue-eyed Thracian, men with long heads, men with round heads, and the mongrels resulting therefrom.*

Geyserland was not necessarily always in the Arctic region, but may have been thrown there. That region, with the exception of Geyserland, was undoubtedly wrecked in the *last Polar cataclysm* or *false rotary motion of the earth,* 9262 B. C., at which time many varieties of man and beast sought food and shelter near her balmy, hospitable lake. As this theory of false rotation is but little known, it is one of the purposes of this book to recall it to the public mind.

The theory of false rotation was first advanced by Joseph Alphonse Adhemar, a professor of the Sorbonne, in " Les Révolutions de la Mer," Paris,

* The features of the face give character; the shape of the skull gives race.

1852, about which time Darwin and Wallace were presenting to the world their startling revelations of evolution. It is probable that because Adhemar had neither enterprise, influence, nor money, his pamphlet has never attracted the attention it deserves, although his theory was approved by James Croll and James Geikie. Adhemar laid down the law that deluges were caused by false rotary motion, and not by rain, since the latter depends upon solar energy, and to have produced the deluge spoken of in the Bible would have required sufficient heat to burn the earth and all the neighboring planets to a crisp. His theory is, that owing to the vast accumulations of ice at one of the poles, and not at the other, during a period of high orbital eccentricity, the earth was forced, in order to keep its balance, to change the position of its axis, and consequently made new arrangements of climates; therefore, every part of the earth may have been, or may be in its turn, dry or wet, tropical, temperate or glacial. It is an interesting fact that when those portions of the earth which had been submerged became dry land, by cognate attraction, the salt of the evaporating sea was left in pockets.

The poles are not stationary, we know that their displacements vary in proportion to the number of the earthquakes; for example, in 1845, when nine earthquakes occurred, the polar displacement was .053″, whereas in 1897, when there were forty-four earthquakes, the displacement was 1° .07″.

Adhemar's calculations fixed the recurrence of high eccentricity causing the changes of cold which alternate between the north and the south poles at full periods of approximately 21,000 years, or half-periods of 10,500 years. We know the date

of the last nutation was 1238 A. D., the date of the previous nutation being 9262 B. C. Since 1238 A. D. the duration of the northern heat or summer has been gradually diminishing, and will continue to diminish until the year 11748 A. D. Adhemar argues that there was not only one upheaval, but there was the liability every 10,500 years of a similar occurrence. Allowing that the nutation of the pole is constant, it was not obligatory that the cataclysms should occur at each successive nutation, but would be regulated by the quantity of ice breaking off from the polar mass, just as our equinox is not always accompanied by a storm.

Professor Wright of Oberlin College states, "During the glacial period 6,000,000 cubic miles of ice were piled up over a limited area in the Northern Hemisphere. The weight of this would amount to the stupendous sum of twenty-four quadrillion (24,000,000,000,000,000) tons, which is equal to twice that of the whole Continent of North America and to nearly that of the whole of Asia. The snow to constitute this ice came from water evaporated from the ocean, all of which was, so to speak, locked up on the ice-bound continents." We may note that from every hand there comes evidence that, in connection with the close of the glacial period, there was a great destruction of species of land animals all over North America, Europe, and Central Asia, and that there is much evidence to show that in large portions of this area man, himself, shared in this destruction. Apparently paleolithic man largely, if not wholly, disappeared from America and Europe during the closing stages of the glacial period, since his remains are closely associated with those of the

various animal species which became extinct at that time. It is, therefore, a theory which can be held with a fair degree of confidence that antediluvian man, after having spread over all the Northern Hemisphere, was exterminated by the glacial changes in all the outlying provinces, so that the culminating catastrophe of the cataclysm of 9252 B. C. found him limited to the great centers of early civilization in the Euphrates. The uncertain nature of ice, as demonstrated by the dissimilarity in size of avalanches and of icebergs, prevents the quantity breaking off at the period of nutation from being foretold; it might be trivial or it might be tremendous. There was no unusual commotion at the time of the last nutation, 1238 A. D. But the idea that prevailed throughout Europe that the world would come to an end about that time is worthy of notice. This was chiefly due to the church. The 1000 years assigned in Revelation as the lifetime of the earth was probably what some scientist of that day knew enough to predict as a cataclysm. It is a well-known fact, and one to be deplored, that many scientists who have made valuable predictions were happy in the fact that they had destroyed their authorities and so lost to the world many of the advantages which their researches might otherwise have afforded.

The large quantity of ice at one of the poles and not at the other, by chemical attraction drew the water that way, affecting the center of gravity, and submerging all lowlands. At the present time there is more ice at the south pole than at the north pole, and it is a fact worthy of note that there is but little land visible on the Southern Hemisphere,

but the waters in the Southern Oceans are extremely shallow.

Scientists generally agree that there was an exceptional epoch about 9262 B. C., which was the date fixed by Adhemar for the last cataclysm. There always is a certain amount of crinkling on the earth's surface due to the fact that its nature is elastic, resembling that of a rubber ball, rather than that of crystal, but it easily can be understood that at the time of a cataclysm such disturbances would be more expected and more important. The old legend of the Chibchas was that when Atlas shifted the earth from one shoulder to the other severe earthquakes were produced. It has been estimated by the Geological Survey that it has required 11,000 years for the erosive Niagara Falls to cut to their present position on the Niagara River. Before that time Lake Erie and Lake Ontario were one, and emptied into the Atlantic where New York is now located. It will be only a question of 9000 years when New York may again be submerged in ice and her masterpieces of architecture ground into boulders.

While it is easy to assume that the deluge we read of in the Bible with its inaccurate chronology was the cataclysm of 9252 B. C., it is also possible to suppose that the "Garden of Eden," or "Paradise," described in Genesis was a cataclysm *prior* to the one of 9252. "The Flaming Sword" may have been an "oriental term" for a terrific convulsion; and in the same manner that we have received from the enlightened survivors of the debacle of 9252 B. C. most of our culture, so we may trace in the chapter of Genesis certain possible occult powers of man that we have been accustomed to believe impossible—such as the

dominion over beasts, the imposing of man's mind or will. The legend of Hercules cutting a pathway through the Alps probably suggested to Bulwer his "vril" in "The Coming Race." To-day there is our hypnotism, the wireless telegraph, or the conveying of power by some similar process.

One of the clues to the prehistoric condition possibly exists in the "Arabian Nights'" tale of "The City of Brass," where the lofty buildings were conspicuous for their *total lack* of *projections* and the doors had up-to-date time-locks and other ingenious devices. The narrator of this strange conglomeration has fused traditions from Moslem, Jewish, mythological and other ancient history into the myth of this city, on a spur of the sea on the Sahara, probably at Jebel Ahaggur, where by a cataclysm and the drying up of the waters all were left to perish of hunger, in spite of their advanced culture and great wealth. Before the debacle this "City of Brass" was probably situated in a position corresponding to that of the present city of Warsaw, but it is now in the French "zone of influence" in Africa, and is quite as inaccessible as the region in close proximity to the north pole. The heat is so tremendous that even fleas cannot live there.

Cervantes must have learned during his captivity in the Barbary States of this meritorious function of equatorial Africa, for Sancho Panza told his master that he was certain that either they had not reached the Equator, or that the theory was not true. Other clues are that the mammoth had been considered essentially tropical, and those who deny the false rotation of the earth find themselves puzzled to account for the drowning of almost the

entire species in the shallow waters of the Siberian Sea at the Delta of the Lena River. The line of the Altai Mountains was once a coast range on a portion of the globe which corresponds to the present location of California, with the waters of the antediluvian Pacific at its base. At the time of the debacle the mammoths in their panic plunged over the cliff into the sea, where they found the death from which they sought to escape. Another evidence is the Sequoia or Redwood, which is known to live only in a climate like that of California, and has been found in the fossil remains of the extreme Arctic regions.

Accurate scientists are inclined to relegate art and poetry to the effeminate, but it must not be overlooked that all early legends and myths were orally transmitted from bygone ages, therefore all the early writings were endeavors to record those items in verse. Hundreds of years after these items were recorded, prose was discovered as the most rational method of expression.

Almost every race has legends of a "Golden Age," a "Lost Paradise," or a tradition of a more ancient home—"The March of Woden," the "Migration of Abraham," the "Search for the Golden Fleece," the "Mexican and Peruvian Legends," the "Wanderings of Ulysses," the "Æneid," and many others.

Horace wrote:

> "When Proteus drove all his seaherds
> to the lofty peaks."

We must surmise that the Romans derived their knowledge of a deluge from the Carthaginians, and that the latter derived it from a people who comprehended its causes.

The Greeks had the legend of Dancilion and his wife being the only mortals rescued from a deluge to renew the human race. The Hebrews recognized no country as older than Cush or Ethiopia, but this theory of Adhemar permits not only of the possibility of the "prehistoric nations" mentioned by Baldwin, but also of the antediluvian hypothesis of "Atlantis" by Plato, Herodotus, Pliny, Brasseur de Bourbourg, Ignatius Donnelly, and possibly of "Lemuria" by Sclater, particularly as the dates conform with the general upheaval. Lubbock notes the similarity of bronze weapons found in very distant parts of Europe, which he thinks implies a more extended intercourse between the different countries than existed in post-Roman times. Those students who have made the deepest researches into the dawn of ancient history admit they always have found evidences of an equally remote culture. No one who reads the Odyssey can fail to perceive a culture equalling if not excelling the culture of that of Henry VIII. By culture we mean those qualities man has acquired that are not innate, but are the result of the study of his surroundings. We are, therefore, led to believe that the savage state of man is continuous, while the cultivated state is cyclonic or circumvolic. It develops, almost dies out, and develops again; some portion of the enlightenment of the preceding eon being left each time with which the new eon may be leavened. We are of the opinion that the Geyserlanders were a remnant of a cultured people who existed prior to the cataclysm 9252 B. C.

Chaldean traditions teach us that, from a moist chaos or fruitful mud-bank, vivified by an enormous wind, emerged creatures, and finally man.

There are many roots of words of which we cannot trace the meaning or origin; for example, "Scute," "Fin," and "Jut"—Scotland, Finland, Jutland.

The practice of the *laying on of hands, blessings and cursing, the making of adjurations, vows and oaths, drinking toasts, supplications at feet or knees, marriage, divorce, triumphal arches with garlands of flowers, bonfires and illuminations, banners, circumcision, bards and minstrels, democracies, free cities, and noble families* all seem to have come down to us as relics of an antediluvian cultured state. The blessing of Jacob in lieu of Esau had it not been a sacred rite peculiar to that time, would have been promptly revoked by Isaac and he would straightway have blessed Esau, but like our rite of matrimony to-day, it was a Herculean task to undo.

The tame fowls and animals we have were all domesticated in prehistoric times, with the exception of the American turkey and the African elephant. All we have done is to improve the race of some of them by careful breeding.

History is extremely vague before the first dynasty of Egypt. Scholars like Baron Bunsen tell us that "culture did not go up the Nile." The Nile was probably not a river, but a sea, studded by an archipelago which extended to the Mediterranean on the north, the Malay Peninsula on the east, Madagascar on the south, and the Atlas Mountains on the west. Therefore, until we can produce a map of the lands of the antediluvian conditions, all progress must be made by studying cross-lights on evidence that is circumstantial.

Before the cataclysm of 9252 B. C. the north

pole was in the Pacific off the coast of Mexico, and the south pole was near Madagascar in the Indian Ocean. Geyserland was in a latitude corresponding to that of Cuba. The tropical countries the least affected were New Guinea and Brazil, while near the Equator those most affected were Mexico and Madagascar. Central Africa, Sumatra, North and South America were changed from temperate to torrid. England and Japan were at that time on the circle of the Equator. There was no great change in Egypt nor in the Valley of Mesopotamia. The Biblical and Babylonian "deluge" may only have been records of terrible local storms and tidal waves, for neither the latitude nor climatic conditions were much changed —only the points of the compass. Some astronomers think that the Pyramids were originally planned for the perpetuating of the present points of the compass, by recording the position of certain planets to instruct such as survive the next great cataclysm. This was accomplished by vistas through the masonry to an inner chamber, where the variations of the earth with some of the planets were systematically recorded in ancient days. Unfortunately the French scientists who discovered them mistook them for artistic designs instead of trustworthy tracings of the nutations of the planets.

What would be the conditions to-day if a cataclysm similar to the last great one were to occur? As everything would have to move simultaneously, the new locality of all other places on the earth would necessarily depend upon the time of day at which the debacle occurred. Assuming that at a certain hour the north pole would be thrown at once in a southeasterly direction, with a westerly

bias, Alaska would be found in the neighborhood of where the Black Sea now is, Greenland would replace Arabia, Brazil would be off the coast of Spain, Mexico in the position now occupied by Greenland, Australia in the place of China, with China in the region of the Hudson Bay; the lowlands about the Arctic Circle would be submerged, and much of the land now submerged by the shallow waters of the Antarctic Ocean would become visible. Such a debacle would establish the new north pole about Abyssinia, and the new south pole near the Society Islands.

The mountain ranges of Asia and Africa extend east and west in contrast with those in the Americas, which lie north and south. This may be a coincidence, or it may be a clue to past deluges. It is easy to presume that extraordinary crinklings of the earth could be expected at that time which might submerge present continents and develop new ones.

This hypothesis of Adhemar is the complement and corollary of the Darwinian system, for this theory suggests a solution of the unsolved problem of the "Missing Link" between the ape and the primitive man, and fits in perfectly with the theory of Darwin; because the simian ape was surrounded by conditions that made the procuring of food and a place of safety so simple that no mental effort was required, and his life was enjoyed in stagnant satisfaction, with one-third the amount of brains required by the human race. According to Huxley,

A superior man's brain weighs 66 ounces,
An inferior man's brain weighs 32 ounces,
A superior ape's brain weighs 20 ounces,

which shows the difference in weight between the

brain of a superior man and that of an inferior is almost three times as great as the difference in weight between the brain of the lowest type of man and that of the ape.

A writer in *The Hospital,* discussing dreams, takes first the "falling-through-space-dream," and points out that after suffering the mental agony of "falling" the sleeper escapes the shock of actual "stopping." His explanation is that the "falling" sensations have been transmitted from our remote ancestors who were fortunate enough to save themselves after falling from great heights (tree-tops) by clutching the branches. The molecular changes in the cerebral cells due to the shock of "stopping" could not be transmitted, because victims falling to the bottom would either be killed outright or die from secondary causes before being able to reproduce their kind. In a similar manner, by reverting to the habits of animals existing centuries ago, Beadnell finds an explanation for the mental states experienced by individuals in various dreams—the pursuing monster dream, the reptile and vermin dream, color dreams, suffocation dreams, dream passions, flying dreams. It is indeed highly probable that there exists a connection between instincts, so-called, and some of those complex conditions of the mind experienced in dreams and similar mental conditions.

We believe that the Missing Link problem was solved at the time of an early cataclysm when these parents of primitive man, by a false rotary motion of the earth, found themselves in the Arctic or Antarctic regions, with unknown conditions about them. Tens of thousands perished where one sur-

vived. Only those of abnormal intelligence could substitute fish, shell-fish, and the wearing of clothes for fruits, tropical products, and nakedness. What a glorious scope for an artist—to portray the man-apes thrown into the Arctic or Antarctic regions, their green palm trees covered with snow, frozen fruits and everything perishing around them, or the annihilation of an advanced race suddenly subjected to the merciless heat of a torrid zone, their fertile fields and pastures and their accustomed temperate vegetation scorching around them.

There is no reason for supposing that the two primal races were evolved at the same cataclysm. It is possible that they both came from the same pole or that one came from the north pole and the other from the south pole at an entirely different cataclysm. We believe that the Brachycephalic—round heads, fair skin, blue eyes and round-fibered straight hair—antedated the Dolichocephalic—long heads, dark eyes, dark skin and flat-fibered curly hair, as the first race being "twice-born" men are capable of a higher culture. The reason for the difference between these two primal races, which have now become hopelessly blended, is that as causes are never exactly similar, so effects are never exactly alike. In the prehistoric days there was a mania for migration, possibly inspired by the desire to find the "lost home" or to discover better surroundings. This ancient progress extended all over the world. We are not all alike in our capacity for climatic adaptation. It is said that the Fiji Islanders cannot survive measles; nor the English, tropical fevers; while the negro can say with pride, "I am the negro, I alone survive in

Central Africa, I can work and labor where the white man cannot." The survival of those whose constitutions are best fitted for the climatic conditions of the locality by which they are surrounded is the usual explanation. We believe, however, that any race of man can become acclimated in any climate, but at an enormous sacrifice of life.

These facts justify us in assuming that the Eskimos were the original inhabitants of the Arctic region at a time when it was not Arctic, but had been thrown there by the cataclysm of 9252 B. C. They were like a desolate people wandering around their dear, dead world, on its winding sheet of snow.

Hence we are persuaded that the Geyserlanders were a fragment from a wreck of antediluvian cultured people. They had forgotten the hideous life from which altruistic communism had rescued them. It is one of the purposes of this book to show that during the last eleven thousand years certain customs have been evolved with us that are not necessary, and that we have been hampered by unwise dogmas and restraints in contrast to altruistic Geyserland.

CHAPTER III

CUSTOMS OF GEYSERLAND—FASHO AND FAIRMENA

"The governments which have started with the hypothesis that man is wholly made up of sordid instincts, have been deceived. To him who belongs to a great race, self-sacrifice is as natural as egotism."—RENAN, Hibbert Lectures.

IN our time it is impossible for any colony to be completely independent of the remainder of the world, but the Geyserlanders for ten thousand years had evolved and invented their own laws from their experiences and for their necessities, and were as free from outside influence as was Robinson Crusoe on the Island of Juan Fernandez, or as the inhabitants of Tristan d'Acunha are to the rest of the world.*

Two methods of progress are possible for a race, that of force, and that of intelligence—force, where the struggle of race has the object in view of the survival of the fitter race; intelligence, where the constant discussions and direction of the folk-mote make for race improvement.

* England tried recently to remove the inhabitants of Tristan d'Acunha to South Africa, because everybody pitied the people for their loneliness. Nobody dreamed that they would be anything but delighted at the chance; but, to the amazement of the English, they refused to leave their lonely islet, and the warship that had been sent to get them and their possessions was forced to return without them. Tristan d'Acunha is little more than a rock. It has barely enough vegetation to support a few herds of cattle and to support the needs of the seventy-five men, women and children that live on it. It rises sheer out of immense depths in mid-ocean, half way between Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, and the only persons whom the inhabitants see from the outer world are the sailors of the British warship which calls at the island once a year. The English offered the people excellent land without charge in South Africa, and other aid necessary to establish them comfortably in their new home. But they replied that

As the ideal should precede the possible, "Geyserland" has been written with the desire to illustrate what might be, and to suggest such fundamental revolutions in our social economics as we believe must take place before fraternal ideals can replace the egotistical ideals of civilization.

We are all slaves to principles; the higher our principles the more restraint upon our liberties. Geyserland was a self-disciplined, race-loving community of truth-seeking mortals. The salient doctrine of the Geyserlanders was that of expediency which made for the surviving and improvement of the race. This sentiment had been so long in vogue that it had become instinctive with them, like the love of fatherland with us. In no case was the good of the race to be sacrificed for the good of an individual.

An individual plans for to-morrow, a community for ages to come. The creditable purpose of the Geyserland community was to do this successfully and yet preserve the self-respecting pride of the individual with the most comprehensive life possible for each. Every individual has a minor and a major career. The smaller is played from one's youth to one's old age—the larger, starting ages back with one's composite ancestry, vibrates

they were happy where they were, and that they feared that they would not fit into the world. They have so little to do on their deep-sea rock that they are not very active, and they do not care to enter the competition of the civilized world. They are very peaceable and kind, perfectly sober and highly moral. There has never been a crime of any sort on Tristan d'Acunha. There is no jail. There is no money. There is no newspaper. The island has no post office, no shop of any kind, no school, and no laws. There is no office either. One man is as good as another, and no man has authority over another. Each one lives as he deems best, and he need pay neither taxes nor other assessments. The people are very intelligent and handsome. They have lost all track of time and dates, and do not care about the events of the world at all.—ROCHESTER DEMOCRAT.

during one's life and, continuing as a part of one's influence or of one's offspring for ages to come, realizes the dogma of life everlasting. In Geyserland the government took cognizance of this major career.

Geyserland and Christendom had the same beginnings, but developed in different fashions.

A knowledge of the following peculiarities of the customs of Geyserland will enable the reader to understand and appreciate the economic conditions of that country.

PROPERTY.—Surplus accumulations of necessities belonged to the people, for all property was held in common.

MONEY.—Money, the object of which is to facilitate barter or exchange, was not used in Geyserland because the government, like the head of a family, supplied everything that was necessary for the inhabitants.

CLASSES—The population was divided into three classes—First, the young; second, the workers; third, the infirm.

MARRIAGE AND FAMILY.—In Geyserland neither marriage nor family existed. To keep the population in unison with the restricted resources of the land around the geyser, stirpiculture or homoculture was practiced, and the state had entire control of the breeding. *Prudential restraint on the multiplication of mankind* is absolutely necessary before any system of government can guarantee to all a correct condition of living. To balance the

resources of a country, one must not consider the harvest times and seasons of abundance, but must consider how many can survive the sterile season. For example, those animals like the beaver and squirrel, who hoard in the hour of plenty, have been able to survive in much greater numbers than the lazy grasshopper type, who do not provide for the morrow. The resources of Geyserland assured the support of 30,000 people with every comfort, and the population was kept at that figure. The inhabitants were divided into about two hundred social groups, each containing one gross. The duodecimal system was in vogue.

The duodecimal system of numbers in Geyserland was written in the following manner; that is, 1DD (12 dozen), or one hundred and forty-four, written 144 in our method of figures. Ten (T), and eleven (E), were also units.

GEYSERLAND MULTIPLICATION TABLE

One ..	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	T	E	1D
Two..	2	4	6	8	T	1D	12	14	16	18	1T	2D
Three	3	6	9	1D	13	16	19	2D	23	26	29	3D
Four..	4	8	1D	14	18	2D	24	28	3D	34	38	4D
Five..	5	T	13	18	21	26	29	34	39	42	47	5D
Six ...	6	1D	16	2D	26	3D	36	4D	46	5D	56	6D
Seven.	7	12	19	24	29	36	41	48	5D	6T	65	7D
Eight.	8	14	2D	28	34	4D	48	54	6D	68	74	8D
Nine..	9	16	23	3D	39	46	53	6D	69	76	83	9D
Ten ..	T	18	26	34	42	5D	6T	68	76	84	92	TD
Eleven	E	1T	29	38	47	56	65	74	83	92	T1	ED
Dozen	1D	2D	3D	4D	5D	6D	7D	8D	9D	TD	ED	1DD
Gross.	1DD											

The decimal system has come down to us like the "little pigs went to market," from infantile poverty or woeful lack of enterprising imagination. Our ten fingers were evolved for other reasons than to form a foundation for a numeri-

cal system. Ten is not a suitable number for calculating, as it can only be divided by 2 and 5. The "one man" of the Mexican, like our score, meant a total of 20 fingers and toes, which was a much better number than 10; the French unit, the franc of to-day, perpetuates that number. The Babylonian 60 was better and still survives in our measurement of circles. Twelve, one-fifth of 60, has also been a favorite number with mathematicians, and its advantages had been appreciated and adopted by the authorities of Geyserland. Twelve has survived to our day in the foot measure, the clock, and the shilling.

In Christendom the masses of the vast majority are fed from day to day by what they earn, therefore it is impossible for a poor man to guarantee support for a child unless some contract is made like marriage; but in Geyserland, where no individual was dependent upon another individual, the government assumed the support of the children of such people as were licensed to have them —none others. The recruits of a community must be drawn from its best stock. No nation can stand for the propagation of degenerates.

Ungrateful children are not unnatural. Gratitude is purely an expression of emotion which, as is justice, is called forth by certain conditions and is not instinctive as is thirst, hunger, or sleep. Some are born as incapable of it as others are of music. Therefore, what recompense can parents expect from their offspring? Very little beyond the gratification of their pride in presenting good citizens to the republic.

It was observed generations ago in Geyserland that parents and children were better when they

did not know their relationship. Our hereditary aristocracy is an insolent scheme for transferring the cause of honor from the dead to the living; or, as Benjamin Franklin put it when opposing "The Cincinnati" (the society of the descendants of the Revolutionary officers), that "instead of honor descending to the children it should ascend to the parents."

Our Abraham Lincoln was brought up by a stranger. Leonardi da Vinci had no mother to mention, and four step-mothers. Charles Martel was the illegitimate son of Pepin. Pizarro was the bastard son of a Spanish officer in Italy. The parents of Erasmus were betrothed, but never wedded; so that from childhood he fought life alone. Alexander Dumas, Jr., passed his infancy with his mother, a plebeian washwoman, and was only rescued from poverty and educated because his father wished an heir for his name and fortune.

Education, with justice to all and partiality to none, is true democracy. Preference on account of family ties or kinship is unjust. The Chinese understood this 1000 years ago. In China the poorest man may see his son advanced to the highest position. One of the recent ministers to the United States was the son of a drain digger at Canton, China.

One of the wisest laws of modern times—we mean by that, laws which prevent anguish and bad feeling—is the French law that prohibits all from seeking the identity of the father. This was one of the many good laws conceived by the frenzied Convention before and during the reign of terror. Later, many of these suggestions were put into effect by Napoleon in his Code, and he has generally received the credit for them.

No state has a right to put a handicap, like the expense of bringing up children upon its best citizens, the parents of its future people. The married parent should live as well as his bachelor brother, but with our civilized system he does not. The healthy, intelligent young married couple, with sufficient means to be independent, at once recognize that their personal comforts will be increased in proportion to the smallness of their family. That they can leave one or two children independently wealthy, whereas if they leave more, all their children will have to descend in the social and financial rating of the community.

MATRONS.—The theory that woman was made for man did not prevail in Geyserland, nor was woman an object of commiseration. On a day in the early spring of each year all young girls twenty years of age were judged by the Council of Doctors and scientific people, and out of the competitors a few were selected to join the coterie of mothers, with a particular regard for their physical condition, and also for such other qualities as were considered desirable for the common weal.

It is not believed in Geyserland that the practice of "eugenics" prevented the chances of exceptional and elevated characters. Exceptional and elevated characters develop in every degree of living. Nature's tendency for variety can never be overcome, and noble characters are more likely to develop with eugenics than from any haphazard system.

Great emotions can dominate nations in the same manner as they can dominate individuals. Look at the *patriotism* of the French, the *loyalty* of the Jesuits, the *commercialism* of the Jews, the *fanati-*

cisms of the masses at the time of Philip Augustus. So the Geyserlanders loved their race, and when the rights of the individual conflicted with the rights of the race, the *race* was always paramount.

Geyserland differed from Christendom, in that it did not have a fixed, rigid ideal, either ethical or physical. There was no straight and narrow way. To expand and develop the race was their motive. All persons in Geyserland showed great respect to the members of the esteemed child-bearing group of women, in marked contrast to the prevailing customs of Christendom.* People who were not normal were studied at the Experimental Grange, in order that attractive characteristics might be made inherent to the race. The number of young women chosen annually was decided by the probable vacancies in the limited population. As soon as infants were six years of age the government took entire charge of them.

COUNCIL OF DOCTORS.—The Elders or Council of Doctors (male and female) were the trustees of the constitutional communal rights, and directed the affairs of the island, under the gentle supervision of the representatives of the people, who were chosen by individual suffrage, each member of each social group being represented by a vote, regardless of sex, age, or mental ability. All the younger children were apprenticed to adults, who suggested their decisions.

TASKMASTERS.—What are we here for? is a question which marks the dawn of every awaken-

* Olive Schriener speaks of an English police judge who when asked by a vagrant prisoner to show mercy to her because she had twenty-one children, sentenced her to full term and told her it was time she learned how to behave herself.

ing intelligence. What are we here to receive? What are we here to give? A desire to occupy the position for which we are best fitted marks the arousing of every one's noble feeling. Equality is absurd, inequality is the law of Nature. Like gravitation, inequality is a basis of movement; water seeks its level—capacity should seek its field of usefulness, and with normal conditions probably would. Military law is the foundation of all law. The chief selects the sergeant according to his capacity, and the sergeant picks the man. Good regiments are known by good sergeants. But the state should be just, and allow every individual such opportunities as will enable him to show his capacity. In civilization, Galton says, "A man must outlive the age of fifty to be sure of being widely appreciated—it takes time for an able man born in the humbler ranks of life to emerge from them and take his natural position." What can be more just than, first, to demand that every living thing should be its noblest self, and, granting this, to place every living thing in its proper position. It would be foolish to ask sheep to select their shepherd, but there certainly should come a period of enlightenment when the mass, the "folkmote," the town council, should select representatives, senators (wise men), who will recognize that they are best capable of directing the state. The slave owner sifted and sorted his charges, with the desire to get out of them the work that each could do that was most useful; but that which he did was for his own benefit, whereas the state in Geyserland did it for the benefit of all.

The most striking difference between the economic principles of Geyserland and those of civilization is in their labor system of taskmasters.

Freedom to choose a career is an innate principle with all sons of civilization. Not so in Geyserland—there the individual was primarily an atom of the state. Thousands of intellectual and capable men in America are employed by the year on a salary. They are independent (in that they can resign), but they do not strike, and as a mass are our best citizens. In Geyserland practically every one was salaried. They could commit suicide or accept an occupation of a lower grade. People who have experienced the greatest variety of employments are unanimous in believing that those who work for a salary are the really independent ones.

In Geyserland it was the taskmaster's duty to judge and adjust the labor of every adult, to name his or her duties, and to prescribe the costumes that he or she should wear; in this duty they were helped by a popular sentiment. The really important feature of all civil service standards is *to have the proper question asked.* Taskmasters were the executive committee of the government, and were selected from the older members, because that class was found to be less biased by selfish motives. The object of the highest principle of economics is justice, and all authorities on jurisprudence agree that when questions of occupation, doubt, or dispute arise, men should not be judges in their own cause. Justice must be unprejudiced and impartial. The electic taskmasters were a jury of philosophers; their decisions were arrived at after profound consideration of conditions. As there is not a single organ of the body the structure of which does not vary in different individuals, laws for regulating others should not be formed from any one person's measurements. The taskmasters were per-

mitted to know the antecedents of each individual, and thus knew the compound of a man's temperament, therefore they were better able to judge his fitness for his career than he himself.—"The great question seems to me, not how to train our sons to rise above their station, but to secure, if possible, that those whom nature meant, and associations have fitted, to be grooms or music-hall lions should be insured the career for which they were born."—Huxley.

The popular aversion to the taskmasters system has been brought about by unworthy taskmasters, and Europe to-day has not outlived the memory of the rapacious Roman taskmasters who held sway in the early part of the third century when "Every one had his chain—the farmer bound to the soil, the public official to his office, the citizen to his town, the merchant to his shop, the workingman to his trade."—Levasseur. This was a system of oppression, untempered by freedom of opportunity to show one's capacity, which made it repulsive to every one. Small wonder that the independent Teutonic barbaric forerunners of civilization, with the thought of "each man for himself," were heartily welcomed by dawning Christendom.

Man is not the best judge of his own limitations, as it is impossible to justly compare himself to others.

> "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursel's as ithers see us!
> It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
> And foolish notion,"

as Burns wrote after seeing a louse on a lady's bonnet at church.

Could not the introspective question of Kant,

"Who am I?" "What can I know?" "What can I do?" be answered better by any one not one's self?

When a theatrical manager casts the parts of a play among actors, their professional or fraternal feeling does not permit them to refuse to play uncongenial parts,—the villain, the fool, the vulgar adventuress,—for they recognize that the merit lies in their performing the rôle well, wherein lies the key to honorable labor.

Just as a policeman is necessary to preserve order amongst decorous drivers at a crowded street corner, so the taskmaster prevented useless confusions of energies in the industrial economics in Geyserland. All people with sound sense recognize that the policeman at a crowded street corner is working for their good. When a host invites twenty guests to dine, discontent and confusion are avoided by each being allotted his place. Again, from most ancient days, when meats and breads were possibly precious, to avoid quarreling a man of importance and sound judgment was given the task of dividing and distributing. Ulysses was said "not to have his equal for carving." In the same way that Ulysses distributed the proper portions to proper people, so the taskmaster in Geyserland saw that capable men who were unambitious and lacked initiative had their tasks fittingly assigned. In other words, go backward or forward in the synagogue. The licensing of experts such as physicians, builders, and plumbers, by municipal ordinances in civilization is in line with the Geyserlander's system of taskmasters. How many men to-day are confronted with the constant turn down? people who do not want their work; manuscripts

returned; masterpieces unsalable; lawyers without clients; physicians without patients.

The consolation that comes in Christendom from the priest, the lawyer, and the doctor, or the consolation that comes to the Mohammedan with his comforting belief in predestination, was in a measure given to the Geyserlanders through the taskmaster's guidance. People whose nervous energy desires an outlet for doing good are soothed by the directions of a superior. This was a security and peace of mind that was the birthright of every Geyserlander. Our practice of insurance is an embryo of that consolation which had developed in Geyserland by the system of taskmasters. There all understood the principle that *organization, submission, and discipline are the offspring of a desire to act for the best interests of self and others.*

ROTATION OF OCCUPATION.—All birds were supposed by the ancients to select their mates on the 14th of February (St. Valentine's Day). In Geyserland there was a like annual readjustment of workers and their work, which amounted to a rational rotation in office for the best interests of all.

INSPECTORS.—As all work was public work, a complete system of inspection and controlling was in vogue. Before the state began to control the medieval free cities there was little or no friction between the craftsmen and inspectors, as they both worked for the interest of the city. The drapers of Brussels as a body were in constant rivalry with the drapers of Antwerp as a body. Those who governed wanted "light" about the workers, and those who worked were glad to have their efforts justly appreciated. Secret haunts have always been the

resorts chosen by rogues. Personal and household inspection is the starting point of public hygiene. The principle that a man's house, however humble, was his castle worked well until water, gas, and telephone required frequent inspection, and to-day the most useful occupation of the Board of Health is limiting the minimum of air space in the homes of the lowly and thrifty. What is wanted is *publicity*. All historians agree that the first step downward in monastic life in England was then King Offa in 757 obtained from Rome, as a special favor, the exemption of St. Alban's Abbey from Episcopal inspectors.

COSTUMES.—The variety of costumes seemed unlimited, and it required long experience to understand the significance of each detail. One of the strong points of the law was the respect for the proper duties symbolized by the costumes. Each grade had two uniforms—one to wear officially and the other for hours of leisure. With us the proper appreciation of costumes is only fully realized by those who are brought into contact with domestic duties. Millions of men would gladly assist their wives to wash dishes and arrange the household if the dictates of fashion had not compelled them to wear clothes in every way unsuitable. The detail of the costumes was carried out to a remarkable degree of perfection; for example, a scarf could mean many things, but when yellow was woven into it, it was significant of the matron's class, or of such as for personal reasons wished to be impervious to all amative solicitations.

The workers all had suitable clothing for their occupations, and their costumes of leisure were most artistic. Old clothes, which are a token of

fallen greatness, were not worn in Geyserland. A feeling of true dignity is fostered by a cultured pride of personal appearance. "The consciousness of being well dressed imparts a blissfulness to the human heart that religion is powerless to convey." The community abhorred anything like secrecy, and each individual's occupation was easily discerned by the costume he or she wore.*

There is no mention of jewels in Geyserland. What are jewels? Nature has furnished gems of marvelous yet unequal values for what object? Where should jewels be displayed On Oriental princes? On women of fashion? Is it Nature's motive that these gems should be polished to be tokens of an inequality? Should the powerful wear jewels and the subservient be without? There must be some nobler use for them than to furnish a vulgar and arrogant display.

GUARDS.—The bridling of the strong is the foundation of popular liberty. The guards were the picked healthy men of the republic, from whom, with the consent of the Council of Doctors, the matrons chose their mates, the progenitors. In this respect the mothers of the race were free. The guards' duties were first to support the executive; second, preserve the peace; and third to see that there was no waste.

* * * * *

The young maiden Fairmena, after a day of unusual anxiety and exertion, had climbed up the

* An interesting historical item is that after 1600 B.C. the Egyptians varied their dress in order to distinguish the grades in society. This has continued to our time, much clothing indicating the intellectual and leisure class; a cloth tied around the loins denoting the laborer or one ready for exercise. The civil, military, and ecclesiastical officials were recognized by certain peculiarities of dress.

mountainside to a pretty glen, and was sitting on the bank of a rivulet under the shade of a giant fir tree. Happiness radiated from every feature of her beautiful face. There was a proud flush of joy upon her cheek. The day had been an eventful one to her. She carried a book of poems, but why read poetry when surrounded by it? She was idly looking out in the distance where the afternoon sunshine of the early Arctic spring was playing with the heated vapors from the geyser in the center of the lake, and sending rays of prismatic colors in every direction.

Her eyes fell on the pantheon of Geyserland. She saw a cluster of several magnificent bronze and marble temples dedicated to the seven qualities of man. These wonderful cyclopean temples were similar in massiveness to the ruins of Thebes. With all their beauty of broad flights of steps and façades enriched by stately and massive colonnades, the seven Hedonic Temples were symbolic of the glorification of man's capacities. As an artist can reproduce any color from the three primary ones, so a man can correctly classify all his physical and intellectual sensations from the "seven qualities of man," as follows:

EMOTION with all the joys of Poetry;
REASON with all the joys of Understanding;
HEALTH with all the joys of Touch and Physical Feeling;
SIGHT with all the joys that delight the Eye;
HEARING with all the joys of Sound and Music;
TASTE with all the joys of Eating and Drinking;
SMELL with all the joys of Fresh Air and Fragrant Perfumes.

Fairmena saw also beautiful flower gardens, and parks studded with fountains and carved figures. Scattered in every direction were innumerable bowers or dwelling places for individual adults. The fact that they had isolated dwellings was an

evidence of good government that guaranteed an advanced stage of security.

Fasho, a young hunter, red and rugged like Nimrod, carrying over his shoulder a wildcat as a visible sign of success, was winding his way down through the thicket over the rocks from the desolate mountainside, the habitat of the eagles. His robust appearance and strongly developed physique gave every evidence of perfect health. The glowing satisfaction of youth radiated from his person, a perfect specimen of manly courage and vigor. Nature had favored this youth with a fine covering. As he descended his voice rang out in a call like the yodel of a Swiss shepherd. The full soprano of Fairmena echoed back his call and he hastened in the direction of the fir tree.

"Well, my beautiful one," he cried, "I knew you would come, and it was sweet of you to let me be the first one to congratulate you. I can tell by the glory in your face that you have been successful."

"Yes, but see," and she proudly called his attention to a light yellow and white scarf that hung about her shoulders, symbolic of having acquired the highest rank in the matron's class for that year. "I have more than my share of happiness. I cannot realize that only yesterday I was a laughing, frolicking girl. Really I feel as if I had stolen my good luck."

"No," interrupted Fasho, "you are as much entitled to this ranking honor as the most beautiful rose is entitled to dominate the bouquet. To-day you have accepted the opportunity of being one of the chosen creators of the race. With your capabilities it was only a question of seeing the better way, and taking it."

"It's so good of you to say that, but it embarrasses me to realize it."

"The Council to-day has done a noble act for our country by adding you to the hallowed band of matrons. May happiness dwell with them. Of course it is right. People are entitled to the place where they are most needed."

The love of Fasho for Fairmena was devoid of selfishness. A true lover no longer occupies the first position with himself. Fasho's love for Fairmena was like the love of a mother for her child—he adored her with all the fullness of his mind and body.

"I feel so happy, so grateful," half sobbed Fairmena, "that I cannot but weep for nervous joy."

Fasho and Fairmena had been sympathetic since their infancy; each grew to be the nearest to perfection of their class, for, instead of the individual ambitions of the men being for power, and of the women for support, the personal glory of the independent Geyserlander was in health and merit. Fasho was already the chief guardsman of the year. He, with a chosen few, had been added to the number of progenitors; and now his playmate had also successfully passed her examinations. At the coming early summer moon she would be given the bridal costume of the state, and later, with great ceremony, would be crowned and admitted to the band of matrons, who, as we have said, were the most exalted class of the land.

"Fairmena, I feel like weeping, yet my tears would be those of joy. I wish our customs would permit me to take your head upon my shoulder, and then with my arms around you we would rejoice together."

"Don't touch me. Have patience, Fasho. Wait; you shall be my love in time. We should not complain of laws that have been so generous to us."

"Sweet girl, I am afraid that my arm is stronger than my good intentions. You must ever show me the path where duty lies, and teach me patience, for a burning brand has no control of itself, and I have but little."

"You must not think, dear Fasho," said Fairmena, her eyes liquid with emotion, "that I am cold, or ungrateful for your devotion and sympathy; but if I must have patience for both of us, perhaps prudence is wiser. Let us return and listen to the evening music—it may soothe these dangerous and extraordinary emotions."

As they wandered down the hillside through the pastures and corn fields, both were conscious of a grateful feeling. Rochefoucauld said, "The gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefits." This may be true, but let us state that it is the noblest form of hallowed emotions, for gratitude is the most buoyant of our thoughts and rises with its ethereal impulse to the skies. As material matters, in proportion to their weight, gravitate toward the earth's center, and as flowers, according to their beauty, turn toward the sun, so pure ideas and noble emotions, to the extent that they are infused with gratitude, ascend to the zenith of boundless space. We doubt if any people have existed who have not recognized the unfathomable skies as the throne of the Spiritual All Powerful, from the zenith to the nadir, and in a moment of gratitude what is more natural than to look upward and say, "Thank God?" No matter in what position the earth, or what the time of day,

the sky above us is always the home of the power and the receptacle of all gratitude.

> "My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
> Words without thoughts, never to heaven go."
>
> —*Hamlet.*

There were no rituals in Geyserland by which holy emotions were made easy, no established rites, no altars, no priests, no ecclesiastical machinery. Briefly, their religion consisted of three elements —a Spiritual Holy Soul, with the universe as its temple; Material, which included every atom of weight in the universe; Substance, which was the source of all the life and action of the Material.

If this acknowledgment to the First Cause (the Creator), accompanied by an appreciative enjoyment of its blessings, is religion, then let us never wish to dispense with it. Love is the mother of gratitude. Egotism is the father of ingratitude. If the First Cause of this world has no greater aim in view than a system of globes traveling around globes governed by local influences, the earth inhabited by man, only the great Originator knowing what the others are inhabited by, it would be a very simple theory of the universe. But as the crude diamond from the mine does not resemble the cut, polished, scintillating gem, we believe that the Creator of our universe with its glorious sunsets, its beautiful flowers, its oceans and mountains, the nobility of man and beast must be the Original Artist of the Cosmos, who seeks to please those who can appreciate.

* * * * *

Fasho and Fairmena did not use the trite expression "Thank God," but both unconsciously looked up with smiling faces, as if they wanted

that Creator, *the only soul, that amalgamation of noble emotions,* which, like oxygen, permeates *wherever It is welcome* to know that they were in sympathy with It. The good that was within them they recognized as the echo of the good without. That was acknowledgment of gratitude, the noblest feeling of mankind; convincing to us that the *mind has been permitted to evolve by the* Creator for *sympathy.*

CHAPTER IV

COMMUNISM — HISTORY OF COMMUNISM — ANCIENT JEWISH COMMUNITIES—BEGGARS

"The future happiness of our race, which poets hardly ventured to hope for, science boldly predicts. Utopia, which we have long looked upon as synonymous with an evident impossibility, which we have ungratefully regarded as 'too good to be true,' turns out, on the contrary, to be the necessary consequence of natural laws."—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK *in "Prehistoric Times."*

"Zeal for the good of one's country, a party of men have represented as chimerical and romantic."—ADDISON.

"The dream of a Kingdom of God which would be governed by the law of love and mutual self-sacrifice, has always possessed a great charm for me."—RENAN.

IT is not our intention to write a dictionary, but ever since our chattering simian ancestors hooted, howled, and honked at each other there has been confusion in sounds and terms; therefore, we believe it requisite that each writer should define his intent when employing ambiguous words. We shall explain these terms as we understand them.

1st, SAVAGE.—The savage, or pastoral stage: "The tribeless, hopeless wretch" whom Homer describes (Iliad IX, 62) was soon succeeded by savages who herded together like gregarious beasts for protection. They were inexperienced, ignorant of economics, and generally bewildered. It is probable that hunger, lust, and jealousy led to many so-called *savage cruelties,* but it has not been proven that the ordinary untutored savage was any more heartless than the ordinary peasants of today. They had a mad desire for self-preservation, but instinctively they early recognized the advan-

tage of mutual aid and coöperation as the best means of carrying out the important functions of perpetuating the race.

2nd, BARBARIC.—The barbaric or agricultural stage: The barbaric with home and family located in hamlets or grouped in clans had reached the stage of culture where the making of pottery was understood. They cultivated the soil. They did not barter among themselves, but as communities traded with other communities.

3rd, CIVILIZED.—The commercial-civilized stage: Where the individual triumphed, and culture had arrived at the point of writing and keeping records; where having secured the necessities of life, man has only man to fear. This stage was noted for its selfish enterprises, religious associations, pride, manufacturing industries, riches, and social ambitions. Each against all.

4th, ALTRUISTIC.—The altruistic stage: Which combined a noble love and sympathy for all living things.

* * * * *

Let us not confound the words *anarchism, terrorism, nihilism, socialism, civilization,* and *communism.*

ANARCHISM, a creed of despair. It is the theory of those who reject all the positive beliefs upon which society is founded, and demand fresh start from "bed rock." They scoff at the state, court, and pulpit alike, and do not recognize the necessity for the employment of police or force to support rules, laws, or customs. For economics they be-

lieve that all accumulations should be placed in a heap and each individual take according to his or her need. Anarchists are divided into two schools: 1st, Those who wish to attain progress by educational and legislative methods, but deny the necessity of auxiliary police to enforce such conclusions; 2d, Those who do not believe in the passive resistance of the former class, but rely upon what is called the propagation by deed, for radical progress. Bakunin, Reclus, and Kropotkin defend the latter school.

TERRORISM is not a creed, but a political movement resorted to on desperate occasions of tyranny, to frighten and to attract the attention of the general public to the injustice of present conditions. One branch of anarchists have adopted this theory.

NIHILISM, a creed of individualism. Those who despise the conventional lies of society, prejudices, and moral cowardice. The "bohemian" of France is like the nihilist of Russia, with this difference—that the "nihilist" takes himself seriously, whereas the "bohemian" takes nothing seriously.

SOCIALISM, a practical creed. An international movement of to-day for justice, to be brought about by education and the ballot—"The transformation of private and competing capital into a united collective capital." When each individual being left free to develop his or her abilities and activities, will be recognized and allowed to receive according to his or her need.

CIVILIZATION is a creed of enlightenment which

encourages each individual to be superior to all rivals, and believes that the standard of the race will be advanced by the natural relegating or annihilation of inferiors. Civilization forces people into careers for which they have no affinity. Civilization is an egotistical degree of human culture where people recognize the advantages of intellectual and material acquirements, but in no manner pledge themselves to the uplifting of the race. In the words of Speaker Cannon, "Our civilization rests on the hustling of the human unit, and when you take away the material benefits which come from individual effort, you destroy civilization." All egotists recognize that they need the state. As Max Nordau wrote, "Fortunes are accumulated in the name of individualism, but they are defended in the name of human solidarity."

COMMUNISM, a nation's or folkmote's (town council's) method of acquiring an ideal life, evolved from the recorded contemplations of ancient and modern philosophers. Opposed to the theories of equality and individualism, private fortunes, families, or inheritances. Adhering to the principles of justice. Possessing individuality, freedom of thought, personal responsibility for actions, common ownership of all resources and accumulations. Complete organization of people by the people for the people's best interests, with individual liberty for such enterprises as are for the public good. "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need." Safeguarding posterity by prudential restraints upon procreation.

The difference between the religious monastical life and communal life is that the fundamental

motive for the former is an expectation of an ultimate reward in a future world; whereas, the latter seeks nothing beyond the *satisfaction-of-duty-done* in this life.

Is humanity, as a mass, intelligent enough to care for itself? Does it not want inspired religions, ordained priests, selected educators, chosen caretakers? What has become of the old folkmote principles? Where to-day can we find a successfully managed fraternal community? At the start we must acknowledge that with the exception of small communities still governed by the "Zeitgeist," the public voice of folkmote, nothing like communism exists. Nevertheless, the *fraternal life must for us remain the ideal life.*

The best authority on American communities was A. J. McDonald, who died of cholera in the year 1855, and left an immense amount of manuscript, in which he stated that his hopes of communism had been modified, because after seeing stern reality he realized that his character of mankind was not as good as he had hoped. Poor humanity! Reason controls one-tenth, emotion nine-tenths. The majority would be good, but the vast majority do not understand matters as they are. Many efforts have been made to get away from the egotistical graspings for accumulations where wealth and poverty are at the throats of each other, into a coöperative life where existence could be enjoyed equitably; but they have never succeeded, except, in a limited manner, in small groups of people who were peculiarly adapted for unselfish lives.

Naturalists have long since recognized that Nature is coy and not impatient to reveal her charms.

It has been the cultured investigators who have brought to light Nature's myriad unobtrusive beauties. Political economists have noted that that which Nature has demonstrated in a minor scale they might well imitate in a major scale. It was the unconscious instinct of the wasp that demonstrated the making of paper. A common-intelligence of the hive that governs the community of bees has furnished us with the keynote of a communal scheme of government. But let it not be forgotten that humanity's proud boast is its capacity for progress—the bee in the time of the earliest Pharaoh was just as advanced as the bee of to-day.*

It is sad to realize that "laboring for the happiness of humanity is seldom recompensed; but there are always those who attempt it, and their efforts are invariably more noble than successful." Human beings are instinctively social, but to their shame, let us observe, they are also covetous, selfish, malicious, domineering, envious, and jealous. Ants, bees, beavers, wasps, and monkeys are less quarrelsome in their communal life than mortals. Communism can only be based upon the hypothesis of changing human character by controlling heredity, education, and environment. Communism cannot develop from a lower culture, and culture cannot grow and ripen until refined and purified by selective breeding. We purpose in Chapter VII to elaborate the possibility of the cultivation

* Here is an instance of humanity's progress. In February, 1807, there arose in the British Parliament Samuel Whitbread, a wealthy brewer and member of the House of Commons, who, in an address, originated the system which has resulted in there being on deposit to-day in institutions for savings in the United States alone more than $3,000,000,000—a sum equal to more than three times the indebtedness of the United States, or to one-half the total assessed valuation of New York State.—ED.

of mankind by rational methods of breeding. As Copernicus had to await the telescope before mastering the heavens, as the velocipede had to await the rubber tire before the bicycle was practicable, and the explosive engine the electric spark, so communism must await such characters as are suitable for communal life. The noblest portion of the inhabitants of a community must always be in the minority. The church and civilization have always wanted more lives, preferring quantity of atoms to particularizing about that quality.—The church wants more souls for heaven. "Let the mother perish, save the infant; it will be another soul for heaven." The state wants more men, more food for bullets, more dupes for ballot-boxes.—The monopolists want poor men, to glut the labor market and work for their existence only.

Communistic moral responsibility is exclusive, and strives for the highest principles and conditions possible, irrespective of numbers. Therefore, altruistic communities cannot open their doors to the general public as the Catholic Church has done, nor as does an enterprising monopolist's settlement where cheap labor is needed. It is too well known that people with lazy, selfish temperaments are loath to exert themselves for others. The lash, the cross, the human sacrifice were the menace of the slave. No work, no food, must be the rule of primitive fraternities, and this rule must hold true until a better scheme is formulated. One who belongs to a society must sacrifice a part of his individuality. One who sacrifices a part of his individuality is degraded in his self-respect, unless he has philosophized enough to recognize that it is noble to pay that tribute to others which is the price of happy social life.

Our duties are the rights others have upon us. "Are we not formed as notes of music, one for another, though dissimilar? Such difference, without discord, as shall make the sweetest sounds?" The golden rule of mutual aid is, "To try to make others around one happy."

"Why do our political leaders keep on saying 'Communism is impossible or unnatural?' . . . Why should the gentleman of to-day, who wears his Prince Albert coat and silk hat, assume that it was unnatural to live in the farthingale costume of the time of Louis XIII., or in the scanty clothes of the Greeks?"

> "What is a communist? One who hath yearnings
> For equal division of unequal earnings.
> Idler or bungler, or both, he is willing
> To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling."

Samuel Johnson said, "Nothing has more retarded the advancement of learning than the act of the vulgar who ridicule and vilify what they cannot comprehend"; and the same estimable philosopher, in "Rasselas," after ably showing the monotony of life in "Happy Valley," finishes his study by making everyone desirous of returning to it.

The early settlers of Jamestown, Virginia, had not been accustomed to labor, "they could not weave and would not dig," and were, therefore, not the proper people for a communistic society. America to-day is educating a degenerate element of her population to be like the original worthless emigrant of Virginia. Education should be graded to the disposition of the children. No country is better for educating its rogues. A rogue is twice a

rogue when educated. Noble children should be educated, but the degenerates should be drilled.

As alchemy preceded chemistry, so selfish monopolies and vast private trusts will precede generous, coöperative communism. The popular idea that a commune is a refuge for vagabonds has not been proved. We need more light. It is a matter of record that American communities have been conspicuous for their honesty, respected by their neighbors, reliable in their products, and sanitary in their domesticities. Is not a man greater who loves race than a man who loves himself or his family? Hur! Glory! All Hail! We notice with joy that the cloister is being replaced by the public library, the pulpit by the lecture hall, the clerical instruction by enlightened educational methods, the private grounds by the public parks, the study of the lives of saints by the realistic, ennobling drama. Every victory should count for humanity's progress—not for an individual's especial liberty or aggrandizement.

Let us suppress depraved barter and the hateful dollar, undesirable progeny and forced family relationships. Have the community so organized that all are cared for, then the acme of one's existence will be "love and sympathy," and the good will say, "Sympathy I give you. It has no price."

In civilization the "upper ten," or those "independents" who live upon their accumulated wealth, have always been less than ten per cent. of the population. The balance have been dependent upon their own labor, that of their friends, or upon charity. The taking away of any useful, accustomed employment of mind or body is always attended with risk; for usefulness gives moral tone and self-respect, while uselessness degrades char-

acter. To ameliorate the conditions of the masses, the Romans opened public granaries and furnished amusements at the national expense; but they soon found that they had made a mistake, as there was no incentive left for personal exertion. When, however, they would have corrected this error it was found to be impossible. *A privilege once conceded becomes a right.* From that time forward the noble stalwart Roman farmer dwindled to the level of the lazy good-for-nothing. So soon as an adult prefers idleness to work, he is a tired, unhealthy, and tainted atom in a community, and should be denied food. In the middle ages the monasteries of the medicant brothers were like ulcers all over Europe, encouraging idleness and promoting degeneracy.

We have every reason for believing that communities governed by themselves were on all sides of the Mediterranean coasts seven and eight thousand years B. C. When Sir Henry Maine in "Ancient Law" talks about "Early Ages," he is really talking about modern times; whereas, Baldwin in "Prehistoric Nations" gives a most trustworthy record of the long-headed ancient Cushites whose loose independent confederacies were on all sides of the Mediterranean from Spain to Syria. Kropotkin, also, sketches the early communities that migrated from Asia, and describes the round-headed inhabitants of the steppes in his "Mutual Aid." Populations, once free, were forced westward by the drying up of their undrained lakes and fertile fields. As communities, simply desiring existence and natural propagation, they cleared forests, reclaimed marshes, and most of them were happy and contented; while perhaps some of their more adventurous spirits or those hardest to please

were finally obliged to locate in mountains and unfertile surroundings. It therefore was necessary for these latter to form themselves into warlike brotherhoods whose predatory habits after several centuries resulted in their being bought off by their peaceful kin. As centuries rolled on, the indebtedness of the peaceful kin to the individuals of the warlike brotherhoods resulted in master and serf. This was the *birth of feudalism,* which has not yet become extinct.

The Cushites of South Arabia, 500 B. C., were probably the last of the prehistoric cultivated people.* The Kabyles of the oases of the Sahara, whose condition has not changed in 6000 years, are possibly the last of the agricultural portion of these communal people. The Kabyles are remarkable for their feelings of virtue, duty, and altruism.

The Jews, with their supernatural fancies, considered themselves a chosen people. A proper feeling of pride or love of one's race is a requisite for communal life. Little Jewish commercial communities from the earliest historic days were scattered along the shores of the Mediterranean. Authentically these were the earliest efforts at "fraternities," and these communal attempts were made to secure social happiness and goodness, and each had its treasury for succor or mutual benefit.†

The love of race is cosmopolitan, but patriotism is only a question of local intimate associations. The moment the individuals form organizations, it is the *organization* that they love and support. To what extent we must be governed by others will be an unsettled question to the end of time; but

* Baldwin, "Prehistoric Races."
† Renan's "History of the People of Israel," IV 197.

those who preach personal liberty and plead for individual autonomy in a community are idle, conceited theorists who sit on the fence and egotistically dictate impossible, irrational, impracticable dogmas. Their scheme as compared to the Geyserlander system of taskmasters is as a box of junk to a well-regulated timepiece. Discipline is the curbing of individualism. When a man joins a regiment, or when a woman takes the veil of matrimony, his or her whole routine of life changes. They must recognize obligations, and it is quibbling to claim that they are free. There are wholesale as well as retail principles of individual liberty. The right arm of patriotism is *discipline*. The voluntary acceptance of rigid military discipline by the young and strong of a community in the hour of danger marks the patriot. Insufficiently rigid regulations permit an army of patriots to become an undisciplined horde.

Patriotism was developed in ancient Egypt by giving each young man twelve acres of land and a wife, but expecting absolute obedience to military discipline in exchange. For example, the young soldiers had to run twenty miles before breakfast. In Gaul when there was a call to arms the last to arrive was killed. Military Rome only recognized two unpardonable crimes—cowardice and desertion to the enemy. One of the best examples of this loyalty to the organization is the patriot Labienus, the friend of Cæsar, and the commander of his famous tenth legion, who refused to obey when he was ordered to cross the Rubicon because it was contrary to the law of the Roman Senate.

Justice is what the individual has a right to demand of the state—economics is what the state has a right to demand of the individual. Freedom is

an inherent right; independence, a privilege; liberty, a reward; license, a permit for what otherwise would be tabooed.

If paradoxical, it is nevertheless true that the price of liberty is responsibility. The individual freedom that our ancestors enjoyed in the forests is absolutely impossible with the modern conditions, because, although ultimately the individual is responsible—primarily the mass must be. Modern conditions demand centralization. This is illustrated by the experience of a gentleman before the days of the Postal Union sending a small package from Rome to London. It never reached London, and there the owner was informed that they knew nothing about it and could do nothing. At Rome it was proven that the package had started properly. Thus it was shown that a consolidated system should be introduced that would be responsible.

"Individualism," which means "egotistical self," must not be confounded with "individuality," which means "personality," or the aggregation of those qualities which distinguish one person from another. To be independent of centralization seems the goal of certain daring adventurers who chafe under restraint. Their fermenting energies demand the recognition of their personal freedom; they are proud of this sentiment and have contempt for such as do not possess it. Their ethical enlightenment has not progressed beyond the coincidence of appreciating that the world is their field for enterprise, to beat out or make out of it what they can. These believers in the right of individualism think that humanity is like the freshly-hatched shad spawn, where each

individual fish is free and has a right to seek his own happiness, with the result that about four survive to grow to maturity out of about two million hatched. The piscatory scheme of life is not unlike that of civilization in that the big ones devour the little ones. No noble person sympathizes with the sneaking tiger who hunts out his prey alone. Unquestionably there is the other extreme when the people are too much ruled by the state. The Norseman, Saxon, and Frank, be they all of the same race or not, were each loyal to the freedom of the individual, as contrasted with the centralization of the Roman state; but when we recollect the absolute lack of liberty that prevailed in France during the last period of the Roman sovereignty, we cannot be surprised that the Gauls welcomed the Northern barbarians. Life had become impossible under the greedy army of tax-gatherers. "A few of the inhabitants were becoming enormously rich, but all the rest were fast becoming miserably poor."

What rights has man—this detail, this fragment, this individual atom? From whence did he come? Who shall succeed him? Is he a soul that has personal rights from the time of conception for all eternity? Or is he a dependent atom weaned from its mother and contributed as a fragment to the community? A man has a right to receive from the state according to his wants, and the state has the right to receive from the man according to his capacity. Or if the man does his duty to the state the state should see that he has, as William Morris put it,

1st, A healthy body;

2d, An active mind in sympathy with the past, present and future;

3d, Occupation fit for a healthy body and an active mind;

4th, A beautiful world to live in.

The contra-extreme of self-asserting individualism is meekness, which in excess means emasculation. However, meekness is an essential of communistic life—" the meek shall inherit the earth." The great leaders of monastic life have performed most servile functions to exemplify the necessity for meekness; as, for example, that long-prevailing custom of nobles performing in imitation of Christ, the extremely obnoxious task of washing beggars' feet; or, for a more specific instance, when the proud Saint Hugo of Avalon, Prior of Wilham, insisted daily upon washing the dirty dishes of the brethren. " He that will be first among you, let him serve the others." Abraham Lincoln observed, " No man is good enough to govern another man without the other man's consent."

Representative government in a time of adversity has always been found the best scheme of public welfare; but in times of prosperity, when men become partisans rather than citizens, then the history of communal governments has invariably shown the need of a master hand, a dictator. The intelligent Jews, as a mass, realized during the time of Samuel that their enemies were better ruled than they themselves, and therefore demanded a soldier-king—Saul. At that time they were a wretched, quarrelsome people, paying tribute to the Philistines; but mark! one hundred years later they were a nation supreme from the Red Sea to Assyria.

Nevertheless, the town meeting is, has, and ever will be the principal cause of common liberty and

public weal. "It is better," as Mathew Arnold observed, "that the body of the people, with all its faults, should act for itself and control its own affairs, than that it should be set aside as ignorant and incapable and have its own affairs managed for it by a so-called superior class."

Individual freedom contrasted with the freedom of the commonweal is well demonstrated by the struggling burghers of the medieval cities, who, dodging between the desperate deeds of dying feudalism and the juvenile encroachments of the octopus printing-press, heroically contested against the nobles, church, and kings for their own communal rights. In England they essayed some nine hundred different town charters—almost every scheme was tried, none were satisfactory; and some of our clumsiest municipal regulations are the survival of customs that are in no manner of use to-day. "Never, in fact, did any people endeavor to solve the difficulty by creating an efficient government with such resource and ingenuity as the medieval burghers who, as need arose, flung themselves into the art of constitution-making with all the persistence, temperance, energy, and economy in patching up ancient models, and finding new use for old materials." *

In the history of our country we see that surviving love of commonweal, which was flirted with on the *Mayflower,* seriously considered by John Winthrop, and beautifully formulated in 1638 by Thomas Hooker, of Hartford, who irrevocably laid the salient principles of the town council that dominates the United States to-day. "The foundation of authority," said he, "is laid in the free consent of the people—the choice of public magistrates

* "Town Life in the Fifteenth Century," Mrs. J. R. Green.

belongs unto the people—they who have power to appoint officers and magistrates have the right also to set the bounds and limitations of the power and place unto which they call them."

There was less reverence for "the house of God" in the free boroughs of old England than is generally believed; for example, the parish church was built by the people for themselves, and we read of the priest paying the corporation for not holding its meetings in the chancel while high mass was being performed. The church was a public convenience like the later meeting house of the Quakers. The church bell rang the curfew and was the signal for all public affairs. Stray cattle were proclaimed at church, it was the armory and often the prison. Public meetings were held in the church, hence the Anglo-Saxon custom of opening congress with prayer. Picnics in churches were a common form for raising public funds. It was Archbishop Laud who reverted to the exclusive sanctity of the edifice.

The importance of a folk-meeting depends largely upon those who attend it. Nowhere is eternal vigilance more essential, because schemers will plot to stampede it and politicians and tricksters to outwit it. All loose methods of balloting should be avoided. What should be especially guarded against is the accepting such procedures as "If no objection is made, the motion is considered passed." Ye gods! How many times has the right man been kept out of office by some flash of eloquence for an unworthy nominee, followed by a request that "In his case the conventional forms be suspended in his honor." The Presidential Nomi-

nating Conventions of the United States, or the Conclave of the Cardinals for a new Pope have been excellent models for folk-meetings. "The Venetian method for electing the doge in the twelfth century was unique. Four members were selected from the Great Council, these four elected forty, not more than one to come from any one family, and each of them to receive the votes of three out of the four electors. The forty then selected the doge." (Hodgson, 331.)

The need of a folkmote seems an innate sentiment with the white race. It is to be noted that when the last of the English guilds was abolished in 1628, some six years later we see records of "friendly societies." Turgot, about 1775, found the folkmotes of France "too noisy," and therefore abolished them. As a consequence, France was soon ripe for a revolution. Our modern organizations for insurance have succeeded these friendly societies. Yet popular government has its limitations; a majority may be as tyrannical as a despot, or as illogical as a woman, and the only safeguards against any government are an organized minority and a clear knowledge of what the majority is doing. Mystery and secrecy are always for the benefit of the people on the inside. Liberal governments have encouraged these insurance societies, but, most wisely, only when their *assets* and *liabilities* are *open* to *public inspection;* and true progress will not have become marked until the government is the insuree, as in New Zealand.

John Stuart Mill wrote:

"Competition may not be the best conceivable stimulus, but it is at present a necessary one, and no one can foresee the time when it will not be indispensable to progress."

Let us always remember that the laws of Nature are more complicated than mortal's business principles; and although competitive methods will prevent stagnation, they are based upon individual gain, and lack the noble motives that press one to seek the happiness of all one's fellow-beings. Public necessity calls for invention, yet usually invention is stimulated more for private gain than for public necessity. Competition under communism must always be competition for mutual aid, never competition for gain or profit. The principle of working to magnify one's importance by strangling competition must not prevail.

The successful advent of communism cannot be accomplished while there exists the bitter antagonism between capital and labor. The wage-earner is always in need of an employer, but the employer does not always need the wage-earner. Those willing to work among the unemployed commonalty are the enemies of all those who have established labor unions with suitable wages and wholesome lives. These desperate destitutes are not in a position to discuss right and wrong. It is life or death with them. and unwittingly they make the poorer class poorer and are the consolation of the contractors. In the evolution of industry numerous crafts have become extinct and others have diminished in importance; many of the intelligent master craftsmen have been replaced by unthinking slaves of machinery. By these means women and children can produce what in former times was done by the trained journeyman who had acquired their skill or knowledge by years of apprenticeship. Successful private business goes into the market and buys labor, skilled or unskilled, where it can

be had the cheapest. It finds that women are preferable employees, for there is a surplus of them. Hence we find thousands of women who perform as much work and do it as well as men, working at half the price paid to men. Does anybody want our government to follow that rule? We are sure the best sentiment of the country is aiming strongly in the new direction. Cruel child labor is so outrageous that we shall not even consider it.

Individual irresponsible laborers in any craft are a class that is dangerous, and should be replaced by guilds that are responsible for the individual. By this method the Medical Association also should be financially responsible for all of its practitioners.

Trustworthiness should be made known, and those who have not that quality should be expelled from the guilds by their associates for the safety of the public and good name of the guild. The above general rule should be qualified in favor of those pioneering individuals with enterprising initiative who, departing from the beaten track, open new fields and herald progress. If the guilds are to be responsible for these eccentric members, they should be tagged, numbered, and properly described on their permits, like the gauge pressure of a steam boiler, so that the public may be safeguarded.

We once knew, in a village not far from the wilderness about Moosehead Lake, a versatile character, Abraham Sea, commonly called A B C, who had been born and educated in New York, but had been driven away from home because he refused to have his life interests ebb and flow in

one channel, and would not confine his energies to one craft. He well knew that diversity of employment broadens a man's field for happiness, and in Maine he had found his sphere of usefulness, to his own and everybody's satisfaction; for he taught school on week days, and read stale sermons on Sundays. He sold and prescribed drugs for man and beast, and cut hair in a thoroughly practical if very inartistic manner. One could tell his handiwork wherever seen. He could fill and pull teeth remarkably well; he could mend anything—from harnesses and tin pans to fishing rods and jokes—and besides all these accomplishments, by right of nature, he took parental interest in more than half of the community.

In a free country artificial methods for buttressing castes are certainly short-sighted. If a negro mechanic is as capable as a white mechanic he should be given the same pay, or else he will become a "scab" and take away the white man's work at cheaper rates. If he does receive the same pay it is reasonable to assume that his family, having equal means with the white man's, should have similar tastes, and race jealousy begins. Therefore a system of taskmasters should be introduced, as in Geyserland, to direct the occupation of each man according to his abilities and the best interests of the community. If not, white mechanics must excel their colored rivals or be driven out of their trade.

Divided responsibility must be suppressed. The individual, and not the head of the family, should be established as the unit for social organization. The theory of human equality is from any and every evidence impossible, but justice to the indi-

vidual is possible. Women must be economically independent; the expenses of child-bearing and the proper drilling and education of children should be provided for by the community to which they belong.

Secrets were the bonds that kept the old guilds together, and it was necessary for the apprentices to bind themselves for years to their taskmasters and to take oaths to keep the secrets; and contribute funds for the sick, to be ready to fight for the blood-fine due their guild, or help pay the blood-fine that the guild owed.*

The laws of skilled labor have come down to us in three general classes—1st, caste, or the craft, with its secrets, handed down from father to son, dates from the autocratic Brahmin in India; 2d, the projectors, with their paupers and slave labor;

*The old English education was the apprentice system. In every parish in England, the large householders, the squire and the parson, the farmers, smith, joiners, and shoemakers, were obliged by law to divide amongst themselves according to their means. The children of the poor would otherwise grow up unprovided for, and to clothe, feed, lodge, and teach their children in return for their services, until they were old enough to care for themselves, was the rule which was acted upon for centuries. It broke down at last. The burden was found disagreeable, the inroad too heavy upon natural liberty. The gentlemen were the first to decline or evade their obligations. Their business was to take boys and girls for household services. They preferred to have their servants ready-made, they did not care to encumber their establishments with awkward urchins or untidy slatterns who broke their china and whom they were unable to dismiss. The farmers and the artisans objected to bearing the entire charge—they, who had had sufficient trouble to keep their own heads above water. They had learned from the gentlemen that their first duty was to themselves, and their ill-humor vented itself on the poor little wretches who were flung upon their unwilling hands. The children were ill-used, starved, and beaten. In some instances they were killed. The benevolent instincts of the country took up their cause. Thus the system of apprenticeship under its compulsory form passed away amidst universal execrations. The masters were relieved from the obligation to educate, the lads themselves from the obligation to be educated. They were left to their parents, to their own helplessness, to the chances and casualties of life, to grow up as they could, and drift untaught with whatever education they could find. Then first arose the cry for the schoolmaster."—FROUDE.

3d, the autocratic swordsmen, with their mysterious guilds and unions.

For the proper division of labor, Emperor Aurelian was the first to take steps to restrict the energies of skilled slaves, with the purpose of preventing them from competing with the Roman freedom.

Zeal at one's labor in altruistic communities was a question of demonstrating one's capacity; whereas, in civilization it was for individual profit. Clerks are vigilant because they know that their foremen are watching to see whom to promote, just as every captain is on the lookout to select the most capable private to wear the chevron.*

Contrast the union's ideal bricklayer with the pioneer William Caxton, who learned the craft of printing at the age of fifty-nine, 1481, and later successfully became author, ink-maker, compositor, pressman, binder, publisher, and bookseller.

A union of mechanics should be recognized so soon as they became as a body responsible for the actions of their members, their records subject to inspection by the authorities. The only advantage the union man has is in the sale of his labor. Laborers employed in a body can get better pay than when employed separately. Labor unions are only a system of organizing those who are forced to work for a living against the transcendent selfishness of the rich, a clearing-house for idle energies. Those who join them often do it with a bad spirit

* "In the fifteenth century a bricklayer or mason, carpenter or smith-worker was equivalent to forty-eight pounds of bread or one-eighth of a small ox, a day's work. Six days were equal to three sheep and one pair of shoes. According to the Riparian law a sword, spear, and iron of a warrior were worth twenty-five cows or two years of a freedman's labor."—Kropotkin.

—living on the principle that "existence in civilization is war."

We know how cruel and unjust man has been to men, but we believe that the "common voice" has not been cruel. When mobs have been stampeded to wild excesses of violence and cruelty, it has always been after, never before, some despotic autocrat had "run amuck." A cruel and bloodthirsty rabble terrorized Rome because their fathers had been proscribed and massacred by Sulla. The terror in France followed the tyranny of her selfish kings. In England the barons, the master craftsman's guilds and the priests were the originators of those unjust "Statutes of Labourers" that have made the poor man hate the rich man and the rich man curse the poor. There were few of these laws in England before "the Black Death." The Saxon hatred of being coerced and the love of common rights had survived throughout the nation, but when more than half the laborers died at the time of the Black Death, the rich and powerful tried to legislate to keep wages down, to prevent the ambitious poor from leaving their native localities. Then pillories multiplied and even branding became a common practice for preventing the lowly from trying to improve their conditions. This war between capital and labor still prevails.

Charity is not mercy, but justice; those who give for charity do so because they feel the nobler for having done it. There were no beggars in Geyserland. Almsgiving and begging are a development of Jewish civilization, and date back to Josiah. Owing to the Jews' habits of individual commer-

cial enterprise, their independent and their dependent classes had always been separated. Their system of almsgiving had ever been their greatest error. The poor were supposed to prevail everywhere. This may be so, but their number was only in proportion to the ratio of the intelligence of the government. The great advantage that a coöperative industrial community has over all other forms of government is the absence of the mobile multitude or base class which form "the reserved army of unemployed wage-breakers," and who are ever ready to take another's work for less pay. To increase and multiply beyond their resources has always been the fundamental desire of the Jews. The labor markets of the world have been flooded by gleaning wage-breaking Jews, and in spite of their sanitary laws, the Jews compare ill with the well-fed Gentiles. Since the time of Josiah, 650 B. C., it has been considered meritorious conduct for the Jews to give alms to the poor; before that time the priests throughout Palestine officiated also as butchers, and by the toll collected for killing they obtained a livelihood. Josiah abolished this priesthood except in Jerusalem, and laymen from that day to this have become butchers for the Jews. The ex-priests were told to come to Jerusalem, where those who had sufficient intellectual capacity were permitted to exercise their official functions and were regularly installed in the Temple. The inferior ones became beggars and parasites and were added to the helpless mendicants about the Temple, a new charge for the community to carry. Since then generosity to beggars in the outer court has been regarded as an indication of righteousness. The pious Jew made frequent pilgrimages

to the Temple with his family, and always on these occasions took with him hampers with sufficient provisions to enable him to share bountifully his repast with these poor about the Temple.

Unbridled individualism is a modern growth, and is not characteristic of primitive mankind. We know that without organization public rights are seldom protected by an individual's energy. The land held by the Commons of England furnished only one-tenth of what individual enterprise later made them produce.

The communities on the shores of the Mediterranean in the earliest days had superior families from whom chieftains were selected. The republican oligarchical forms of government have been the most successful for building up nations. The eminent men—senators—whose right of office is hereditary in some nations, in others depending upon the men's capacity, have in misfortune ever been the best pilots; but when the wheel turned and national misfortune was replaced by prosperity, these senators have always descended to petty jealousies and unpatriotic practices.

The confederation of these independent communities was similar to the Greek nations in the Trojan wars, or the States of America. The position of the free individuals in these nations was on the coöperative principle. Slaves were debtors, captives, or outcasts.

Besides the Jewish communities,—bound together by their peculiar habits and secret customs, —there were also " the ancient Greek Mysteries."

These were possible imitators of Jewish communities. The old guilds and our modern secret societies, such as Masons, Elks, etc., may be traced to the same source. Unfortunately, the histories of these mysteries have come down to us principally through the early church writers, who opposed them as creations of unbelievers and feared them as wealthy rivals. We know that they had attractions similar to our modern arts, such as painting, sculpture, architecture, music, and dancing. The masters of these Greek Mysteries invited thus: "Come to us, ye who are of clean hands and pure speech, ye who are unstained by crime, ye who have a good conscience toward the Almighty, ye who have done justly and lived uprightly." The upper class Mysteries were never so popular in Rome as in Greece. The Romans, whose characteristic feature was their devotion to the state and the family, were opposed to all secret societies, particularly those that had a treasury of any importance. The *collegia opificum,* or workmen's guild, formed in Rome 67 B. C., became so powerful that the Senate became jealous and it was abolished. The mysterious Druids caused Augustus much disquietude. However, the poor freedman and slave were permitted to have many of these clubs (*collegia*). They were generally organized on a basis for assuring a desired form of burial; but enjoyment must also have been the object, for at their meetings they observed stringent rules. One such rule formulated for the purpose of preventing discord was "that none of the business of the society should be discussed at their social meetings"; another, that "every violent act or rude remark should be punished by fine." It was by such so-

cieties that Peter and Paul were introduced into Rome.

The Christians were considered by the Romans as following a communistic cult for two centuries after Jesus, and it is to be particularly noted that for three years after the Pentecost all the disciples in Jerusalem lived an altruistic, coöperative, communistic life. But the same troubles that have broken up modern experiments slowly appeared with them. The Hellenite converts complained that their widows received less at the distribution than those of the Hebrews, and it finally came to pass that the common democratic Church of Christ was succeeded by the Catholic Church of the autocrat. The "Great Arian Heresy" was only an attempt to return to the Pentecostal communistic life.

Possibly the noblest communities of ancient times were the Essenes, who exemplified the highest conditions of human society in early times,* in the same manner that the "Brook Farm" or the "Oneida Community" have in ours. The Essenes had been organized for one hundred and fifty years before the time of Jesus. Many believe Jesus had dwelt among them, as we have little record of his life between the ages of twelve and twenty-eight. The Essenes had adopted the theory of the immortality of the soul. They were the first in the world to condemn slavery. Although a secret organization, they kept nothing hidden from their brethren. Josephus states that the Essenes so loved their race and its perpetuation that spouses lived together for three years and only

* Seneca.

married if the union proved fruitful—trial marriages. Essenism was the most perfect expression of the example of Jesus, and it is difficult not to think that the almost total absence of any mention of the Essenes in the Bible was caused by a mutual understanding on the part of the fathers of the church.

CHAPTER V

MARBLE WHARF—INTRODUCTION OF CHARACTERS

"In a happy world there must be pain and sorrow."—FISKE.

IN order quickly to introduce several of the characters that appear in our story, we will now describe a scene that occurred on a summer day, 1639 A. D., in Geyserland, on the greensward by the entrance to the spacious marble pier, which was artistically decorated with carvings of various flora of the sea.

The beautiful Evrona was seated watching a busy crowd of sweepers who were singing as they cleaned this attractive approach to the lake. The taskmasters tried to so arrange that each adult loved his work, because labor suited to the worker can generally be made play. Teachers and those best acquainted with children have found that it is uncongenial labor that wearies. As Johnson says, "Mankind are gay or serious by infection." These sweepers were really as gay as a corps of ballet girls appear. A droll veteran had been mimicking in a high tenor voice Inspector Donis—"What cannot be kept cleaned, must be cleaned up." This ponderous thought was one of the recent remarks of "Dumb Donis," who, like Voltaire or Talleyrand, formulated all his thoughts into axioms. Unfortunately, his axioms were platitudes, and if he had been dumb the world would not have suffered for lack of these outbursts of conversation. He was, however, a good, conscientious inspector.

Hardly had the mimicking ceased when they were startled by the shrill voice of the original as he approached with his escort on the final tour of inspection for the afternoon watch—Dumb Donis himself! The taskmasters allotted the duties, and the inspectors saw that the work was accomplished. As each individual was working for the good of all, each one took pride in having his work inspected. A system of supervision is the beginning of correct governments. Donis had barely time to remark, "'Tis good! What is well done is satisfactory," when the bells from the beacon towers that girdle the lake like a zodiac, chimed the record of the hour, the signal for the change of watch, and for those who were busy to stop their work. With song and dance and merriment the sweepers went to their individual bowers to don their costumes of recreation, followed by Inspector Donis and his disbanded guardsmen.

Vice-Marshal Roul, the commander of the escort, with swarthy skin and black hair, was a superb-looking man of the epicurean type. He was exquisitely groomed. Nothwithstanding his ease of manner and his well-known tendency to take the course that met with the least resistance, he was a courageous man with whom no one trifled—unless, as the Irishman said, "he was prepared to give or take a whacking."

As he passed, Roul saluted Evrona. In the greeting she read the sympathy in his eye. The heart leaps at a soul-responding glance. She saw that he recognized her sorrow, for not as fortunate as Fairmena, of the same age, she had failed to be appointed a matron, not for lack of physical or intellectual qualities, but for waywardness of tem-

perament. Unlike the system of Plato's homoculture, that of the Geyserlanders insisted on a temperamental as well as a physical standard.

This queen of feminine beauty, Evrona, possessed a superbly-proportioned physique, graceful carriage, and fair coloring, lustrous with the bloom of youth. The tints of her round cheeks were like soft ivory with rose-buds crushed upon them; her nostrils dilated with the joys of living, she was the embodiment of buoyant, healthy womanhood. Her most striking characteristic was the proud manner with which she carried her breast bone, as if she were always conscious of it. This gave her, as it will give anyone, an unmistakable air of distinction. Unquestionably women are handsomer in a high state of culture, men in low. A long race of clever people means a race of beautiful women. In spite of all these attractions, she had not been admitted to the matron class, and therefore, like a working bee, must perform such duties as were allotted to her by the taskmasters.

As Evrona recognized her successful rival, Fairmena, approaching, she stood up and greeted her with exaggerated formality.

"I humble myself before the champion maiden of this year."

Fairmena laughed, and said with a gentle voice:

"Stop, not yet, dear Evrona."

"Why not begin now? Since I shall always have to humble myself before you?"

"Tut! We are all workers; my future task is no easy one. Why do you begrudge me the good name that goes with it?"

"It is not your success, dear Fairmena," replied Evrona, "but my failure that I feel so bit-

terly. It is told that in the old days 'all women could be mothers.'"

"Yes, but in those days of marriage a woman had to live her whole life with the same man."

"I certainly should not like that scheme," ejaculated Evrona.

"No, it would be very difficult to know any man well enough to pledge him that. You are free now."

"True, that is a consolation, and if I do not enjoy my freedom it will be because I am not efficient."

The elderly Minerva-like Sibis, arriving on the scene in time to hear this last remark, laughingly said: "My, my! Don't worry about that, you fascinating beauty; from what I know of your past iniquities your efficacy for stirring up man's peace of body will break all past records, my auburn rose. That is what you are for—my best wishes go with you, and my congratulations to all the successful wild blades of pleasure. What a world this would be if all women had to be mothers, like Fairmena, or serious and pedantic like myself! Who would there be to cause all our laughter and quarrels?"

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Evrona, "this from you, strict preceptress of my untarnished past? It would appear that but yesterday you censured me for what to-day you approve."

"From me, of course, I'm just the same," said Sibis with a mischievous look; "but, mind you, your conditions have changed; you are of age, and must understand that it would have been a mistake to inculcate your young innocent mind with ideas of adult life. It must always remain a principle with us not to mention before lassies like you anything suggestive of love, lest your natural inclina-

tion to pleasure, which at your age is so strong and violent, should hurry you into follies and unwise excesses. Never burden a child's imagination with knowledge of sexual relations. You have wisely been kept ignorant, but the chief of your gross will see that the fascinating box of amative information is now opened wide for your complete edification; and you must know, dear Evrona, that our gayety in the line of our natural duties makes us nearer to a perfect state. Life should be joyous, and the shortest road to merriment is making others around us happy; but it is not necessary for me to bid an acorn to become an oak tree."

Then the picturesque Roul and the silent Donis reappeared in costumes of leisure. The cumbrous folds of their luxurious apparel bespoke an element of rest, ease, and idleness.

"My salutations, all," said Roul, "and my most respectful regards, with my congratulations to you, precious Fairmena. I am honored in putting myself at your feet."

"Not so soon, my gallant Roul," said Fairmena. "Your salutations, dear Marshal, are too profund; pray, wait until the moon of the New Year before you do homage to one so young as I."

"Permit me, sweet maiden," Donis remarked, "to say that superior people are those who are most beneficial to the state."

"Bravo, young friends, for your gallantry. We older ones must look to our laurels," observed Sibis.

"Thank you. Your approbation, good Sibis, is my standard."

Sibis, putting her thin, warm hand on Fairmena's shoulder, said:

"And you, Fairmena, have exhausted my superlative expressions of commendation."

"And here is our lovely Evrona," said Roul, with a most courtly gesture, "the most vivacious, vibrating maiden in our land; and what mischief she will cause!"

"Our dear Sibis thinks so, and I shall spare no efforts," said Evrona, with a bravely-attempted smile.

"I know it," said Sibis. "You'll do your best to do your worst!"

"Young women who are attractive and beautiful enjoy life more than those who are not," remarked Donis.

This conversation was interrupted by the watchman rushing in with:

"Ho, Sire Roul, have you seen the Captain of the Wharf? There is trouble on the lake. Look! Here! There!"

* * * * *

Under a cluster of pomegranate trees, playing a game like our solitaire, was found a red-faced, fat, pompous, middle-aged man. Such a happy-go-lucky temperament had he that he was able, like one of our firemen, to do nothing for twenty-three hours and a half, and then work fifteen minutes, or forty hours without a moment's rest. He was the Captain of the Wharf, and arriving upon the scene with his official spy-glass, first mumbled, then shrieked:

"What is the matter? Distress? Yes, the signal of accident, and for a surgeon. Run, Watchman, and summon a surgeon and a taskmaster. Quick, man, before they arrive."

"It is the brave Fasho's boat," said Evrona; and half audibly added, "Can the accident be to him?

I hope so, if it is not too serious; for I don't want to be the last one suppressed for imperfections."

"I cannot see what it is in the boat. It looks like a wild man," said the Wharf Captain.

Then the venerable Taskmaster Jab, accompanied by Wewo, one of the supreme doctors, was escorted to the wharf by the attendants.

The boat came to the landing, and Fasho, the Marshal of the Junior Guards, pale and limping, stepped ashore with his crew. He saluted the elders, Fairmena, and the others. The crew muttered a wild, weird chant, which betokened misfortune, as Catholics cross themselves when death is mentioned, or gentlemen remove their hats for sorrow.

"Brave Fasho, are you in pain?" said Jab.

"I have yet to learn what pain is," boldly exclaimed Fasho; for, like many wise men, he believed that one misfortune must follow another, therefore he courageously denied misfortune and laughed at pain.

"Brave boy! a lad like you knows how to suffer."

"Let us hope that the hazard of chance will make it no worse than pain," replied Fasho.

"Where have you been?" said Jab. "Speak."

Fasho, leaning for support on a carved bench, said:

"Three days ago, on the outside sea, we wounded a whale and pursued it many hours. It escaped in the broken ice. We were resting and floating while eating, when our attention was attracted to a peculiar spot. There is the peculiar spot," continued Fasho, as he pointed to the stranger, Adam Mann, who at that moment was being brought ashore in Cromwellian costume, with pistols and

blunderbusses, and who, after getting his footing, took off his hat, bowed to the company, and smiled in the style of the English rustic.

"We rescued this man from the frozen shore, with great difficulty, and unfortunately poor Zeffo, one of our bravest old sailors, was drowned. When we took this man aboard with all his odd machinery we thought him dying. We gave him tonics and liquors and with all haste returned here. The sea was high and rough and the tide was low; the entrance over the bar to the water tunnel was impossible with our load, but delay was dangerous. Therefore we disembarked our weight on the outer rocks and ice, and, wading, pushed our boat over the reef. Near the mouth of the tunnel was floating ice, jammed together. All went well until the last moment, when there remained nothing but that unlucky muddle-brained creature, overcome and stupefied by the drugs we had given him. I took him in my arms and started to carry him across the reef, when the ice jam broke and caught me. I staggered to the boat and these brave comrades pulled us in. I did my best, sire."

"Dr. Wewo," said Jab, "care for Fasho and let us know how serious his wounds are; and now, Assistant Surgeon, you who are learned in bad and instructed in good, what do you think of this presence?" *

Adam stood there, thin and emaciated, and in his awkward manner made a salute, but it was a half-hearted salute, for he did not wish to appear obsequious, and all salutations are in the nature of humbling one's self to another. Englishmen re-

*The medical corps in Geyserland was like our fire department. When a doctor was wanted he was summoned, and false alarms were probably penalized.

semble American women, in that under embarrassing circumstances they have a peculiar gift of landing on their feet and not showing surprise. The American Indian also had this dignified quality, and with becoming respect to others never recognized any one as his superior.

The Assistant Surgeon replied to Jab:

"It is a man, a dirty man—a man now dazed by the stimulants Fasho has given him; overgrown, very bilious, and to me appearing to have no qualities superior to those now possessed by our race. And as one's right to live depends largely upon what one brings into the world, I should suggest that he be sent to the Dissolution House."

"Do not condemn this unfortunate man for biliousness," said Sibis, "for that can be cured; and after all, blood is life, but bile is immortality."

"Give him to me to care for," exclaimed Wewo. "He has done nothing wrong. He is not a proper subject for vivisection."

Still the Assistant Surgeon contended that he was a worthless waif, who had already brought disaster to the noble Fasho, and death to a good sailor, and one who could bring nothing worth knowing to the island.

"Another one just like him would not be a valuable addition to our numbers," observed Donis.

"Nay," said Wewo, "this weather-beaten waif has come from far away. Give him time. He may at least bring good records of the undiscovered places of the mental globe."*

"Then take him," said Taskmaster Jab, "take

* As the terrestrial globe confines all that is possible for the material earth to hold, so, on to the intellectual globe, there is a limit to that which the human mind can reach. Most radii are still in their infancy, but Agassiz said: "The human understanding has fixed limits." We must, for example, stop at death, at counting the stars, at squaring the

him, good Wewo, and care for him, and when strong enough have him properly costumed and delivered to the masters of the hillside cultivators, that he may perform his work. The faculty of the Experimental Grange can report to us later as to his possible usefulness in their department."

"I have heard, sire, and will obey."

"How about Fasho?" said Jab.

"He is badly crippled; his spine is injured," Dr. Wewo replied.

"Great Spirit, help me!" cried Fasho, with a startling, piercing, pitiable howl, peculiar to man.* "Am I to be second to Roul? I, Fasho, who am the model and champion of the race, and Fairmena, my darling, the joy of my future, lost to Roul! To Roul, a spiritless second; handsome, elegant; but man, no! And he to be the hero of the class of the year 392, he to be the progenitor, and I, Fasho, to remain a plain guardsman! From the most promising fruit on the tree, to become but a leaf—!"

"Stop, good Fasho," said Sibis; "remember, you have your good spirit. You have done what is right; every one respects these wounds. Noble wounds are but badges of glory. Who but the brave Fasho, at the risk of his life, would have saved such a thing as that? Yes, Roul, our polite Roul, will take your place as progenitor. But our minstrels will sing the song of our Fasho's merit long after Roul is dead and gone."

"That is true," said Evrona with fervor; "we girls make heroes famous; we will sing your

circle, at perpetual motion, at the origin of space. The human ear is sensitive to vibrations not exceeding 38,000 in a second; but beyond that we do not grasp sound. Who knows but the peals of thunder are only stray vibrations from what is constantly outside of our hearing.

* Gibbon has said that every species has its cry of pain.

praises, we will not forget our brave Fasho, or cease to admire him."

"People praise that which they admire," remarked Donis.

"I would rather be dead!" exclaimed Fasho.

"That would not prevent our admiring you," said Sibis. "For death to a hero means but the beginning of his influence."

"Bah!" exclaimed Fasho, as Evrona attempted to approach and soothe him. "I am a tough-skinned, hard-nerved man, and seek other charms than wine-cups, women, and song. No, Evrona, give me risks and dangers, and my Fairmena, my Fairmena! Fairmena! My very Life! Have I not the right to love her *better* than my life?"

"Fear no lack of delicacy from me, Fasho," said Roul slowly. "I have long been second in our class. If fate has now made me the most prominent, let me be among the first of your friends to express my sincere and full sympathy for your misfortune."

"Zounds!" exclaimed Fasho. "Numbers give order, but they don't tally distance. One may be here, but two, six, or a dozen may be many leagues away amid vulgar mediocrity."

"Hasten not to anger," said Roul. "Disappointments surprise and disgust the weak; but no one has ever accused you, Fasho, of being weaker in spirit than in body. The body is broken, brother, but the standard of the man can still be first in all else."

"Gutter-bug! Stop!" cried Fasho. "I'll have no more. Take my place, let your dull fire burn with Fairmena's love, but give me peace! Mad I am!"

CHAPTER VI

TEMPERAMENTS — BOORS — AUTOCRATS — PROJECTORS—ALTRUISTS

TEMPERAMENT: From *temper,* to modify by mixing; *mens,* the mind. is the quality of the mind, resulting from the blending of various bloods.

THE Creator seems to have preferred the number two as a basis of origination of the universe—light and darkness; ethereal and material; male and female. Whereas, man in his organizations, inventions and philosophies seems to have followed a three-cornered system—the king, the people, and the church; the representative, the executive, the judicial; water, force, and boat.

Human nature is never the same. Nature's law is perfect order, combined with infinite variety. Only such individuals as possess certain temperaments are capable of enjoying fraternal communal life. A moment's reflection must convince all intelligent persons that an individual is only entitled to the position he or she is qualified to occupy. A free man is not responsible for his ancestry; he may not be responsible for his environment; but a free man *is* responsible for actions of his *own volition.* Why should we not inquire, from whence our bad temperaments come, in the same manner that we seek to ascertain the causes of our physical degeneracy?

We purpose in this chapter to point out that one of the greatest differences between Geyserland and

civilization was the interest taken in Geyserland in the temperaments of the progeny.

Few intelligent people go through life without studying, comparing, and classifying their fellowmen. This is equally true of the innocent maiden of fifty and the professor of psychology in his prime. To do this justly, men should be able to distinguish the complex compounds of their temperaments. The just old principle of "weights and measures" that has brought order to commerce was employed in Geyserland for selecting suitable persons for each occupation. Their system was, however, tenfold more practical than our service examinations.

John Locke wrote, "We have no innate idea of principle." Robert Owen claimed, "Character is made only by education and surroundings." Sir Francis Galton believed that "heredity and training," "nature and nurture," are all that were required to produce eminent men. We will endeavor to show that none of these is wholly satisfactory, and that it is by the combination of the following causes that our complex characters are formed:

1st. Pre-natal influences; the sources of our energies.

2nd. The condition of our environments; the source of our social life.

3rd. Education; the source of our ideals.

The careful selection and cultivation of these causes will result in a temperament or a type of humanity capable of appreciating altruism.

In speaking of people as belonging to consump-

tive families, we really mean that their organs of respiration are well adapted to receive and nourish the germs of consumption; or, in other words, the lungs of those individuals have hereditary proclivities toward that disease. This illustrates the Geyserland theory of pre-natal influences or temperaments, and the successful breeding for such temperaments will be explained in Chapter VII.

With the desire to establish order in the present confused condition of ideas about tendencies of heredity, and to better understand our fellow-beings, the following classification of humanity is suggested: the *Boor,* the *Autocrat,* the *Projector,* and the *Altruist* or *ideal type,* which is the result obtained by the blending of the first three. When any of these types are discovered to-day, in an approaching pure state, it can more easily be attributed to the constant mating of those of similar tastes than to race or locality.

An ideal type of humanity cannot be portrayed; like the Millennium, it will never be realized. However, the science of blending the fundamental types will ever be our most important study, and it must always be by keeping our characters above our pleasures and ambitions that progressive life can thrive. Where this order is reversed, stagnation and deterioration quickly follow.

Was it just for the majority of voters of Australia to proclaim the doctrine, "The conservation of Australia for the best element of the white race"? Nothing justifies one in assuming that the white race is superior because it is white. We know that in ancient days there were eminent

men who were not white; for example, the early Pharaohs, Buddha, Confucius, and Mahomet. In the picture-writing of ancient Egypt the red man invariably has the place of honor. The beautiful damsel on the throne in the antediluvian City of Brass is described as having red cheeks and black hair, while her attendants are one white and the other black. Merit must be judged by standards less trivial than language, skin, or presumption. Of the 1,400,000,000 people on the earth, no two are alike. The fair Scandinavian is best for Norway and Sweden, the dark-skinned man for equatorial Africa. The characteristics of each race are evolved to suit the conditions of its life. Everything is right in the right place. Physical beauty is the outward manifestation of physical perfection, and each climate or locality necessitates a separate type of physical endowment that should be constantly varying and improving.

We do not claim that these fundamental types originated in any particular race, nor can we state positively whence they came. But the intermingling of these three primitive varieties of blood could have produced the fourth or an ideal type; as a matter of fact, our present mongrel conditions have been brought about by the hazards of migrations, and to-day we can detect unequal traces of the three fundamental types everywhere.

Descriptions of the four types will be elaborated later in this chapter. We name and sketch them now.

I. BOORS, or HUSBANDMEN. Willing to work, obedient, domestic, industrious, and patriotic.

II. AUTOCRATS, or SWORDSMEN.—Determined to drill others. They were combative, dominating,

punctilious concerning their own social recognition, ambitious and given to excesses. They believed in their own divine superiority and their inspired privilege to dominate religion.

III. PROJECTORS.—Schemers who wished to make profit by, and, if possible, enslave those with whom they came in contact. They were fond of travel; initiative, artistic, enterprising, and individually greedy. With an ultimate desire for commercial profit, the Projectors have ever pondered over the secrets of Nature, and to them we owe our sciences and arts.

IV. IDEAL SECONDARY TYPE, ALTRUISTS.—The Altruists, the happiest possible blending of these three primitive types. They were appreciative, loved moderation, and were just, with noble acts and inclinations.

The study, appreciation, and blending of these three original temperaments was better understood in the time of Homer. Men were then bred to be capable of performing the functions that the community expected of them.

Rumors, and the flash-lights of history that have recently been thrown by science into prehistoric times, show that in early days the three types of primitive minds were but little tempered. We can imagine the pure pastoral Boor wearing his girdle of goatskin, with a club and shepherd's crook caring for the flocks of Abraham and Lot; the Autocrat Nimrod ordering cities to be built and killing lions; or the Projector Ishmaelites from Galeed buying Joseph from his brethren to sell in Egypt. But to-day the types are mixed;

many sons of Rolla are following plows, and the offspring of handmaidens are sitting on royal thrones.

Possibly our theory is a very ancient one. One clue which leads us to believe this is the suits of playing cards. We are informed that these cards came from the Arabs. Whatever came from the Arabs is of untold antiquity, as they had a habit of "hibernating" for centuries, and the modern Arabs do not know their own history, which recalls their own proverb,—and proverbs existed long before books,—"In the desert one forgets everything, one remembers nothing any more."

The following table gives the different suits in various times and countries, showing how our playing cards throw an instructive side-light on ancient classifications of humanity, which corroborates our theory:

BOORS	AUTOCRATS	PROJECTORS	ALTRUISTS
CLUBS	SPADES (ESPADA)	DIAMONDS	HEARTS*
Labor	Coltrole	Merchant	Love
Batons	Swords	Money	Cups
Trefle (Clover Leaf)	Pique	Carreau	Cœur
Acorn	Leaves	Bells	Hearts
Knuttel	Pique	Diamanten	Herz
Eichel	Green	Schellen	Roth

* In the middle ages hearts were supposed to be ecclesiastical. We prefer to believe that they were originally altrustic.

I. BOORS—WORKERS

Who lived under the formula, "Do the nearest duty."

One of the first queries of every student of history is, what is the difference between the patrician and the plebeian? Can they change places? If

not, why not? Assuming that they can, why have some been able to do so, others not?

The Boor was a plodding, stay-at-home, unadventuring mortal; living in the present, loving his surroundings, and cultivating the soil. In his pure state he might have been drilled or trained, but it is doubtful if he could have been educated. Having a shallow mind, he was always willing to follow any industrious or warlike occupation, but slow to enter into uncertain, intellectual fields.

Existence was his chief object. The agricultural Boors were always conspicuous for their fidelity to their wives, and their large families, in contrast to the nomad Projector or the adventure-loving Autocrat. The binding ties of family and household gods of the Boors, with their conservation and respect for ancient oaths and promises, have ever made them conspicuously patriotic. The pure Boors have in history ever been the willing followers of their autocratic chiefs.

In appearance the Boors were noted for their large hands and feet and for their insignificant noses. It is said that those with large nostrils brought the highest prices in the slave or labor market.

The Boors always constituted the masses of fighting men. Their number was largely augmented by degenerates of the Autocrats or Projectors,—offspring, or captives, or ill-treated slaves,—whose weak bodies too often were the cause of unambitious spirits. The Boor did not mind being found fault with if the complaint was just.

It is a sad reflection, that to the Boor personally victory or defeat made but little difference—simply a change of tax-gatherers. The victor was allowed a little license, a short debauch, and what loot he

could carry away. The last was soon lost by gambling and the Boor was the same as before.

Gambling has and probably will always exist. The special methods employed by the different temperaments is worthy of note. With the Boor, having little to lose they are ever ready to take chances for increasing their meager portion or losing it all. Their peculiar systems have been by lots or lottery. We believe that the lottery is right in the right place. Hope, which is an inherent right with the Autocrat and Projector, is practically denied the Boor; therefore, if law is justice, as conceived by human minds, it will be successful only as it adapts itself to the ever-changing character of the people. Hence we believe that the little pittance paid to the state lottery by the Boors in those southern countries where there are no middle classes or Projectors, does but little harm compared to the cheerfulness it brings in the form of fertile dreams of possible future opulence. Bravery and a love for hazardous adventures have ever been features of the Autocrat, where the element of chance is more the objective point than skill; and if fortune is against the Autocrat he takes a peculiar pride in stoically accepting his bad luck. Dice, roulette, cock fights, sports, and racing have been his favorite methods. The Projectors, with their sagacity, have never been eminent as gamblers. At the race-course they are the bookmakers, at the card table their games are those of skill. Their bold and tremendous mercantile adventures are based upon calculation and knowledge, while, with the Altruist, gambling has been for the amusement of the sport, and for trivial stakes only, because he recognizes that one-half

of the misery of this world has been brought about by gambling. The Britons, Normans, Teutons, Scotch, and Jews have never been conspicuous for gambling. It is interesting to note as an item of history that when Charles II. reëstablished a Court at St. James it became a fad with the autocratic cavaliers to imitate the desperate conditions of the Court at Versailles when gambling was in vogue (probably more from necessity than choice among the courtiers, who were coerced to live beyond their means), and since then it has been the rôle of such snobs who wish to appear of the smart set to bet and gamble for heavy stakes.

From the earliest times Boors have been plentiful, always necessary, but never much respected. The romance of their lives seems to have been in its rural simplicity and lack of ambition. Their contentment consists in possessing only such tastes and desires as can be satisfied by their surroundings.

> "From toil he wins his spirits light,
> From busy day the peaceful night;
> Rich, from the very want of wealth,
> In Heaven's best treasures, peace and health."
>
> —GRAY.

In rude times the Boor, unarmored, fighting with clubs and stones, was obviously different from the armored autocratic sword-bearer. But to-day, the poor laborer or proletarian, with his blood mingled with that of the Swordsman and the Projector, is less credulous than the true Boor. He has happily begun to reckon cost, chances, benefits, and profits before enlisting to fight for his own, his country's, or anybody else's rights.

People, in speaking about the "stalwart Roman," meant not only the patrician Swordsman, but also

the poor husbandman who had been drilled by the Swordsman to be the ideal fighting man. The Roman Boor in the early days of the Republic was the bulwark of the state, and his decadence was Rome's ruin.

In all degrees of culture there are a great number of absolutely necessary occupations, which, if not degrading, certainly are not ennobling. In the savage, barbaric, and civilized stages these tasks were performed by the Boors, captives, slaves, or criminals.

In Geyserland it was recognized, and it is beginning to be appreciated by us, that this low order of work, if equally divided amongst all classes, will not only be restful but unquestionably beneficial. Florence Nightingale said, "The three R's without industry lead to the fourth R—rascality." The husbandman must not be despised. To-day the enlightenment of the world has so far advanced that we must consider absurd those antediluvian prejudices against the cultivation of the soil, as attested by the refusal of Cain's sacrifice, and the cursing of Adam.

The Boor is absolutely necessary. All professional breeders know that interbred stock "runs out" and becomes "weedy" unless occasionally strengthened from something nearer the soil. The Swordsman and the Projector must recognize the importance of both the gentle, companionable woman and the industrious man among the boors. Let them take as mates those toilers who work without ambition, and without scheming, for it is possible from the ranks of these may be recruited the elements for the fairest flowers of altruism.

II. AUTOCRATS OR SWORDSMEN

Motto: "Divine Right."

The Autocrats might be typified by the old Saxons or Asars.

> "The Asar dwelt in Ida Wollum,
> They drank wine and were merry;
> They made iron tools, they played at dice,
> No cruel thirst for gold impeded them;
> Till the three Virgins came from Thrymsa,
> Two very powerful."
>
> —*Saga of Voluspa.*

The best explanation of these three is that they personify three classes into which the primitive savages were divided.

1st. The cave dweller, or fruit eater. He was noted for his bravery. The serpent was his emblem. He made music with drums or by pounding.

2d. The grain eater. He was strong. First he ate wild rice, later he discovered the secrets of germination—the primitive agriculturist. The tree was his emblem, and he made music with pipes or reeds.

3d. The fish eater. He was intelligent. The eagle was his emblem. He chipped the flints, and invented the bow. His music was made with stringed instruments like harps or lyres.

Where Thrymsa was, no one knows.

* * * * *

Autocrats were natural leaders of mankind.

> "Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
> For Empire formed, and fit to rule the rest."
>
> —DRYDEN.

The Autocrats and the Projectors personified different theories of life, but these theories did not conflict with each other. The language of each was that of the country he occupied, like the language of the Jews to-day.

It is to be remarked that those nations where the blood of both Autocrats and Projectors circulated have always been the most successful. The characteristics of each being essential, the best results could not prevail with either alone. Madagascar, where sagacious Projectors went unaccompanied by Autocrats, has never assumed a position of importance in the front rank of nations. Sicily, where the Norman Autocrat or Swordsman drove out the Projector and where the climatic conditions permitted indolence, has ever since been conspicuous for its quarrels, jealousies, and assassinations, as can be seen in the "Vendetta" and "Mafia" that prevail to-day.

Purity of blood and pride of race are far more characteristic of the vain Autocrat than of the Projector. The kings of Egypt in the dynasties of the Rameses and Ptolemies bred in their own families. The Persians and Peruvians did the same. The Dukes of Normandy, with the exception of "Robert the Devil," were bastards, but they had been bred from Norseman stock. The Autocrat depreciated his own inheritance because he desired to win a greater one.* Wherever he went he rose to the surface as cream in milk.

Besides being spoken of as Autocrats this type was often spoken of as Saxons (Swordsmen), for

* In the middle ages about the only method that an English gentleman had of acquiring wealth was a war with France, by which he received heavy ransoms paid for prisoners. This practice lasted until the peace of Munster, 1648.

they were ever ready to aid their cause by the sword. An Autocrat hangs on to his egotism with a peculiar pride, and at any breach of civilities is ready at once to adopt bad-tempered methods of vengeance. With Swordsmen, combat must ever be the supreme court of arbitration, justice, and retaliation. Brave to a fault, with them it was a "word and a blow." Instant punishment for an insult from an inferior is the scheme of the Autocrat—no trial, no preparation, no taking off of coats, but the blow or thrust of the sword at once.

The dubbing or accolade of a knight was emblematic of the last affront which was lawful for him to endure. Chivalry would not permit the word of a nobleman nor the virtue of a lady to be questioned. (Merit and virtue should challenge investigation—not forbid it.) Chivalry bred a pernicious thirst for military renown which caused men to solicit quarrels, not for the public good, but for personal vanity. The trial of combat was the first principle of chivalry, which is as absurd as the ordeal by water and fire.

Apparently it is a law of Nature that the autocratic element should not be too plentiful. It is a well-established fact that all autocratic leaders are instinctively at the post of danger—and there the infuriated heroes, like bulls and stags, fight to a finish; for example, at the time of the Conquest, the best fighting element of the old Saxons, ferocious invaders of England, had been frightfully diminished by their feuds and quarrels, which permitted their Norman kinsfolk easily to conquer. The English and Normans were kinsmen, the only difference being that one left the shores of the

Baltic about five hundred years earlier than the other.

The Autocrats, naturally a quarrelsome people, avoided quarreling among themselves to preserve the common peace. Like a Scotch clan or a tribe of North American Indians, they chose a chieftain, whom they obeyed only from a motive of organization, not as a recognition of his superiority. A chief was entitled to a larger share of the loot because of his position, but more than his share he must not have.

The pride of the Autocrat early established the principle that happiness was caused by freedom from care and trouble. They craved an unchecked indulgence in every species of sexual pleasure. The Autocrat's conviction of his own superiority has permitted him to become a privileged character. Danton recognized the lack of this quality in the French revolutionary democracy, when he besought them to have "audacity, again audacity, always audacity." Pride and dignity were characteristic qualities of Autocrats, who writhed under criticism, and wanted a strain of unbroken eulogy. The ambition of the Autocrats was to govern, the ambition of the Projectors and Boors was to be well governed.

The contempt that the Autocrats had for commercialism and their respect for athletics is well illustrated in the Odyssey, VIII.

Laodamas thus addressed Odysseus (Ulysses):

"Come, good old stranger, do you also try the games, if you have skill in any. Games you should know. There is no greater glory for a man in all his life than what he wins with his own feet and hands. Come then, and try! Drive trouble from your heart! . . . "

Then wise Odysseus answered him and said: "Laodamas,

why mock me with this challenge? Sorrow is on my heart far more than games; for in times past much have I borne and much have toiled, and now I sit in your assembly longing for my home and supplicate your king and all this people."

Then answered back Euryalus, and mocked him to his face: "No indeed, stranger, you do not look like one expert in games, much as count with men; rather like one busied with ships of many oars, captain of seamen who are traders, one whose mind is on his cargo, watching freights and greedy gains. You are not like an athlete."

But looking sternly on him wise Odysseus said: "Stranger, your words are rude. You seem a reckless person. . . . You stirred the very soul within my breast by talking so unmannerly. No! I am not unskilled in games, as you declare; I was among the best, I think, while I could trust my vigorous age and these my arms. Now I am overwhelmed with pain and trouble; for much have I endured, cleaving my way through wars of men and through the boisterous seas. Still even so, all woe-worn as I am, I will attempt the games, because your words were galling; you provoked me, talking thus."

He spoke, and with his cloak still on he sprang and seized a discus larger than the rest, and thick, heavier by not a little than those which the Phaeacians were using for themselves. This with a twist he sent from his stout hand. The stone hummed as it went; down to the ground crouched the Phaeacian oarsmen, notable men at sea, at the stone's cast. Past all the marks it flew, swift speeding from his hand." [Palmer translation.]

The first evidence of the infiltration of the blood of the Autocrat in the Boor or Projector is a rebellious feeling at taking a secondary position. No compensation can make amends for inequality with those possessed of autocratic blood. This is shown by the mulatto in the United States, or the successful tradesman in the Parisian Opera House. A hundred years ago at the opera one only saw the so-called thoroughbred sitting in the boxes. Today the piratical, adventure-loving, "high-bred" looking Autocrat has been replaced by the smug "stay-at-home," successful atom of industrial life. The non-combative shopkeeper now occupies a

place where he would not have dared to intrude in the days when the sword which always hung by a gentleman's side was ever ready to defend the divine birth-right of the presumptuous, quarrelsome Autocrat.

The Autocrats possessed but little originality, but having good memories were given to imitations of all kinds. They were eloquent, and natural politicians; illiterate, but loving poetry. They left to their clerks or clergy the "ignoble" task of learning. An Autocrat of the Middle Ages outside of the church who would strive to educate himself was almost as much despised as one of today who would stack a deck of cards; it was an unfair advantage, neither chivalric nor sportsmanlike. The following song aimed at Sir John Oldcastle, leader of the Lollards, and supposed to be the original of Falstaff, shows the spirit of the times.

> "I trow there be no knight alive
> That would have done so open shame
> For that craft to study or strive;
> It is no gentleman's game."

Autocrats made themselves familiar with the manners and customs of those around them, with the sole idea of dominating and commanding them. Shrewd and eager after both dominion and rights, the Swordsmen chose to reap where they had not planted. They were always ready for transactions in which they undertook to give only what did not belong to them.

Politeness was not an inherent characteristic of the Autocrats, but was cultivated solely for the sake of self-interest. Nevertheless, the Autocrats were always conspicuous for their courteous man-

ners. We believe true politeness comes from the heart, while courtesy, which is mere obsequious suavity, comes from the fear of a quarrel. From their standpoint, giving away to another was the act of a craven, and courtesy of manner among them was accompanied by severe dignity. From them, however, we derive our first conception of decorous manners as well as the rules for war and the laws of honor and truth, and also the theory of peace, "that all gentlemen should be armed and ever be ready to respond to a summons to keep the Lord King's peace." On the principle that the brave man is generous, it is perhaps to the Autocrat that we owe the idea that it is right and noble to sympathize with the misfortunes of the weak.

Plurality of wives seems to have been another of their assumed "rights." The fidelity of a royal person has never been nor is to-day expected. Henry IV., the brave, iron-handed ruler of France, took his pleasures like a common sailor with the Boorish fish-women from the market.

The same combination of blood that makes the modern autocratic social leader, made the ancient conqueror, freebooter, or pirate. It has always been good form for an autocrat to rob—but never to steal. Brennus was a true Autocrat when he said in reference to a dispute about weight, as he threw his sword into the scales containing Rome's ransom, "Woe to the conquered!"

We know that Nebuchadnezzar 600 years before Christ (and there were others probably before him) made war on the pirates of the Mediterranean. The escaped slaves and fugitive outlaws—Etruscan, Semitic, Caucasian and Negro—gathered before the dawn of history about the Ionian

Islands with desperate determination and ferocious heartlessness, and bravely took their chances to better their conditions or perish. History informs us that these pirates were frequently "rounded up" or driven out of the Mediterranean. Assur-banipal, the Sardanapalus of the Greeks, 667 B. C., made efforts to check the Etruscan and Sicilian pirates. Pompey and Barbarrossa, and in more modern times our Decatur, made fame for themselves battling with these husky, dusky desperadoes. Where did they go who escaped through the "Pillars of Hercules"? They probably went every way, possibly some due west, but we believe of those who went north they survived best who reached the balmy air that accompanies the Gulf Stream; that is, the west coast of Ireland, Wales, England, Scotland, and the Baltic Ocean. Anthropologists have been puzzled by the discovery of so many traces of the Mediterranean types around Denmark, Zealand, and Jutland. The modern Autocrat is a remnant of that piratical, determined, desperate, cruel stage of culture; he has not risen to a sufficiently high stage of enlightenment that he may be relied upon not to descend to the fighting stage, when he concludes that his rights, or the rights that he considers himself responsible for, are assailed. The old pirate blood accounts for much of our modern ferocity and dates back to the days when the Northern plunderers tore the Roman Empire to pieces. Freeman wrote, "The indomitable vigor of the Scandinavian, joined to the buoyant vivacity of the Gaul, produced the conquering and ruling race of Europe." The Autocrats have always been keen to discover unprotected wealth, such as the wealth of Constantinople, Peru, and Mexico, the treasure-

ship of the Spaniard, hoarded gold and jewels of India, the fertile fields of America, and the mines of South Africa.

When Cæsar conquered Gaul the Gauls were nothing but autocratic fighting men with Boor slaves who did all the menial work. With the North American red man we find autocratic characteristics in the ascendant; for instance, the Iroquois were Autocrats, and they would rather die than do menial work; whereas, the Hurons were Boors and cultivated the soil for the Iroquois. In Egypt we discover the boastful records of the Autocrats, and the following is found on each tomb in the Valley of the Kings outside of Thebes: "I the God Ptah have given to thee [here follows the name] who art of the race of Asar, length of days that thou mightest fulfill the functions of Horus [Justice]."

The ancient song of the Mamertimes is in the same key.

> "With my lance and my sword
> I plow and I reap;
> I am the ruler of the house!
> Disarmed, my enemy falls at my feet,
> Calling me Lord and Great King."

The old Scotch predatory Barons of Cranston, with their motto, "Thou shalt want ere I want," were good examples of the rapacious autocratic type.

The Macedonians were largely of the autocratic race; the early Roman republican leaders strongly so. The type was noticeable in Greece, Carthage, and Gaul, also in Mexico and Peru. The Peru-

vians were not a warlike race; it was their masters, the autocratic Incas.

In appearance the typical Autocrat has been tall, blonde, and athletic, with a large Roman nose, retreating forehead, clear eye, and firm mouth and jaw. The Brahmins were a good type of the Autocrat, with their low, ample forehead, thin lips, sharp eyes, long fingers, noble carriage and sublime air of intense self-consciousness and pride. These twice-born men conquered the aborgines of India and established a caste of their own superiority. Buddha was never able to overcome this spirit of inequality of the Brahmins.

The warrior Autocrat, with "might as right," stood up as the first officer of the Almighty and proclaimed himself nearest to the Unknown. Woe to such as questioned this privilege. The chief gathered around him a number of the learned and intrusted to them the details of religion, thus originating the autocratic priesthood. The fact that both church and state have always exerted their influence to augment the population, naturally benefited each. Autocratic chieftains and prelates have commanded and preached the theory of equality (the corner-stone of Christianity), but they themselves have never accepted it. The saint, Thomas à Becket, a pure type of a church Autocrat, was a Norman; his father, Gilbert, was from Rouen, his mother from Caen.

III. PROJECTORS

Motto: "Credit and respectability."

PROJECTORS: We have selected this name because it conveys more of our meaning than any other English word.

Fitzdottrel. But what is a Projector?
I would conceive.
Engine. Why, one, sir, that projects
Ways to enrich men, or to make them great
By suits, by marriages, by understandings.
—BEN JONSON, "*The Devil is an Ass.*"

The distinct elementary type of humanity which we wish to designate as "Projector" was not the plodding industrious Boor, nor the warlike, domineering Autocrat, but a scheming, bartering, inventive, intelligent type who has ever been in sympathy with nature and rational science. The Projector has ever preferred paying tribute to going to war. To these Projectors we owe most of the comforts of our daily life.

Like the Boors and Autocrats, they were the descendants of the survivors of an antediluvian people; but it was these Projectors who retained the culture and knowledge of the past. They were an enlightened yeast with which a new eon was leavened.

The Projectors of the tropics, like the Autocrats of the temperate zone, adapted themselves to the customs of the country in which they stayed and made the best of its native charms. The hot climate of the Persian Gulf, Egypt, the Sahara Desert, India, and Yucatan has never badly affected the intellectual powers of these people.

It is not in the temperament of the Projector or Autocrat to care for what does not appeal to his interests. Patriotism and religion were for policy only. The Venetians had the image of Christ upon their coins, and the rapacious Florentine woolen makers paid for most of the Cathedral. L. Owen Pope wrote, "English merchants were in the habit of supplying nations at war against England with provisions bought at English fairs, and weapons wrought by English hands. When England was at war with France, La Rochelle was supplied with food by English traitors; when England was at war with Scotland, the Scottish camp was fed from English markets, and English soldiers fell by English arrows, shot from English bows by Scottish arms. The knight was little behind the trader in treachery, and a 'chivaler' who held the office of the King's arrayer of archers levied a sum in excess of that which was required for the due execution of his office, and appropriated the whole to his own use."

Unlike the Autocrat, the Projector had a keen appreciation of weights and measures, values and proportions. He was a commercial expert in every commodity—jewels, drugs, spices, stuffs, and slaves. He infused new ideas into the masses and awakened interests in science, commerce, poetry, architecture, and decorations.

From Grecian writings we would suppose rational sciences were of Grecian origin, while, as a matter of fact, they came from the Cushite-Ethiopians. The Greeks only refined them and passed them down to us as their own. Grecian historians found great pleasure in showing that all those before them knew nothing.

The history of the diffusion of enlightenment is

the history of commerce. Where commerce went, ideas were bartered with the advantage in favor of the wandering merchant. It is easier to believe that culture has more often been adopted than evolved. The strange mixture of races, language, knowledge, habits, and custom forces us to conclude that in prehistoric times there were, besides the innumerable coasting ships engaged in commerce in the Mediterranean and coast of Asia, overland trails extending from Japan to Ireland, from the Arctic to the Tropics. Tin was brought by land to the East from Cornwall before the ships ventured across the Bay of Biscay. These trails and sea routes were traveled by nomad adventurers, or projecting merchants, who circulated with profit to themselves those discoveries and inventions that had painfully and patiently been developed in ancient times and retained by the cultivated Projectors. These commercial enterprises also resulted in more mixing of the races than conquests ever accomplished. These merchants opened the door to an abnormal love of lucre, which explains why, in primitive societies, merchants were but little esteemed.

It is possible that the early Projectors may have been of Chinese origin and first developed in Shen-si (hence the name), the most ancient province of China, and have traveled across Thibet to Siam and then followed the coast to the mouth of the Euphrates. The hypothesis would be in harmony with the fact that the Chinese are the only cultured race who have not found it necessary to travel abroad for enlightenment.*

* The orthodox Chinese have always had contempt for the floating population outside of their border, and use a phrase meaning for them "hither and thither, not fixed."

Others, who believe in the lost Atlantis, may think the Projectors were the descendants of the Atlantean race. Ignatius Donnelly claims that the wide-eyed natives of that lost continent were the originators of all the comforts of ancient civilization. Perhaps a more plausible hypothesis is that the Projectors are descendants of those early wandering merchants, the Cushites, whom Baldwin in his "Prehistoric Races" describes as having settlements extending from India to the Pillars of Hercules, centuries before Chaldea or Egypt became prominent.

We should have chosen the word "Arab" to designate this Projector type were it not for the possibility of some readers thinking that this elementary type of mankind was confined to one race; for we frankly admit that the qualities that characterize this type have always been conspicuous in the Cushite-Ethiopian-Arab, combined with a wonderful ability to survive successive Dark Ages.

The Cushites of the vast empire of Cusha-dwipa may not have been the oldest people of culture, but they are the oldest of whom we have any trace. The ancient glory of the empire departed previous to the rise of the Assyrian empire, 1300 B. C.

Phœnicia was to the Cushite of Arabia what San Francisco is to the Anglo-Saxon of to-day, a frontier port for commerce with a vast West; with this difference, that the Chinese and Japanese of to-day know what is back of San Francisco, whereas, the Greeks and Romans believed Phœnicia to be the source of all the delicacies of the East. The misapprehension was artfully nourished by the wily merchants, and all speculations were discouraged, and the southern Arabians were the only navigators on the Indian Ocean until

Vasco da Gama went to India around the Cape, 1497 A. D.

Herodotus, like others of his time, supposed that the good things from Arabia were produced there. "There breathes from Arabia a divine odor, myrrh, frankincense, cinnamon and ledanum." The elder Pliny, speaking about Arabians, summed up as follows: "Taking them all in all, they are the richest nation in the world." Alexander, in the third century before Christ, was the first European to enlighten the West about that country east of Arabia. Prior to his time Ceylon was supposed to be the beginning of another world.

We know that in Chaldea, in early days, the practice of working in metals was under the direction of foreigners. Berosus, the Babylonian historian, describes a being (Galon or Cannes) half man, half fish, who emerged at intervals from the sea and taught the Babylonians arts and handicrafts. This was a graphic manner of portraying the Projector in his ship, for the true Projector, unlike the Jew, was a wanderer by sea as well as by land.

There were two elements in ancient Arabia—a Semitic Bedouin nomad element, unartistic, living then as now in tents and huts, as they lived four thousand years before Christ, inventing nothing and persistently perpetuating inane customs; the other, the true Cusha-dwipa,—artistic, progressive, initiative, commercial,—the true Projector to whom we owe all the salient beginnings of our luxurious comforts of to-day.

Mr. Palgrove, one of the best Arabian authorities, speaking of the mechanical initiative of the modern dwellers in Southern Arabia, remarked that to him " they would be more at home at Shef-

field and Birmingham than in their present isolated surroundings." Renan says (speaking of the same people), "They have for a thousand years less lived than lasted. Like an exhausted race they have sought a retreat and found it in the bosom of the narrow walls of the Moslem faith, and there they have allowed their intellect, energy, and imagination to rot." Let us hope that it is only sleeping and resting, and will spring up and come to light again with renewed vigor and higher ideals.

The original Arabian who spoke the Himyaric language was a Projector, but has been crowded out of Arabia by the Semite nomad who spoke Arabic and who now claims to be a descendant of Ishmael; whereas, the pure Arabs were in their decadence long before Abraham or Melchizidek. The descendants of these original Arabs are to-day scattered all over the world. A few of the pure race, however, are to be found in the interior of Southern Arabia. They have become Mohammedans, and refer to their noble ancestors as "Jins" or "Devils," and they now speak Arabic instead of the original Himyaric.

The Projectors were few in feudal times in Northern Europe, where Autocrats and Boors abounded. It was a surprise to the noble Crusaders to find merchants living in palaces in Pisa, Florence, Genoa, and Venice. There the cunning of the promoters had replaced the violence of the Autocrats.

The Free Masons, who claim to date from the time of Solomon and of Hiram of Tyre, were practically introduced into Europe during the eleventh century, from Spain. The skilled workmen going to Strasburg, Antwerp, and other cathedral towns of Europe during the summer months

returned south in the winter. The following season they found it necessary to identify themselves by secret signs and ceremonies, the degree of their ability and craft. These people were welcomed by the prelates, because the monks and those who had done the designing, carving, and decorating before that time had degenerated into the use of obscene designs; for example, one can see to-day in Salisbury Cathedral the specimens of phallic worship which in those days were common all over Christendom. Hence the authorities of the church gladly recognized the pure geometrical innovations of the Arab craftsman.

The Projectors, in contrast to the Boors, had small families. Not wishing to be burdened with female children, they often sold them. Selfishness and the desire for individual profit have always been associated with the reputation of the Projector merchants, hence they have always been a type both envied and despised, like the battleshy Carthaginians who hired men to fight for them, or the non-combative shopkeepers of the French Revolution.

The interests of the Projector are ever centered in himself. He believes that his individuality is constantly under the eye of El, who is always in the vicinity. The dignified Projector is ever appreciative of Nature, with a gracious word to every bird and a salutation to every beast. The Autocrat controls animals by force, whereas the Projector by his sympathy charms them.

Before the practice of making accurate records of history, people remembered incidents of extraordinary character and repeated them, while they easily forgot their proper history.*

* To facilitate memory, not only tribes but generations of tribes were pictured as an individual.

In the same manner that Lincoln, Grant, Lee, and Emerson may in coming ages be spoken of as the children of Columbia, so Lameck, Israel, and Tubal Cain are names representing species of our race. It is impossible to believe that the mythical Roman Numa was a human being, for his name means "soul," and obviously is a personification of the influences which developed the Roman character.

As Britannia is the "Gem of the ocean," or Ada is "The mother of such as dwell in tents," so Tubal Cain in the Bible is the earliest mention of the type of the Projector. The Cushite-Ethiopian was always the popular ideal of the Jew, and he sought alliance with them. Moses married a daughter of their race.

It is easy to detect the influence of the Projector in ancient Peru, and particularly in Yucatan and Central America, by monuments and feats of engineering which could not have been accomplished either by Autocrats or Boors.

Unprotected wealth has always been the weakness of the Projector, because of his economic rather than martial instinct. Venice and Genoa, however, profited by the history of Carthage and valiantly held their own until the new route to India by way of the Cape left them commercially stranded. The burghers of the free cities in the Middle Ages in Europe recognized that their hoarded wealth was weak without protection, and as Venus sought the strong arm of Vulcan, so they developed our civic laws and police—the safeguards of our personal rights. The Projector has always wanted order, the Autocrat freedom.

Seven hundred years before there was a public lamp in London, and when Paris was still a

swampy town of windowless dwellings, Cordova had miles of well-lighted, well-paved streets.*

In those days the constant use of baths by the Projector-Arab contrasted well with the saintly disregard of cleanliness of the Christian. The Grecian consort of the Doge Domenico Selvo, 1043 A. D., was most unpopular in Venice because of her delicate ways. She would not touch her food with her fingers, but made use of a two-pronged instrument of gold to carry it to her mouth, and when later she died of smallpox it was considered a proper judgment upon her. Those were "in the good old days" when people ate their meat from their fingers, wiped their fingers on bread, and then ate the bread.

In the Middle Ages the influence of the Projector became apparent in the Low Countries. In the year 1000, when Saint Stephen was crowned King of Hungary, he Christianized his country and reopened the Danube route to the East that had been closed since the time of Attila, 450. The Projector may have come up the Danube and down the Rhine, or he may have been a refugee from Carthage. In any case his commercial and creative energy reached England in the time of Henry VII. and has since been scattered broadcast throughout the English-speaking world.

Cæsar, happy conglomeration of Autocrat and Projector, was valiant and, when necessary, ready to lead in any desperate assault; but on the other hand he designed and constructed the bridge over

* The common error of using the term "Moorish architecture" can only be accounted for by the fact that the Moors were many and the Arabs few. The same architectural skill that prevailed in Cordova and Granada also prevailed in Cairo, as the Mosques evince. The reader will remember that many of our architectural terms are Arabic—"arc-ogive," "minaret," etc.

the Rhine in ten days, and he fought the superior British Belgii ships by a false deck and long scythes attached to poles to cut their ropes.

Let us realize that we are indebted to the Arab Projector for bringing light to the West and dispelling the monkish gloom of the Dark Ages. "Roger Bacon, who was probably the greatest natural philosopher of the Middle Ages, was profoundly versed in Arabian learning." (Sharon Turner's History of England). Aristotle was first made known to modern Europe by Jewish translation from Arabic versions. It was also the Arabs who enlightened the frenzied Crusaders in the Middle Ages, and to-day it is the Jew with the strain of the blood of the Cushite-Ethiopian of Southern Arabia who has brought commercial civilization to its present state of scientific scheming. He, the Jew, although not the purest of his type, has been for centuries the most conspicuous exponent of it. The Jew has done more than any other type of man to develop the middle class, which is the salient element of every prosperous nation. Justice may have its origin in the fair exchange of a Projector trader for expediency as an asset, which is exemplified in the large commercial houses of to-day.

IV. ALTRUISTS

Motto: "Do good for the love of good."

"Something assures me that he who, hardly knowing why, has, out of simple nobleness of nature, chosen for himself in the world the essentially unprofitable, unproductive function of doing good, is the truly wise man, and has discerned, with more sagacity than the egotist, the legitimate employment of life."—RENAN, *Hibbert Lectures.*

We have selected the word "Altruist" to define that type of man who, by his natural feelings, best

represents the temperament brought about by the happiest mixing of the blood of the Autocrat, Projector, and Boor.

The espousing powerful Autocrat warrior and the wealthy Projecting merchant both recognized the charm of the unselfish daughters of the husbandmen, and history is sparkling with noble characters, offspring of these suitable blendings.

The Altruist has been evolved from love. Haeckel speaks of Altruists as "enlightened egotists." It may be so, but the characteristic virtues of Altruism will ever be unselfishness, toleration, and sympathy, and in the eyes of the Altruist mean acts will always be the only evil ones.

Altruists have always been few, but from mythical days we find them known and loved. The motive for the development of this altruistic spirit seems to have been a desire to parallel the all-enduring mother-love. For there is but the smallest step between the love of the mother for her infant and the largeness of heart which can love all creatures.

"*Noblesse oblige*" is the motto of an actor, "compensation" the reward of a sordid soul. Probity, honor, and pride of race are characteristics of the Altruist; but the Altruist possesses these qualities for his own satisfaction, and does not become quarrelsome if others do not recognize and give him credit for them.

The Altruist looks upon every creation of Nature as having the same origin or cause of being as himself; and being endowed with "the serene impartiality of a mongrel," as Huxley put it, has always displayed a friendship with everybody and everything, which has permitted him to view life from a higher level than is possible with an egotist. Our

temperaments are the windows through which we must see the world.

Companionships, partnerships, or what boys at football designate as "team work," have ever been popular with Altruists. Gatherings, like congregations, monastic fraternities, and social clubs, have originated from similarity of temperaments, and a desire to aid others. Thomas à Kempis said, "If anybody needs a thing more than I do, let him have it"; or as an uncommercial man said, "A man who is rich enough to lend is rich enough to give." Goethe admitted that his works had been an expense to him.

The vanity of a man has always led him to perpetuate his own type, whereas a woman has always instinctively tried to improve her race. We believe that our present conditions should become so modified as to permit a mother to select the father of her offspring. Nature will assert itself and the result will approach the noble Altruist rather than the snobbish courageous Autocrat, or the successful, money-grabbing Projector. The world is recognizing that it has had enough of war and financial scheming, and now wishes to enjoy the creations around it. The ideal Altruist will always occupy a relative position, because the one that suits conditions of to-day will not be suitable for those of to-morrow. Poets, historians, biographers, and philosophers have all tried to proclaim the ideal Altruist. We leave the students of Oriental history to decide upon the origin of the story of Job, but the portrait could not have been worded as it is by any one who did not appreciate the full meaning of Altruism.

The author saw that a man's misfortunes resulted from other causes than a judgment for his sins. "The father of the oppressed, and of those who had none to help them." "He did not despise the cause of the man-servant, nor his maid-servant when they contended with him," knowing that Nature, "who had made him, had made them."

James Freeman Clarke, writing about those noble Altruists, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, states that what was needed in their time was "not a new philosophy, but a new ideal." They could not stop the already downward tendency of morality. A man wishes to be respected by those whom he respects, therefore he is influenced by a desire to be like those who are considered superior people whom he respects. A good ideal temperament must give way to a better ideal temperament. The most successful ideal has been that of Jesus—it is so elastic and so many-sided that almost every reform or new religion has gained strength by subordinating its principles to this ideal.

Something akin to this fourth or altruistic stage of culture is suggested by Daniel in his fourth and final Kingdom inhabited by Saints. He designated it as the "Kingdom of Heaven," a term often used by Jesus, who, as Renan says, was more impressed by Daniel than by any other prophet. (See Daniel II and VII.)

"It was reserved for Christianity," Lecky wrote, "to present to the world an ideal character, which through all the changes of eighteen centuries has inspired the hearts of men with an impassioned love, has shown itself capable of acting on all ages, nations, temperaments, and conditions, has been not only the highest pattern of virtue, but the

strongest incentive to its practice, and has exercised so deep an influence that it may be truly said that the simple record of three short years of active life has done more to regenerate and to soften mankind than all the disquisitions and all the exhortations of moralists. This has indeed been the wellspring of whatever is best and purest in the Christian life. Amid all the sins and failings, amid all the priestcraft and persecution and fanaticism that have defaced the church, it has preserved in the character and example of its founder an enduring principle of regeneration. Perfect love knows no rights."

The eminent men of the last hundred years have recognized that an ideal Altruist concentrated upon earthly work is more practical, and that the true Altruist is he who helps others by deeds rather than consolation—such men as Alfred the Great, Franklin, Lincoln, and Tolstoi.

CHAPTER VII

PROGRESS—HOMOCULTURE

"Produce great people, the rest follows."—WALT WHITMAN.

"Every action admits of being outdone; every end is a beginning." EMERSON.

"We are the ancients of the earth and in the morning of the times." —TENNYSON.

"The most merciful form of what I call 'eugenics' homoculture (from Eugene—signifying well-born) would consist in watching for the indications of superior strains of races, and in so favoring them that their progeny shall outnumber and gradually replace that of the old one."—FRANCIS GALTON.

TWO or three months after Adam's rescue, Sibis, the disabled Fasho on his crutches, and the Assistant Surgeon were passing through a birch grove by the lake shore path, on their return from the gymnasium of the Temple of Reason. An aged sage had been explaining the cultivated evolution of talking animals and luminous plants. In Geyserland there were many strange species of animal and plant life, such as talking, half-witted cats, and plants not unlike our sunflower, which were light-giving like the glow-worms or luminous mushrooms, though upon a much larger scale, and which were most useful during the long nights of the Arctic winter. Unfortunately, Adam Mann's mind had not been educated in the sciences, and although his old Bible had on the margin of its pages many inexplicably odd matters, Professor Mark Stubble found among his notes no explanatory details on those subjects.

Adam was astonished to find so vast a variety of

his fellow-beings. If all characters were melted and poured into one mold, certainly the world would be much easier to govern; but the Geyserlanders had recognized that it was not to the advantage of the community that all people should be alike. We all remember that Plato appreciated and was careful to record the variety of colors of the inhabitants of "the lost Atlantis"—red, white, yellow, and black. The Geyserlanders studied to preserve them all.*

If the eminent leaders of our masses, our philosophers, could lift themselves from their present round on the ladder of culture to the one above, and thus permit themselves to contemplate the whole field in its entirety, they would realize the advantages and disadvantages of what is below them, in the same superior manner that a neolithic savage looks disdainfully upon a preolithic one. The cultivation of mankind—the science of stirpiculture—is in its infancy with us compared to other sciences, such as agriculture and floriculture. Any attempt to improve our humanity on the same lines that Burbank improves plant life would be promptly stopped by any civilized government of to-day.

The Geyserlanders did not wish to intrude on the proper functions of destiny, but believed that they should take such steps as would prevent destiny from dealing blank and worthless cards.

* The red man portrayed on the walls of old Egypt is not the red man of America; but he was truly red, that is, crimson. The first principle of coloring is to recognize that white and black are colorless, simply representing light or dark. And that all colors are composed of the three primary colors, blue, yellow, and red. Blue alone exists in a pure state. The purest yellow is that which has the least of blue or red in it. The purest red, that which has the least of blue or yellow. Hence, we object to a brick being called red, because it is distinctly orange. The red that is the least adulterated with blue or yellow is found in the color of our market-garden radish. It was with this color that the artists of early days painted the nobility of Egypt.

Race-culture was the main issue, and any negligence of the authorities in that department of the government would at once have given rise to a popular demonstration of disapproval. "The worth of a State in the long run is the worth of the individuals composing it." *

To explain with clearness the communistic system of restricted population, we must assume that the reader admits the Malthusian theory that "there is not a seat at Nature's table for every one"; or, in other words, that "an unfettered community will breed to the starvation limit." An advanced people will adopt methods of adjusting the number of lives to the resources of the land by some system of regulating births and deaths.†

Hybrids do not exist in a wild state. The first stage of science is the objective, or the determining of the *aim in view;* the second stage, or exact science, is *foretelling results.* Homoculture in Geyserland was nearly approaching the latter stage of mathematical exactness. All countries according to their climate have had populations that had a certain fitness for the peculiar conditions under which they existed. It would be foolish to assert, however, that these populations were incapable of improvement. Perhaps to-day, with our present enlightenment, we might add to our advantages by breeding from such as are gifted with "mind reading," for there are undoubtedly many

* John Stuart Mill.

† The Jews doubled their number every fifteen years while living in the fertile lands of Egypt. To prevent overcrowding, Malthus strongly favored emigration; for example, the Greeks had discovered its advantages over infanticide for the purpose of keeping numbers in harmony with the harvests. Those provinces of Spain that sent away the most emigrants continued to be the most populated in Spain. Ireland, which has sent a son, or sons and daughters, to every land, is still as thickly populated as ever. The southern orators who preach emigration to Liberia as a cure for the race question should contemplate these facts.

of both sexes who have shown this uncommon accomplishment. Homer speaks of a whole family of mortals who had "second-sight." * Are human faculties shrinking. Why has not heredity preserved this desirable trait? Because our religions, laws, and customs are not sufficiently advanced to accept rational methods.

As the harvests or resources of Geyserland were only sufficient for thirty thousand inhabitants, early in the days of their enlightenment the Geyserlanders recognized the importance of *heredity* for procuring the best possible offspring to fall heir to their resources. Heredity is the fundamental cause of our temperaments, and a new era will dawn when our social laws will permit propagation, not for social position, nor for amorous, petty, sentimental reasons, nor to bring together landed properties, but solely for the sake of the race—the offspring. Then the miser's daughter will be less esteemed than the generous-minded maid, and with this triumph of Altruism our young and healthy will be our millionaires.

A new science is always confused between the law and the exception. There is much to learn, and there will always remain the conservative's praiseworthy doubt about each unproven theory. We believe the Geyserlanders had by constant experiments pursued the study of heredity far beyond the knowledge at present reached by the savants of civilization.

If two persons contend for one position, one must yield; but it must not be stated as a positive

* Odyssey.

fact that the world is always benefited if the stronger wins. Many of the qualities in the make-up of mankind, like relics, are not the survival of the best fitted to survive, but the result of pure hazard. The fossilized bones of prehistoric man do not necessarily represent eminent men, but only such as were caught in upheavals of petrifying mud. "The survival of the fittest" is the creed of the monopolist. This theory and its twin theory of "whatever is, is right," may satisfy scientists, but not philosophers. Scientists understand natural laws, philosophers would understand and also utilize them. Science awaits the philosopher before the world is benefited. Darwin accumulated the knowledge of the facts about evolution; Herbert Spencer, John Fiske, and Kropotkin, who wrote their opinions about the application of the facts of evolution, were philosophers.

There are other matters to be considered besides intellect, health, and strength. It is as imperative for those who govern us, to protect the emotional poet as the dull-nerved athlete. Let the worthless degenerate perish, but let the worthy physical weakling be recognized and developed. When a junior Oriental diplomat was asked by a Kentucky gentleman horse-breeder, "Don't you think it would be advantageous to the Japanese if their Emperor imported some full-grown gentlemen from Kentucky to improve their race?" the little Asiatic replied, "Possibly, but I think it would be a good scheme for the Governor of Kentucky to import some of the inhabitants of Japan to demonstrate the charms of tact and polite temperaments."—The number of degenerates in families appears to be the result of heredity, environ-

ment, or lack of education. A good education can fortify one of weak character to rise above the moral tone of his companions. Environment may be selected to minimize the temptations of a weak character. However, the proportion of degenerates can only be reduced to an insignificant number when due consideration is given to parental selection.

Galton ably argues that the policy of the church during the long period of the Dark Ages "brutalized the breed of our forefathers.* She (the church) acted precisely as if she had aimed at selecting the rudest portions of the community to be, alone, the parents of future generations. She practiced the arts which breeders would use, who aimed at creating ferocious, churlish, and stupid natures. No wonder that club-law prevailed for centuries over Europe; the wonder rather is that enough good remained in the veins of Europeans to enable their races to rise to the present very moderate level of natural morality. A relic of this monastic spirit clings to our universities, which say to every man who shows intellectual powers of the kind they delight to honor: Here is an income of from one to two hundred pounds a year, with free lodging and various advantages in the way of board and society; we give it to you on account of your ability; take it and enjoy it all your life if you like; we exact no condition to your continuing to hold it but one, namely, that you shall not marry." Selecting the best young men for the army has prevented their early marriage, and has furnished greater opportunities for the weak stay-at-home to breed. In contrast to this the Geyserland method selected the progeni-

* "Hereditary Genius," 357.

tors from the best element that the community afforded.

Charles Darwin, on the subject of human breeding, said, "We build asylums for the imbecile, the maimed, and the sick; we institute poor laws; and our medical men exert their utmost skill to save the life of every one to the last moment. There is reason to believe that vaccination has preserved thousands who from a weak constitution would formerly have succumbed to smallpox. Thus the weak members of civilized societies propagate their kind. No one who has attended to the breeding of domestic animals will doubt that this must be highly injurious to the race of man. It is surprising how soon a want of care, or care wrongly directed, leads to the degeneration of a domesticated race; but, excepting in the case of man himself, hardly anyone is so ignorant as to allow his worst animals to breed."

Ripley says, "To expect that man can in a single generation compass the ends which Nature takes an age to perform, is the height of folly." But there comes in the history of every people a time, as if prearranged by Destiny, when the results of chaotic causes become apparent and beyond the speculative period. Before the time of Charlemagne, France was peopled by swarms of complex tribes and clans, Italians, Celts, Gauls, Germans, Franks and Saxons. Before Henry II the line between the Normans and Saxons was as distinctly drawn in England as the white and colored line is drawn to-day in the United States. It was for mutual aid in foreign wars that they "got together." Cæsar's legions were composed of soldiers whose grandfathers were Rome's enemies. His famous

"10th" was recruited north of the Alps. The folly of trying to keep races separate is well illustrated in India; since the time of Manu, 3000 B.C., the white Brahmin and the dark native Hindoo had been kept apart by most drastic laws. Yet when Alexander visited India, 325 B.C., he describes the whole population as being dark. The white element had already completely disappeared. Let the best blendings of our temperaments develop in our cradles.

We are sufficiently optimistic to believe that, as human nature is not all alike, by persistent selection and breeding a *race could be established adapted for altruistic communism.* Almost any hereditary defect can be obliterated by breeding. In the words of Strahan, "Evolution modifies the individual and suits him to his surroundings, his mode of life, and heredity perpetuates the modification in his descendants."

What is wanted can be begotten. What is not needed will in time be eliminated. Permanent changes are best made when new blood is infused. It is exceedingly difficult for a race to improve itself by interbreeding. We might illustrate it by an attempt to make a pyramid of sand higher without enlarging its base; therefore, when seeking to correct the shortcomings of our race, let it be done by importing foreign strains to counteract the wrong and strengthen the weak, or, as they did in Geyserland, by preserving all the foundations for every kind of original character. The salvation of the race is not in its refining itself by constantly eliminating vicious qualities; for when this refining is overdone the result is the same as the "weedy" colts of small bone, without stamina, so

often reared from first-class racers. The duty of a man is to recognize his heredity—to develop the good and to safeguard the bad. A violent temperament under control is more praiseworthy than a temperament lacking such natural factors as hate, ambition, pride, envy, and revenge. Improve the race by adding, not by subtracting. *Augment the good and the evil will become manageable.*

Ribot states that "every animal necessarily inherits the characteristics of its species." It cannot inherit what was not germane to its parents, but individual wants and efforts will call spontaneously for new qualities; and the perpetuating of these qualities is brought about by fixing them by inheritance.

Francis Galton, in "Hereditary Genius," compared the standard of ability of the Athenian with that of our race and time, and concluded that "the average ability of the Athenian race was, on the lowest possible estimate, very nearly two grades higher than our own; that is, about as much as our race is above that of the African negro." He attributed this to the greater care the Athenians took with their breeding; and the fact that Athens offered more attractions than any other city to foreign men of the highest ability and culture.—It has been remarked that in European countries to-day a large proportion of eminent men have foreign names. It is fair to assume that other races could arrive at like results.

The development of characteristics is the conflict between the two heredities, one tending to preserve the primitive instincts, the other to fix and hold the acquired advantages of modifications. Heredity generally tends to revert to the primitive

type, for what is acquired easily usually possesses little stability. A species can only claim normal possession of a new characteristic after having consecutively inherited it through many generations.

We must assume that the vast variety of types in personal appearance is the result of climatic conditions and the blending by sexual selection of the two original races of mankind—the *short, long-headed race* with brown eyes and flat curling hair, and the *tall, fair, round-headed* race with light eyes and straight hair. A man selects his mate for various reasons—the Hottentot for her posterior development; the Oriental for her weight; the ancient Teuton for her industry; but the autocrats have always (with the exception of the Japanese) sought blondness and height. Marshall says in his biological lectures that " the white man and the negro have been differentiated through the long-continued action of selection and environment." Hence it is believed that the tall, long-headed, blonde Scandinavian has evolved from the primitive, long-headed brunette race that once occupied all Europe.

Their adaptability to the northern latitude and the popularity of their appearance has perpetuated the strain. Ripley states that the upper classes in Europe are distinctly taller, lighter in skin, hair, and eyes than the Boors. Homer is continually informing us of the fairness of the gods and heroes. Since the second century Jesus has been depicted as blonde. The blue-eyed Thracians were celebrated for their beauty. Thousands of blending generations have quite topsy-turvied the original two types. Therefore, curling hair being considered more beautiful than the straight,

it is not an uncommon sight to meet those with round heads and tight-curling blonde hair. Red hair is an indication of race-mixing, and is seldom found in remote, secluded nations; but where populations are most mixed,—as among the Phœnicians, Grecians, Venetians, French, Irish, and Americans,—there can be found the auburn locks. Red hair is not uncommon among mulattoes and Eurasians.

A showman may by starving and cruelty tame and drill a wolf, but it will take many, many generations of breeding from the most docile of wolves before a domesticated wolf can be acquired.*

In Geyserland the Council of Surgeons who had direction of the breeding frequently recognized the necessity of augmenting the Boor element. As these children grew to manhood they were assigned to simple tasks or unintellectual labor, for which they were designed, and for which they were suited. They were brought up to recognize their communal position. It was not the policy of the Geyserlanders to breed for the autocratic ambition. They had been early impressed with the fact that the keystone is not the only useful stone in the arch. They believed in rotation of temperaments. (See

*Darwin wrote: "Lord Orford, as is well known, crossed his famous greyhounds which failed in courage, with a bull-dog—this breed being chosen for being deficient in the power of scent. At the sixth or seventh generation there was not a vestige left of the form of the bull-dog, but his courage and indomitable perseverance remained." The otter-breed (Ancon sheep) originated in a deformed lamb born of ordinary parents. Its length of body and short limbs prevented it from jumping fences, and its owner persistently and successfully bred its similarly formed offspring. The successful production of the "Charmoise" breed of sheep in France was accomplished by the persistent efforts of the breeder to have a sheep in France with the attractions of the English breeds, and it was by the knowledge of the three great breeding principles, *heredity, variability,* and *selection,* that the success was brought about.

Chapter VI.) Thus the inequality of temperaments revolved like a wheel as generations succeeded each other. The intelligent Boors worked upwards and the overtaxed nervous thinkers sought repose by assimilating with their less intelligent kin, the Boors. Their experience proved that this method prevented weak nerves amongst the advanced thinkers and developed a unity and fraternal feeling between those who were educated and those who were drilled. No great thing can be accomplished by weak men. A state must not dwarf its people, or it will soon lack that vital power which is slumbering in all of us which makes for race advancement. Nor must the state allow its people to become dwarfed through their own misguidance. Moreover, there should be prevention of useless waste in industrial economics.

The reader by consulting the following authors can find conflicting theories and much interesting information on this subject: Darwin, Galton, Strahan, Lamarck, Lucas, Ribot, and Gironde de Buzareingues.

The phenomena of descent have been classed into the following laws:

1st. DIRECT HEREDITY, where children resemble their parents. There is a popular belief in cross heredity; that is, the son resembling mother, and daughter, father. Michelet wrote that Louis XVI, whose mother was Marie Josephe of Saxony, "was a real Saxon King and more German than the Germans themselves." Yet it is a fact established by long observation that the external and moral resemblance of the son to the mother is less frequent

than the daughter to the father, and the children are more apt to resemble their father than their mother in the proportion of two to one.

2nd. REVERSIONAL HEREDITY OR ATAVISM, where a child, instead of resembling its immediate parents, resembles one of its grandparents or still further remote ancestor.

Instincts that are dormant for one or two generations may be passed along by heredity, as the fighting son of a particularly peace-loving mother may be the father of a particularly peace-loving daughter.

3d. INITIAL HEREDITY.—When the temporary mood or condition of parents at time of conception permanently affects the offspring;* for example, children resulting from a debauch, or those noble children resulting from noble, loving parents.

In the struggle between the races the desire of the parents will affect the progeny, or, in other words, conscious selection will favor the race which possesses the superior elements; for example, in America when two mulattoes marry, their child is whiter than themselves. This would occur only in those countries where the white is more esteemed than the negro. It is probable that in Africa the child would tend to return to the local type.

People without desire for nobility and truth degenerate. Clergymen's sons are proverbially bad. We would rather believe this results from a glut of unnatural piety and ultra reaction toward normal ways, than to lack of inheritance of goodness in the parent. Nature is bound to recoil and react when overstrained. "Turner, dreamer of enchanted landscapes, took the pleasures of a sailor,

* See Genesis xxx:31-43.

on a spree." Some of the most exquisite poetry has come from men coarse in their conversation. The son of a punctiliously honest, unsuccessful man is apt to be an unscrupulous rogue.

4th. HEREDITY OF INFLUENCES.—When a child resembles a former husband. Michelet tells us that "Madame de Montespan had had a son by Monsieur de Montespan, and the first child she had by the King—the Duc de Maine—resembled only her former husband; he had his Gascon disposition, his buffooning, etc."

A woman may be barren with one man and not with another, or a man may propagate with one woman and not be able to with another. For example, Napoleon suffered epileptic-hysteria when alone with Josephine.

Unions between those of different temperaments should be encouraged, because the children would be stronger mentally and physically than the offspring of those who resemble one another. Children of parents of different races are never found to be superior, but by breeding a half-bred, etc., a strain is slowly acquired and a superior breed produced.

The mutilation of the parents is not inherited by the offspring; for example, note the customs of circumcision, the misshaping of Chinese feet. The flattening of the heads of the Indians has never had any effect on the progeny.

Habits can be inherited; for example, the white man's habit of turning out his toes; animals that have been drilled to clean ways will in time beget clean-habited offspring.

There are those who believe that the heredity of sex alternates; there are others that think that the

stronger parent controls the sex; but science has not yet recognized any law in that direction. Consanguinity generally results in more male offspring than female. Half-breeds are more often female than male.

Albinos lack strength in their senses; pigmentation conduces to acuteness of senses. White animals are more apt to eat poisoned herbs than are colored animals.

Breeding-in intensifies and magnifies parental peculiarities. Hence, only perfect animals should be permitted to breed-in. The female reverts to the primitive type.

Sterility was early recognized as a characteristic of unrestricted woman. Promiscuous intercourse on the part of the female was found to result in sterility. For this reason in early days, when all clans needed "more fighting men," promiscuous intercourse was forbidden.

Fanciers do not consider the first litter valuable and they are often destroyed.

Children of young parents are weak and lack courage and vitality. Children of old parents are vicious, nervous, easily wrinkled, and short-lived. The correct age of fathers is from twenty-five to forty, for mothers twenty to thirty-five.

Ripley says, "To tolerate a climate is one thing, to become independent of it is quite a different matter." In race development robust constitutions are not the only aim. It was first noted that the children of the rugged, cold mountains were more hardy than those born in the mild lands. This was easily explained, because only the hardy children lived in the former country, and that breed was constantly becoming more hardy; meanwhile, the sickly could live not only in the mild lands, but

they profusely bred weaklings, for by some "cosmic process" the weak-bodied seemed to revel in sexual excesses; however, later it was found that if precautions were taken to prevent the procreation of the feeble in the milder localities, that race would excel those from the rugged ones.*

Cold and privations cannot be a direct cause of physical superiority; besides, it has been observed that tastes and inclinations have developed in temperate climates that have been ignored in the more severe ones; for example, the mountaineer knew little about the joy and charm of color, compared to the less industrious, luxurious, comfortable inhabitants of the balmy zones. It is safe to assert that the average Anglo-Saxon only enjoys four senses instead of five.

While observing the methods in Geyserland for improving the race it will not be amiss to cast a glance at our own methods of degeneration, particularly as this degeneration is taking place at an epoch when conditions demand better types of humanity.

Why should not the pre-natal fine qualities of the red man in America, with his sylvan nerves, his keen sensibility, and his intuitive knowledge of woodcraft, have been perpetuated? Because we were dull, shortsighted, and vicious, and posterity will class us with Sulla, who annihilated the intel-

* Life in the average tropics is too easy; the weaklings live, grow up and breed, and miserable degenerates are the result. Unless controlled, feeble people will propagate more freely than the healthy ones; for that reason we find the more rigid climate producing the hardier types of our races. But let it also be noted that unhealthful tropics have produced some splendid types. Senator Stewart, describing the Isthmus of Panama in 1849, said: "The aborigines of that unhealthful climate were the finest men I ever saw." Alas, this race perished when they became acquainted with the white man's fire-water. This is explained on the same theory that only the healthy, best-fitted children survive unhealthful conditions.

ligent Etruscans to make room for his bloody veterans.

Specialists inform us that the crowded life in cities, alcohol, narcotics, improper diet, and sensuous excesses have so undermined our stamina that we are unable to face our daily strain of work, and that the continuation of these detriments is developing a quantity of humanity with hysteria, neurasthenia and epileptic tendencies. Unfortunately, these miserable people are permitted to perpetuate their kind. Added to this cause we have the contagious troubles not sufficiently guarded against. So it happens that whereas man's work is demanding more strenuous efforts, his body is more easily fatigued than in former times. Men are expected to produce ten times as much work as fifty years ago, and but a trifling fraction of these are able to meet the conditions without recourse to stimulants, because of exhaustion of their nervous systems. If people persist in drawing out from their race or from their bank more than they put in, there can be but one result—bankruptcy. It happened in Babylon, Egypt, Persia, and Rome. It will be our turn next.

CHAPTER VIII

SIBIS AND FASHO—DUTY

"There is no greater service than that of the man who sows the seed of right ideas in the right places."

"By Eternal laws
Of Iron ruled
Must all fullfil
The cycle of
Their destiny."
—GOETHE.

SWEET Sibis was a real Geyserlander. That isle was like a vast convent, in that there was peace, and all that made the convents of old attractive to women. But lives were not spent there in useless penances, nor were the energies of the mind wasted on worthless superstitions; the women were kind and sought to be beneficially employed. The life of Sibis was as unique as her philosophy required. If she had joys they apparently were not sensual ones. She had never been robust nor beautiful, but she had the repose and poise of a sphinx, and would have received the most favorable commendation for her distinction at the most exclusive courts of civilized aristocracy. Her charming manners made her a favorite with all. Like the flowers, she had no enemies, and all trusted her with confidence as a loyal friend. The test of true friendship is that happy relaxation of tenseness which permits one to think aloud. Her knowledge was not confined within the limit of our woman's education of to-day. Like Cicero, she wished to hear everything about everything. She knew the world as men knew it,—the whole keyboard, from the rank-

est indecency to the purest wisdom,—and could assist at men's councils. There was no forbidden knowledge for Sibis. She had always lived in others, and their successes and pleasures seemed to echo in her with true love—the untainted, unselfish mother-love. She was a part of everyone. She had the gift of sympathy, the most precious and unbuyable of all qualities; for sympathy is like solder—it makes two parts one.

The Assistant Surgeon, who, like our alphabet, apparently had no name, was artful, cunning, and clever enough to know that he had more than the average amount of wit and mental capacity. His early hopes of becoming a progenitor had been frustrated, hence his disposition to do good had become curdled, if not soured. His reason inspired his emotions. This un-altruistic communist knew the value of diplomacy; but in Geyserland one had to be noble to be on the winning side, and the Assistant Surgeon was not noble. He could crawl or fly, as his interests dictated; he was like Paul, who was "a Jew with the Jews, a Gentile with the Gentiles," and those who knew him as Sibis did, and knew that he recognized no gratitude toward Nature, held him in too deep contempt to do him justice. "If I had my way," he suggested, "we would stop this ever-to-be-thought-of development of the race."

"And then do what?" asked Sibis.

"Expand," continued the Assistant Surgeon, who was a relic of primeval days, with the desires of a nomad; "travel; conditions have changed—we have supposed ourselves to be surrounded by impassable ice-bound mountains and wastes. But if this freak Adam could come to us, it proves that

we could go elsewhere. Our imaginative, inventive people should be told that they will acquire favorable commendation if they invent a machine for flying, as that seems our best means of communication with our fellow-beings. We should not neglect this opportunity because our ancestors did. Adam claims to be a person as good as any from whence he came. This may be his natural impertinence, but he is certainly a poor thing here."

Sibis recognized the arrival of Adam in the community as an occurrence resembling the appearance of a mangy cat in a household of well-groomed tabbies; but, rising above all this, with her womanly instincts for the love of her race she recognized the possibility of this proud vagrant, Adam, being a desirable acquisition to the community. Sibis's character had not been withered by narrow family ties; her life was too large to be limited to the love that gathers around one's fireside.

"Not so fast," she said. "Everybody has an innate consciousness of pride without which he would be contemptible. People are like books—at first we must pay the same homage to all; it is only when well read and understood that we can rightly judge them. Adam is not innately depraved; he is a product of Nature's methods, now in the wild and free stage. A man can walk on land, a fish can swim on sea—but a wild goose can walk the land, swim the water, and fly the air. This man, like all uncultured people, is like a little child —abnormally selfish, naturally thoughtless, willful, and combative."

"I think," replied the Assistant Surgeon, "a useless person is good for nothing, as brother Donis would say. The people of aptitude should live,

the others had better not be born. The duo-theory of Nature is well illustrated by the two types of mankind, the noble man and the degenerate. The noble man is grateful for what he has and makes for improvement; the degenerate realizes no shame, nor pangs of feeling at his own or another's acts of degeneration, nor is grateful for the consideration that another has had for him. The whole race is our kin. All nature is allied and is man's companion. Every butterfly is my brother. The boundaries of the earth are the only proper limits to our influence and sympathies. My idea of duty is to travel, colonize, and teach the rest of the world. I object to the curtailing of our race. There are but four ways of preventing over-population," and holding up four bony fingers he proceeded to further enlighten them: "1st, Colonization; 2d, prenatal precaution; 3d, infanticide; 4th, the civilized method of the perishing of those not fitted to survive.

"If this man Adam is a sample of the population of the balance of the earth, it is certainly our duty to colonize. It is evident that the time has come when a superior race would be a blessing to other races. It is vicious to go blindly on in the same old rut. Competition should alternate with repose. We have had too much repose. We need competition to sharpen our wits and to spur on our ambitions. The reward of the victor of a stag fight is the peaceful society of the doe. We are already on the danger line. We are now in a state of contentment, but we will certainly become degenerates if we do not at once find an outlet for our superfluous energy, which it is natural that we should possess in exuberant enterprises. Have not our neighbors in foreign lands a claim on our experi-

ence? Are not they a part of ourselves? Are we not capable of showing the race of this lank, loose-jointed Adam a better way? You, good Sibis, who are always thinking of others, tell me, are we too egotistical or altruistic?"

"Adam and his people are at a stage of culture where we were once," Sibis quietly rejoined. "His race has the spirit of progress. The culture of any people can be estimated by the degree of importance they attach to the study of the past and the future. They have not had our favorable climatic conditions with its advantages of isolation. I do not think this man has been sufficiently studied. He is fresh from a civilized country where selfishness is the motive for most actions. Have patience, he may yet show us in some things a better way. Wait; it is of scientific interest to see how soon he will grasp our ideas of social love, which, mark me, he certainly will do."

"I think you prize our culture too highly," the Assistant Surgeon persisted. "What are we but an isolated fragment in Nature's great game? Look at the strata on that cliff, read there the history of the great past, and don't let those who have kept the records of our trivial past give too much importance to our race. Our patriotism is a proof of our weakness and cramped ideas. We are mortals akin to this long-legged lout Adam. A century of retrogression and we should be barbarians again; another cataclysm and we will probably be wiped out of existence, leaving no record behind us, because we have not taken those steps that duty dictates to benefit our race. I believe that tremendous undertakings have been successfully accomplished and forgotten before our little island

was even started. I still believe that the Council should let us go and teach his people."

"Nay," said Sibis, "have not other races a right to their preliminary meanderings and wanderings? Different people have come out of barbarism by different paths and with different ideals. Owing to our peculiar natural surroundings, once united, we had no belligerent neighbors, and our whole energies were directed against cold, hunger, social jealousies and mythical superstitions. His people have also gone through their savage and barbaric stages, after their full share of troubles, quarrelsome neighbors, wrongs, and errors."

"But why study an oyster," interrupted Fasho, "when a lion can be investigated?"

"The mountain pebble may have a history as interesting as the avalanche," replied Sibis. "At present, this oddity is in evidence for us to study. We know very little of this waif, Adam, or of his antecedents. We should study him and note his thoughts, acts, and traditions, and find what has made him as he is; for thinking and talking of themselves do not benefit the future—it is the act of recording thoughts that does the good. We cannot expect a pot to boil unless the fire is lighted."

"I do not want to taste, smell, touch, or see this odd man Adam," replied Fasho.

The Assistant Surgeon, still conservatively thinking of the community, mumbled something about adulterations, and wine not being improved by water added to it.

"Our Creator may have a purpose greater than man's happiness, which man may not grasp," Sibis musingly observed. "Our lives are to help Nature, and through man Nature may wish to attain

greater issues, for mortals are probably but a section of an unfinished complex problem."

"We had better stop discussing fancies," the Assistant Surgeon said, "for this world unquestionably belongs to us—the cleverest beings in it."

"Are you not hasty in your conclusions?" questioned Sibis. "A man of high culture must bear and forbear, he must consider the claims of to-morrow as well as those of to-day; of the future as well as the present. When a nation is working toward one ideal it becomes cramped, biased, and must decay. Human theories should all be drawn loosely. Nature is greater than any system of thought. You can shout axioms and platitudes, but all other ideas should be mentioned in a low voice; for if too loud you will certainly be contradicted by someone like our friend Hist, who has plausible and logical opinions on both sides of every subject."

"I stop here," interrupted the somewhat irritated Assistant Surgeon. "Good-by, you wise, good, and distinguished Sibis. Your ideas are too far off for my mental horizon. I must go and meditate in yonder shady nook, why people should not be deprived of their ignorance. I salute you both."

"By-by," answered Sibis. "May sound conclusions be the result of your meditations."

* * * * *

In proportion as the soul of Nature enters into a person, so he gains in that grand affinity. Conversation with a person of limited soul is like touching a harp without a sounding-board.

The egotist cannot understand altruism. It is the result of purer ideas from finer organs; or, as Bagehot says, "nicer music from finer chords."

"I feel wronged," said Fasho, as he extended his hand toward Sibis and stopped to rest a moment on his crutches. "I have lost my true love. I feel that the laws of this place were made by some people for other people."

"Don't talk like a cat," said Sibis. "The laws are our friends, and if they were not for our common happiness we would not have them. You must work, work hard, because the applause you have received for your heroic action will never give comfort to you unless the praise from without is seconded by approval from within. A true man's reward lies in the thought of the happiness that he has caused. In a community where the culture is high,—and a man like you is important therein,—then the more strenuous should be his desire to perform such new duties as devolve upon him, and also more than his duties. Good seldom comes until private interests are laid aside. I know that a high nature like yours can never be brought to say of evil that it is good. A child knows that it is harder to be good and succeed, than to be bad and succeed."

"Stop, Sibis," Fasho excitedly interrupted, "and tell me, before we go any further, how high can a man go, or how low can his aims and ambitions sink? Is there much difference? Why try to be good and noble? It is in the power of every man to be a depraved scoundrel, but the lowest of them cannot rival the cruelty of destiny."

"If that is a conundrum for me," laughed Sibis, "the answer is, the lowest thing anyone can do is a mean act; the highest, a generous act. My dear Fasho, very few men have been the worse for losing the woman they loved. As we grow older sex-stimulus affects us less and our social spirit de-

velops. Your disappointment has only smothered your true feelings, but they will break through in time. The happiness we derive from doing our duty should be the aim and end of our being. Pleasures are not the goal of a noble mind, but duty is. Love is not our loftiest sentiment; it is only a feeling we have for another with the ultimate desire of benefiting ourselves. There never was a noble man or woman disappointed in love who did not think that his or her life had been thrown away. The noblest spirit is that which a mother has, in wishing her offspring to be superior to herself; but not the cowardly, precautionary, selfish one which makes a man continually afraid of nurturing an ungrateful viper. Nature is governed by laws, not emotions. One of the first duties of a noble man is to know what the state has, then to know what the state needs, and get it—like an alert steward, who not only sees the absolute needs of his larder, but has the initiative to introduce new things that would be welcomed. When this has been accomplished, then do that part which nobody else seems equally able or willing to do. They live happiest who exercise the greatest number of their organs with moderation; but it is in the thoughtful moments of leisure that a noble person realizes of what he is capable; whereas unintellectual idleness only produces vicious people and criminals. Fasho, if you want the respect of those whom you respect, you must give up this vain moping and be less sensitive to what people say. It takes greatness to bear little things. How many men do you know who are great and ring true? You have the ethical power, let your light shine, noble Fasho. Get the spirit of our laws, not the letter. A man who would consider himself before his duty is not

a man of noble feelings and cannot hope for the praise of those whom he respects. In the same way as ambitious children desire to belong to the working class, we should forestall our taskmasters, and besides our stated duties, seek further to benefit our fellow-countrymen. Don't try to do other men's work, but try to do your own in a better way."

"I know I have been educated in the science of duty," answered Fasho, "but all my duty is prearranged by the government, so why, in the wildcat's name, should I bother? I want my Fairmena. Will no one comfort me?"

"My dear man, don't sink below, but rise above your affliction. Your nature should not be dominated by a single passion nor a single sorrow. Love leaves no scars. Philosophy, which is the religion of the brave, should comfort you. Remember that the price of vice is pain. Lofty purposes make life sublime. There is nothing noble in striving for what you personally need. Let your mind seek to give a new contribution to the commonwealth. You know that there are laws of nobility that base people are not expected to observe. The spirit of our government is affinity. You should personify that spirit which develops mankind. Whoever improves his race improves himself. What is immortality? Only in our race can we live forever; and let it be observed that the sterile members of a community can equally aid in making their race better in the future. Foolish is the idea that mothers and fathers are the only parents of a race. Many of our noble ancestors were childless. Those who have left us new ideas, better methods, and good influences have been as much our parents as those who have passed to us their brawn and sinew. Provide for society a higher standard and be con-

scious of the weight attached to your example; choose a noble auxiliary beyond your duties, and by your example intensify the pureness of your cause. Submit to your unlucky fortune; take the virus like millions of men before you, and accept the sad verdict, 'she is not for me,' then do something to win for humanity a richer existence. Men grow interesting when people see and appreciate their good works, and happy in their self-respect are those who suffer for the right."

"Oh, Sibis, help me! I do not want to be a blank, nor mere food for parasites."

"We must accept our past bad luck; that, we cannot fight."

"But I am a fighter," exclaimed Fasho. "I want her, everything I have is starving for her. If I love nothing, then I am nothing, I am absolutely benumbed and empty. It is living deeds, not talking about them that makes men. It is the works, not the music, that stir men's souls."

"Stop!" ejaculated Sibis. "What people want and what people should have are sometimes very different. It is not difficult to make people take what they want, but they must be shown, educated, or forced to take what they need. It is proper ambition and proper energy combined that marks the public benefactor. Let your maxims rest, and consider that the only useful occupations of persons are: 1st, acquiring or producing; 2d, protecting; 3d, amusing or beautifying; 4th, transporting; 5th, teaching.

"Teaching I mention last for your sake. Fairmena will be the mother of the bodies and you can be the father of the minds. The teacher has two distinct functions—one is to show the way, the other is to criticise all efforts. You, who have the

love of lofty thoughts, teach men to have great minds, so that when you are gone others will live like you and perhaps better. That should be your aim. A disciple who can understand and can combine the works of his teachers with his own efforts seems more akin than a son who only continues one's blood. Many things are more useful when dead. The acorn, by a chance, makes the oak tree that gives shade for beasts and shelter for birds; but nine-tenths of the oak tree's usefulness comes after its death. So with a noble man's work; nine-tenths of his career is that which he has left for the public good. You, Fasho, can teach true manliness. I say it not to cheer you, but you are an ordained leader of men. An idea well revealed by a great man may be the origin of perfectly new institutions in a community. I repeat, that you are able to find among your guardsmen those to whom you could impart your noble views of manhood. They might learn what they need, learn to desire it, and then strive for it. Thus, you will acquire respect, and really add a useful portion to our grand march of progress, as she will."

"Don't mention Fairmena—don't talk of her contribution to the public!" exclaimed Fasho. "I am sick with jealousy."

The progenitors were inclined to be jealous of and quarrelsome with each other. It would be most unnatural if it were not so. But unquestioning obedience was the religion in Geyserland, as among well-drilled veterans. As there were several hundred guardsmen anxious to take their places, it was also policy for the progenitors to avoid quarreling. Postmen are honest, army officers are brave, and Jesuits are loyal. It is expected of them, and that is sufficient.

"Sibis, dear," continued Fasho, "you have never loved, you have no desires."

"My sorrows are my own, and are undiluted," said Sibis with exceptional emotion for her, as she placed her thin hands on his red, rugged one. "Men do not know what a blade of grass suffers when cut. But, Fasho, what I now say is true and sad—there may come a time in the lives of the greatest of men, when by chance, simple chance, they are pushed aside by those whom people recognize as their inferiors."

"But Roul is so happy!"

"Fie!" exclaimed she. "The lives of happy men make dull records; no one succeeds in coming up to his own estimate of his importance. Roul has no fascinating faults, let him have his own existence."

CHAPTER IX

MAN'S MORALITY—LORK AND EVRONA

"I am a man, nothing that is human
Do I think unbecoming of me."
—TERENCE.

"Nature smiles on those who enjoy their gifts and frowns on such as waste their blessings."

"Fasting and celibacy, the common means of purchasing Divine favor, he condemns with abhorrence, as a criminal rejection of the best gifts of Providence."—GIBBON, speaking of Zoroaster.

"I am not ashamed to print anything that God Almighty has permitted to happen."—CHARLES A. DANA.

"That which distinguishes man from the beast, is drinking without being thirsty, and making love at all seasons."

BY the common *law of nature* every fascinatingly beautiful woman is a *natural* mate of every healthy, vigorous man. An unattractive woman is no man's natural wife. But, when thinking people get together and desire to live in a peaceful, social manner, it is necessary for them to form rules for the regulation of these natural appetites, and the observance of these rules is *moral duty*. Richard Wagner stated that "Man will never be that which he can and should be until, by a conscious following of that inner natural necessity, which is the only true necessity, he makes his life a mirror of Nature, and frees himself from the thraldom to outer artificial counterfeits. Then will he first become a living man, who now is a mere wheel in the mechanism of this or that religion, nationality, or state."

In Geyserland the matrons, and the boys and

girls during the age of adolescence, were as strictly controlled by the state as were the vestal virgins of Rome; while the progenitors, like the racing crew of a modern college, took particular care of their physical condition, because they recognized that it was easier to keep their health than to recover their former standing as progenitors if disqualified by physical inability.

Those women who were not needed as mothers immediately sought other interests. They were free to choose their companions where they listed. The methods in practice for preventing procreation were sanitary and effective, and need no further mentioning in this book.

Virtue, to the Romans, meant *valor;* to the lovers of the beautiful, an object of *art;* to philosophers, *truth;* to the church, *chastity,* and in Geyserland it meant *sympathy and the desire for service rather than gain.* Sympathy is developed by social life, and it is in social life that women excel.

The fair and luxuriant beauty, Evrona, had, since she recently became of age, reveled in more attention from her male admirers than generally falls to the lot of a pretty woman. Apparently her disappointment in being denied the joys of motherhood was shallow.

Our English Adam was at first horrified by the familiarity between the men and women of Geyserland. False sentiments of the proprieties had been so grafted upon his conscience, not only by logical reasoning, but by generations of church talk, as to be instinctively inherent in his nature. Being shocked is a mental rebuke, and is a high-minded, proper feeling to show at the proper time, because the ideas of noble individuals, or rather their opin-

ions expressed by censure or approval, influence other individuals, hence the action of the masses. Was Adam sufficiently learned in the science of moral philosophy to be able to know *when* to be shocked? We wish to be above all the useless prejudices of our ancestors, and study the right and wrong, the good and bad which should be permitted our appetites. It is our province to discuss every subject that will give light toward the improvement of humanity.

We care nothing for impropriety when it is a question of the uplifting of the race. Classical scholars persist that the culminating point of interest in all social hygienic arguments should be written in Latin. We do not purpose considering these important questions in a dead language, a mere conspiracy of the educated to prevent the ignorant from knowing; nor do we agree with George Meredith that "everything of importance on this subject should only be said in half." *"If the thing is, why not say the word?"* (Victor Hugo.) We do not agree with Bias, one of the Seven Sages of Greece, that "most men are bad." Censure is absurd where acts are unavoidable. Our senses are not narrow. Personal magnetism is not for propagation only. Nature does not expect a rose from every bud. We believe Nature intended enjoyment to accompany every organ's well-being.

People should be judged by what charms them, nations by what they tolerate. When doing an unpleasant thing, or when refraining from doing that which is pleasant, it is not a bad idea to question one's self, "Am I doing this in view of an ultimate benefit to humanity, am I doing it to make the task easier for those who govern me, or am I doing it

with no more thought and understanding than if I were a sawdust doll? Clovis proclaimed that all his subjects must be Christians. Those who have studied his character know his motive was not for the love of the church, but to make his subjects easier to rule. For we all know that as soon as characters can be grouped that are alike, those who govern are enabled to think about them collectively in a single thought. Charles the Fifth with his Inquisition and Napoleon with his rehabilitation of the church in France, worked along the same line.

The importance of *chastity* during the first five or six Christian centuries was far more considered than *charity*. A great problem for the early fathers when establishing the church was to stop all devotion to other religions; and the most popular ones, like the worship of Baal, Isis, and the mysteries of Serapis, were all more or less carnal. Bodily cleanliness was insisted upon before approaching the altars, and the gorgeous bathing establishments of the ancients were closely allied to this worship. These were ruthlessly destroyed by the jealous early churchmen. The Turkish baths of to-day are but miserable survivors.

The bishops and presbyters made *chastity* the *greatest virtue,* and the lack of it the *greatest sin.* Thus a virgin woman who, judged by Nature's standard, is like "a barren fig tree," was exalted and placed in a position above "the mother." The unsophisticated St. Augustine admitted "that mother and daughter went to heaven, but one (the daughter) was a bright star, the other a dim one." Lecky writes, "The business of a saint was to eradicate a natural appetite. The virtue most required in early saints was not love, charity, or philan-

thropy, but *chastity.*" Hermits became hermits for fear of sin.

In a general way evil doings are divided into three classes:

VICE is an act against the laws of Nature, such as causing pain to one's neighbor or to one's self; for example, cruelty, drunkenness, gluttony, immorality, excesses, or unnatural passions.

CRIME is an act against the laws of the government; as wronging one's neighbor, stealing, perjury, or breach of contract.

SIN is an act against the laws of the church; as Sabbath breaking, sacrilege, blasphemy, or unbelief.

Nature punishes vice, but does not punish the other evils.

If evil is that which causes pain, and if good is the reverse of evil, then goodness in Geyserland was very different from the goodness in Christendom. They permitted many customs that would not be tolerated, and they tabooed many which prevail with us every day. For example, waste, which with us is seldom more severely censured than being classed as a mischievous accident, was considered by them as both vicious and criminal.

All lines drawn around appetites by convention rather than by necessity appear absurd to those thinkers whose thoughts are free. Where there is no pain nor degradation nor breach of contract there can be no evil. The excess of refinement, like water from condensed steam, is tasteless and insipid. The person who eats and drinks only what is exactly sufficient to sustain health can hardly be designated as leading a large or luxuriant life.

Sensuality after the period of adolescence is the excess of virility. Destined by Nature for propagative purposes, it should, when needed for the perpetuating of the race, be so used; but when not needed by the state it should be expediently cancelled in the most healthful manner possible. Unnecessary breeding was the thing most guarded against in Geyserland; not the gratification of a naturally healthy appetite. Is the sense of touch—the realization of a healthy circulation of blood—more sacred than that of the other senses? Why is it more a crime for a man to gratify his normal amorous inclinations than it is to eat or drink more than Nature requires for the proper sustenance of the body? Malthus wrote, "After the desire for food, the most powerful and general of our desires is the passion between the sexes." As hatred leads through many harmless paths before murder, and discouragement has a thousand phases before suicide, so can our loving feelings lead through many natural inclinations before procreation. A grateful, nature-loving man should enjoy all blessings possible. When we see people refusing the gifts of Nature, we feel as we do at a banquet when the entertainer has devoted time, experience, and money to furnish all attractions, and an unappreciative portion of the guests refuse them. Such people do not harmonize with their surroundings.

What to-day we regard as Platonic love would have been considered ridiculous by Plato and his contemporaries, and even so austere and eminent a moral philosopher as Cicero declared that "one would have to be severe indeed to ask young men to refrain from illicit relations"; or again, "If there be anyone who thinks that young men should be altogether restrained from the love of courte-

sans, he is indeed very severe." (Pro Cælic Cap, XX.)

To meet the question of chastity squarely is certainly more healthy than ignoring it. We do not believe in total abstinence schemes, and agree with Senator Vest, who, when speaking about saloon high license, said, "If the Mississippi River ran pure whisky, with each blade of grass a sprig of mint and each pebble on its shore a lump of sugar, and was fenced in, the armies of the world could not prevent people getting into it; whereas, if it were left open, few would abuse the use of it."

Too much virtue is vicious, and our young men must choose between being vicious or criminal. Doing without things that are healthy and harmless, and that one can enjoy, is as foolish as the savage and barbaric custom of fasting and indulging in self-torture for the glory of their gods, or to propitiate evil spirits. Volunteer martyrs are lacking in the essence of common sense. The habit of sacrificing is the oldest and most serious of errors, as it is one of the most difficult to correct. It prevails from Japan to Peru, and is produced either by gratitude or fear originating in the primitive idea that the Almighty, like an Oriental autocrat, despised a beggar who was proud, and for a supplication to be efficacious the suppliant should assume the woe-begone garb of one in distress. Those who prayed did so with their naked bodies clad in rough sackcloth, and ashes upon their heads.

What would the scientific world say if the safety valves of engines were condemned as immoral? Everything is right in its right place. Darwin states that out of one thousand unmarried men be-

tween the ages of twenty and thirty, eleven and three-tenths per cent. annually die, while of the married six and five-tenths per cent. die. It is a wonderful characteristic of the sensual factors of our life, in that they never hesitate, waver, nor doubt—they never stop to question. Lust, hunger, and thirst fear no laws. As the sweet, mellow peach is the tangible climax of the healthy tree, so is amorous love the ripened fruit of manhood. The medieval church fathers endeavored for centuries to enforce the doctrine that men should be as unsensual as women, with what poor success every one knows. Early training, education, religions, laws, and customs have never succeeded in altering Nature's conditions. Erasmus, speaking of the regular and secular priests of the sixteenth century, said, "The celibates were many, the chaste few." Celibacy is no proof of chastity. In the annals of St. Albans, during the twelfth century, we learn that twice a year, to keep down unruly inclinations, the monks were bled.* We do not wish to discuss the esoteric morals of the priesthood, as opposed to the exoteric morals of laymen. "Ignorance, when voluntary, is criminal; and he may properly be charged with evil who refused to learn how he might prevent it." (Samuel Johnson.) Erotic furor is a distinctly healthy *male characteristic,* and relief from it is necessary, because all that comforts the body, strengthens the mind. In a medical treatise, Alexander Haig, M.A., M.D., clearly states that flesh is heir to and should have relief from high *blood pressure.* We dwell upon this question of *blood pressure* (erotic furor) because it has been the most difficult problem in all degrees of culture, and its correct solution will

* Froude.

be one of the greatest steps toward social peace. All other great physical requirements have become settled, varying only with local or climatic conditions; whereas, this problem has been an unending source of contention and condemnation, and marriage has not been a satisfactory solution.

There can be no necessity in associating all amorous predilections with lifelong impoundage. Half the anguish in Christendom is caused by the inconstancy of fettered lovers. Professor McCook, an authority on criminals and their punishments, says that nine-tenths of the tramps are married.

Good health was the gospel of *glad tidings* for the Geyserlanders. The first law of Nature is, that the *healthy shall be happy*. Any acts or customs that are against the dictates of Nature are wrong. There are three dangers for a healthy, lusty young man—excess, privation, or unnatural gratification. Epicurus wrote, "No pleasure is to be rejected, except for its painful consequences; and no pain to be chosen except as a means to a great pleasure."

The conditions we believe to be normal were obtainable in Geyserland. Some part of our body is always demanding something. Temptations are only dangerous to the weak. Perverted tastes have a charm for many, which justifies drastic punishments. We know that cows who have once drunk water from a stagnant pond prefer to drink this sweet polluted water to that from the fresh, clear spring.

We believe that the state and the church are at odds with the natural conditions and the best welfare of the race. We believe that health is best preserved when Nature takes its proper course.

Excess is the unpardonable vice. When the French chemist and color expert, Monsieur Chevrieur, who lived to the age of one hundred and ten, was asked the secret of his old age, he replied, " I have done everything I wanted to do, in moderation—everything."

To resume our narrative. In all communities there are certain men who admire what is popular, and, like sheep when they see a leader running in a certain direction, would seek to follow without considering the goal. Such a man was the Geyserlander Lork, and Lork's love for Evrona will form an important feature of this book. Lork was a guardsman of average prominence, neither stupid nor brilliant. He had about sixty per cent. of the appreciation of the charms of reason, health, taste, sight, smell, hearing, and poetry. Nothing interested him deeply. Froth or cream was his idea of pleasure. He was content to merely sip the pleasure of life, and never dived into any one deeply enough to become a character of interest to anybody. Strange to say, he realized his own lack of sterling qualities and devoted the greatest energy of his life in trying fraudulently to gain the respect of those whom he respected. Unfortunately, he did not appreciate that this respect should be his only in proportion to his solicitude for the benefit of the public good. This guardsman of flaccid individuality, with the boldness of a trimmer and the cunning of a weak man, desired to be classed among the conspicuous gallants or favorites of the beautiful débutante Evrona.

The ideal type of woman is being continually modified by changing fancy. The vogue may be form, modesty, wit, humility, or amiability. How-

ever, our vivacious Evrona, with her golden beauty, was then without a rival.

On the same summer's day when the Assistant Surgeon, Sibis, and Fasho were strolling on the shore path, the viripolent Lork asked Evrona to walk with him. He led her away from the popular malls and frequented avenues, as he did not care to be seen by those who might enjoy giving an amusing description of the rebuff he feared. Assumption is always humorous. This diffident lover bethought himself of the cozy secluded dell on the shore path, where he could plead his story of superficial adoration.

It is hard for most of us in civilization to appreciate a community where property does not enter into the acquiring of a woman's love, for with us it is just as natural for the parties to think of property as it is for the hunter to think of his powder and shot when he starts on a gunning trip. Bravery, courage, and war won the prizes in olden times; now to the rich belong the fair. It is natural for a woman to be taken by force; but it is more natural that she should give herself to the man in whom she recognizes a natural affinity.

In Geyserland there was no barter, and a woman's wishes were as much respected as those of a man. Other people's emotions could be neither bought nor controlled by force.

Let us credit those who are sensitive with having loving hearts, because experience has taught us that only those whom we love give us sorrow by their unkind acts or words.

A man wishes for a thing—that is natural, and the cause of an enterprise. His means of acquiring it are varied. He may beg for it—that is humility; he may barter for it—that is trade. Some

men have the power to demand it—that is independence. Some acquire it by deception, and to some it is given.

"Evrona," said Lork, "do you appreciate that Fairmena, with all her glorifications, must go without the possession of the man who loves her? Destiny has a better course for you. Although Fasho was an ardent lover, he loved Fairmena no more than I love you."

"The love of any guardsman," replied Evrona, "is a compliment to a girl, and yours I appreciate fully."

"The favored ones are so radiantly happy that I would be among them," said Lork, placing his hand upon her shoulder.

Removing his hand, she spoke of the wild swans upon the lake. At the same time her quick eye detected some one in the shaded dell, and with a spirit of mischief she stopped and said in a low voice:

"Lork, do you really think you love me? because I don't. Listen. Love to a man is a fleeting sensation, and the greater number he loves the more he can love. Not so with us; the fewer we love the more intensely we love."

"But, Evrona, I need you. I want you. Do let me put my hand upon your shoulder, and let me steady myself while I look into those liquid eyes. Speak—let me see those perfect teeth between those coral lips."

"This is folly, you trifling boy. Put your hand on that birch-bark tree and steady your brain, then try to count my golden hairs, or go deeper and read the working of a girl's brain. I am young, Lork, but I understand you. I know your mind, and it

can never understand mine. Stop; love me at a distance—do not be foolish or violent. Take my answer—straight! I will return alone! I insist!"

Poor Lork only begged, and offered love for love, sympathy for sympathy, devotion for recognition, but all in vain. Half indignant and half mortified, Evrona left him, and he wandered to the same shady nook where the Assistant Surgeon sat in apparently deep meditation. Let it be noted, the Assistant Surgeon had not sat long in his quiet nook before he heard earnest voices, and being something of a fox, did not disdain eavesdropping. A man's curiosity to know what he should not know is one of the ridiculous facts worth observing. To intrude upon the sacred privacy of others appears to be a feather in the cap of the average man; one who would be bored at the "Black Crook," or a Gaiety Show, will stand on tiptoe by the window for twenty minutes, with opera glasses, to see his neighbor's wife brush her hair.

"Lork," said the Assistant Surgeon, "I heard your pleading, and am sorry I cannot congratulate you on better success; be patient."

"I must be more than patient, I must be resigned; it is hopeless," sighed Lork. "She is so cruel."

"Not necessarily," replied the Assistant Surgeon. "When a wise woman wishes to suppress another's aspirations she does it squarely and unmercifully, or she would get the reputation of being a flirt. Remember, the more beautiful a woman is, the more her opportunities of meeting eminent men. This beauty sharpens a woman's wits. Respect Evrona for not being easily won, and strive to gain through strategy that which you could not win by abasement. I assure you that you

will get what you want; you are that type of man. Courage!"

"Courage I have. My bravery has never been questioned."

"Quite right," replied the Assistant Surgeon. "You fear not others, but you doubt yourself. Everybody is brave in some particular."

"But," said Lork, "there are moments when I feel desperate. I feel the only relief I can get for this sore, trembling heart of mine is action. I am full of seething furies. Truly, since that girl does not love me, I am ripe for any crime. I can understand murder and cruelty for love of it. I want revenge on the world. There are moments when I am wild."

"Note that women love conquests, and remember that Evrona is proud," continued the Assistant Surgeon. "She has recently been humiliated. She is not looking for what she can easily have, but wants something or somebody that others cannot have. She would measure her suitors by a standard higher than that she held for herself. You approached bended and bowed down; she should be approached with the assurance of a superior."

"How can I, an insignificant guardsman of the ranks, dominate anyone? My ambition is great, but my ability is small. I have more desire for power than capacity to obtain it."

"By your manners, by your ways, by your tastes, by your assumption. Put yourself on a pinnacle above your fellows. A strong woman loves to be weak in the hands of power. Evrona knows that you are easy, and recognizes that you are not sagacious in your methods. Make her respect you. Try to be charming, respected; ask no man a favor. I have seen a woman scorn a man for years, and in

her trouble go to him to lean upon, and love him twelvefold. What would old age do if it were not that the young women love what they can respect?"

"I thank you for your friendship. I thank you for your advice. But tell me one thing more. How can I be charming?"

"To be charming," said the wily Assistant Surgeon, "study what others want. To consider others is to flatter their vanity. There is no more strenuous, more exciting, or more desperate game than trying to be charming or have winning ways. Let me tell you a good scheme. A simple rule is, when you meet people, first, speak to them of where you saw them last; second, speak to them of that in which they were then interested; third, question them about that in which they are now interested."

"I am too honest for that," said Lork. "To say those things and not to care seems impertinent and bad faith. Flattery can never be anything but cheap abasement."

"Super-exaggerated flattery, if not sarcastic, is flattery still. Make no mistake. People will always feel pleased that you have remembered incidents about them and their interests. Bad manners make artful scheming almost impossible. Have no one your superior for charming manners in this community. Do your duty and await your opportunity, my good Lork, and you will be distinguished. The time will certainly come when Evrona *will* be your friend."

CHAPTER X

TEMPLE OF REASON—MARRIAGE—CHILDREN—ADAM AND SIBIS

Proud can any Government be when it has managed to have one happy, healthy person where two underfed, unhealthy ones once were.

Speaking of conditions in Christendom, Elbert Hubbard said, "The success of an individual is usually damnation for his children."

"A man falls in love with a dimple or curl.
Then foolishly marries the entire girl."
—*Boston Transcript.*

There is not much advantage in being born unless one feels that one's parents have been selected with knowledge.

* * * * *

NOTHING in the life or words of Jesus suggests that he had a high esteem for family ties. "Call no one your father upon the earth, for one is your Father who is in Heaven."

Adam and Sibis were sitting in a balcony high up on the Temple of Reason, the mental clearing-house of Geyserland, overlooking the parks, fields, and distant snow-capped mountains.

The good Sibis had been laughing. Humor is an appreciation of unfitness; only the well-balanced have it. We do not like what we do not understand. English literature of two hundred years ago refers to Frenchmen as frog-eating barbarians, but to-day an Englishman feels at home in every hamlet in France.

Adam had been talking about his sisters and their families. If marriage is the correct solution of the social problem, we should imagine it was at its perfection in an old English farm-house like

Adam's home; yet his description of the conditions there had provoked convulsions of laughter from Sibis.

"But you are wrong, my strange friend," said Sibis. "Marriage need not be the most important event in life. Your mind has not chosen the correct position from which to view this subject. Notice how the dexterous laborer catches his burden on the even poise. That is the way you should let your judgment get the truth on every subject, and not be handicapped by uneven balance. From your conversation I should think balance or equilibrium must be a greatly neglected study in Christendom.

"The only way your marriage can be considered the correct course is where each gives all and gets all. That is possible, perhaps, only once in 10,000 times. It may be the custom with turtle doves or linnets, but humanity presents far more complicated conditions, and if we should do as you suggest and your people practice, we should certainly wrong the community in some way. Those who govern should love the tree rather than the fruit.

"Your progenitor is ridiculous, unjust to the individual. Take your characters, stand them up like so many dolls for inspection—your progenitor, head of his family, with a whole woman consecrated to him. All the family dependent upon this haphazard man! Look at him—this accident of sex—how has he proven his capacity to rule? Is it just that he should be saluted and respected any more than other useful characters—these masses of unmarried women and men? Study your race in the past; enjoy your race at the present. So live that your race in the future will benefit by your having lived. Do not let any one individual dominate your life. I cannot help laughing at the com-

ical disappointments that must occur as the result of your marriage system. Allowing that a woman can love but one man at a time, are we to believe that she must love but once? Is not every passion subject to the control of a greater one? Certainly your women must be poor, spiritless creatures to permit their careers to be so hampered. How do your women become acquainted with the men whom they are to love forever? Is love a craze, or is it more like a truth, a matter to be contemplated and experimented with before correctly understood? You speak meritoriously of ignorant, innocent young girls; on the contrary, should not a girl investigate and know everything there is to know about men before such a monstrous step as your marriage is taken? Why should you leave to your Providence or I to my Destiny that which knowledge can largely direct? Do your juvenile vows last? If so, is the woman to be esteemed who in the fulfilment of her vows continues to cohabit with a man long after she has ceased to love him? Is constancy so common with you that the majority of women can be trusted? Or is constancy a transcendent ideal that only a few are able to attain—and, as is well known, as one adores that which one can't attain, its importance is magnified by the masses, like any other freak of Nature.

"Men and women need each other, but fortunately constancy is not one of Nature's laws.

"To appreciate a good thing one must have a contrast. Why should not the same principle of contrasts apply to our loves and friendships? The combination of competition and comparison is the accepted route towards excellence in all other matters, why not allow it in our love affairs? Would not many torpid loves be awakened if their mates

realized that they might be replaced? In your country does the love that comes to a man from the 'sense of duty' please him? You ask a girl to marry you and love you forever? What do you mean? There are different types of love. There is *companionship* or *sympathetic love,* where we love the one that is like us, the one who sympathizes with our tastes and interests; there is *romantic, adoring love,* conscientious exaggerated estimation of the superiority of another's personality; there is *unselfish, affectionate love,* a love inspired by strength and confidence in one's self to protect and provide—as a fond mother's love for her infant.

"Do you expect all these loves? Or are you going to restrict your feelings to one, which to-day you prefer without knowing that to-morrow it may be one of the others that has an irresistible attraction that kindles the uncontrollable flames of your passion? Or are you going to have a composite of the three that may please you when thirty years of age, and probably bore you at fifty? Can you force yourself to love those who have ceased to attract you? Will-power may permit you to act the hypocrite, but the true sentiments of the lover are beyond the control of human volition. Can your women act love? Can you reason yourself into affection? Don't you class affection for another as an emotional passion that comes an uninvited guest into your system like the appreciation of a glorious sunrise? Does it not bore you to be doomed always to play the rôle of sweetest friend? Be honest and love the woman who best embodies those qualities that your time of life and capacities most desire."

"But marriage is natural," interrupted Adam.

"You know the animals mate. The tigers mate for life, the lions for a season."

"True," said Sibis; "but is it the law in your home to copy the animals? Do any of you try to sleep standing on one leg, like the cranes; or chew your food twice, like the cows?"

"More than half the good things we know we learned from animals," said Adam.

"Correct," said Sibis; "but one can learn every method of moral or immoral habit from animals. The task of our brains is to find out the best thing to do. Mating for the purpose of breeding should be a matter for the community to decide, rather than the individual. Bodily affinity or petty sentimentality is a very poor cause for parental mating. Nature has perpetuated all living things by mating the male and female. Before and since animal life appeared on the earth all vegetable life mated. In order that there should be no failure about it, Nature has associated health and pleasure with procreation. It is our business to ascertain all the laws about breeding, and also to study their effect upon our health and pleasure, giving fair importance to both the procreative and the amative. We must not think that Nature is a trivial sport because the hazards of heredity seem beyond the scope of our knowledge. As a community advances in culture, breeding with all its hazardous uncertainties should be made a science like chemistry, where combinations can be foretold with exactness. Your customs about the relations of the sexes and the parents to their children were formed for uncultured times. Investigation of our civilized days proved to us that no one was willing to make a complete change of his own individuality for that of anyone else; but a vast majority would have preferred having

other parents, and it was, in a measure, to do away with these regrets that our system of homoculture was adopted. Nature's laws regulating heredity must be carefully considered, and the training of a child's inclinations must begin before it is born. Those who select our matrons and progenitors do so with a view of eliminating noxious proclivities from our race—in the same manner that vermin is eradicated from our bowers, or wolves from our sheepfolds. The changing of instinct into foresight marks the progress of mankind. Mating cannot be satisfactorily settled by any such primitive method as your independent families and marriage. The people who made your laws have neglected to condemn sufficiently the improvidence of bringing into the world infants for whom no provision is made.*

"Consider the cause and effect of procreative love. The cause is the desire to perpetuate the race, and a natural amative feeling common to all healthy living beings. The effect means the future physical and mental condition of the race. This is so important that it must be controlled by our councils and its importance recognized by our people; any other method would subject us to just condemnation of cruelty by those who follow us. What right have weaklings or inferior men and women to breed? What is the basis of those rights? Should a proper government permit them? It is too late after a ship is amongst the rocks to recognize the necessity of a pilot, and too late after a child is born to cure bad, inherited traits."

"The system with us," interrupted Adam, "may

* It is estimated by a commission of prominent educators headed by Professor Burlington, that there are 12,000,000 school children in the United States with physical defects, who do not receive treatment.

mean cruelty to those who are unfitted for life's burdens; but it is the grand, natural way, it is normal evolution, and it seems wiser to leave the fate of the race to the Creator, who is competent. The continuation of a supposedly ideal yet really unnatural method like yours must in time make all people alike."

"Stop a bit," exclaimed Sibis. "The Creator gives us unhewn conditions, but counts on us for the hewing. You do not know the extent of the hybrid complications, the infinite results of the relation of the sexes that the Council of Doctors are alway considering. Everyone knows that we cannot manage society by rigid methods. In our Experimental Grange the offspring of our irregular matrons are given the same chance of opportunity as the other children. This Experimental Grange is a very important feature of our community, for here our wise men are constantly on the alert to add a finer quality to our race. You or anyone else is liable to be summoned there. Fru, the little dwarfed poet, and Uglo, the giant guardsman, were both born there. You should observe and compare, and you will see that we are larger and freer than your people, when measured by the standard of gratitude to the Creator, by the capacity for enjoying the seven qualities of mortals, and by the love for humanity."

"Letting alone the physical part of the question," said Adam, "let us discuss the intellectual part. It is natural that we should belong to something closer to us than a state. I want my wife's sympathy and my children's sympathy. I want to go to church on Sunday and have the pastor give me ideas to think about during the week; I do not want to go through this life alone. I don't believe

in individualism or communism. I believe that the family, not the individual or the state, should be the scheme of society. A man by himself, at any time of life, is very lonely. I love my family."

"Have patience," continued Sibis; "be a little uncertain about the things you are so certain about. You will find comrades here who will know you better and will understand you better than any kinsfolk you have left at home; these are matters of sympathy, not of blood. Apparently your method of deciding whether family or individual is the unit in society must lack order; and let me inquire if it is necessary for your friendships and sympathies to be connected with breeding?"

"Yes, because it seems so natural to love, with a view of propagation, the woman who sympathizes with one," replied Adam. "Personal liberty as a constitutional right is so strongly imbued in all of my race that it would not brook interference by the government in love matters."

"But why breed?" queried Sibis. "Breeding is the crime against the community and not the satisfaction of a healthy appetite. As breeding is the climax of love, so is murder the climax of hate. Does your government also permit indiscriminate assassinations? Moreover, healthy animal magnetism may have more to do with the amative feeling than intellectual sympathy. Admitting that Nature has associated love with breeding, what of it? There is a pleasure that accompanies every natural act. Our scientists have never insisted that it was necessary for the father and mother to feel romantic love toward each other, provided they have a certain affinity leading to the noble desire for the best interests of the offspring. Is it not possible to presume that an enlightened woman who desires

to fulfil her natural functions as a mother should prefer to share with other women the progenitive embrace of a superior man, rather than to sadden the race by perpetuating the questionable qualities of the only man that social conditions have elected for her? So! But did you ever try the experiment of making a list of the principles that govern you, and then eliminating such as are antiquated? Breeding is the crime—all unnecessary restrictions must mean waste of opportunities."

"It seems so heartless, so stupid, so insipid, just worrying along for the good of humanity in general," interposed Adam.

"You will find plenty of excitement," said Sibis. "Life can be made interesting and happy without descending to egotism. Our Geyserland cannot compete with your civilization in the aggrandizement of any one individual at the expense of the balance of the community, but we certainly excel in general happiness. Strong men are lazy and selfish, they want a sure thing; they want a binding marriage; but as the women here have an equal part with the men in establishing habits and customs, they have asserted that what a woman really wants is to live with a man as long as he loves her, and when he ceases to love her she prefers to be free from restraint. The greatest charm of our life is in its animality, but assuming desires that we do not have is loathsome."

"All the poetry of my life is very closely associated with my family," interrupted Adam brusquely.

"It must be a haphazard kind of poetry," answered Sibis, "for one does not have the choosing of one's family. I should think selected friends would be more conducive to poetry than those

whom you call relations. Besides, all people are happier in proportion to their sympathies with the people about them, and not to such only as are like themselves in some trivial peculiarity, such as race, occupation, or social position. Let me ask you, how often does it happen with you that a man finds sympathy for all his inclinations in one woman?

"Our appreciation of Nature should spread like the honeysuckle, and not be caged like a pet that desires to run away. Love is a part of life, for sympathy is as necessary to the mind as oxygen is to the body. No idea is potent until it echoes in another's mind. Your civilized system of marriage must be contracting. No woman can follow a man in all his seven qualities of appreciation, neither can any man be in unison with any woman with all her seven qualities. Your happy marriages must be stories of self-sacrifice—nullifying desires—stopping at all such actions as are not agreeable to both. Is that as it should be? Is it necessary? No! As it is possible for you to swim with one friend, sing with another, and wrestle with another, without creating jealousy, why cannot all seek affinity in the progress and development of life as free people should?"

Adam, with his positive English assurance and reverence for things long established, replied:

"I know a young woman who possesses every quality my heart yearns for. I was journeying to fetch her, when wrecked in the ice. She is to return with me to my home in England. My father will die. I have his name, and I will be the head of the family, and she will have a son with my name, who in due time will take my place. You see, with us it is those before and also those after us. We are not complete in ourselves, for our family system

with the ancestors' good name and blood is practically everlasting, while here you are born and die and it is all finished."

Sibis was now saddened by Adam's account of Christendon, and continued:

"Your ancestors' good name may be everlasting, but his blood must be getting thin, for in twenty generations it would be in proportion—one million to one. You certainly explain these matters like a true son of civilization. The relations made by your marriage must have a lot to do with the inheritance of what you call 'money, business, and property.'* Some day your women will refuse to accept these conditions, and revolt. Now, pray tell me, good man, why your marriage is necessary? When you are lonesome, why do you take such drastic steps and make unbreakable ties? Marriage with you must require great heroism. Men and women have to risk all for unwarrantable chances. We tried your system before we entered into our present one, and I know of no one who wishes to return to it."

"I should feel like a fool, loving everyone," said Adam, "and I believe in mastering the masses, not serving them. I want my wife securely mine to love alone—mine to take care of, and mine to love forever. There is little affection in all your system."

"On the contrary, we are all affection. Free affection is more charming than affection secured by iron chains and prison bars. It must be the cause of a great deal of sorrow in your country when the woman one loves is another man's wife, or vice versa. Love your race—it will give a new

* The distrust of one's relatives has always prevailed, and prevailed to such an extent among the Asiatic despots, that it was almost an established custom to slay all when crowned; for example, eighty-six were assassinated to relieve the anxiety of King Theban of Burmah.

charm and value to your life. Our altruistic commune is in direct opposition to your egotistical, narrow civilization. Please digest this fact, and you will find life happier here. Love all your fellow-beings, consider yourself a useful fragment in this corps of victorious progress. I think you will find us as full of heart as those you left at home. We do not think out things in the same way. Our minds are on totally different paths. With us, parents have been long considered very meddlesome parties; they always had exaggerated opinions of the importance of their offspring. You know that among the wild animals a mother tries to kill all offspring but her own, and now our state, with the exception of the mother and the infant, does not recognize parents in any way officially.

" Human beings look too much upon their children as property. It is the mother's reward to care for her infant. Our state does not deprive the mother of the acme and epitome of maternal joy, the care of the infant; but once weaned, the child belongs to the community. No animals expect their young to work and compensate them for being brought into existence. Young animals cease to care for their parents as soon as weaned. Our ancient records are filled with stories of ungrateful children, parricides, rebellious, restless, impatient sons who could not wait for their parent's natural death. Family ties consequently became a curse.* The wild cat is the best of mothers, but all her maternal love seems to terminate as soon as her offspring are weaned. Children do not belong to parents, they are only loaned to them. Children belong to the world, and the government should

* Moses had to threaten the Jewish children with death if they did not treat their parents with love. Fifth Commandment.

arrange that they are properly trained for their existence. Of course, here it is known, or rumored, by whom our children are mothered, but babies are early weaned, and the state loves, cares for, and protects them. You must have noticed in your country how often the childless love children, and you will notice here the honor and the gratitude the government and people show the noble child-bearers. The children love the state, which is greater than parents and older and more lasting than a family name.

"Nature has implanted in the infant a disposition to assume the air of gratefulness toward his parents who furnish him with the necessities, comforts, and pleasures of life, as he is dependent upon them. But as the child becomes master of himself, it is natural for this disposition to wear off. Then there is no tie between them. Nature has given us just enough brains to sympathize with Nature's creations. The All Powerful could have given us more brains, but did not. They may be developing, but in my opinion no man or woman has ever had enough intellect to pledge sincere affection for the balance of his or her life. Happy is the man who can learn the immeasurable distance between his wishes and his powers. There is too much risk in your marriage contract, you quaint-minded man. One might hazard one's life away without knowing its value. Marriage is a trivial custom handed down to you from trivial beginnings," concluded Sibis, as she good-naturedly placed her hands on his shoulders, and with a friendly push bade him, "Farewell, come again."

* * * * *

The mild, marital ties of the latter Roman days

were condemned by the church. Why? Because the rigid family system, with home, the unit, was most acceptable to the early Christian hierarchy, as it had been to all despotic governments.

The church assumed control of the new belief, and instead of accepting the superb freedom that accompanied Jesus' simple "follow me," its dogmas were welded and soldered to every interest in life.

The church and the despot not only desire that their subjects should obey, but also insist that all shall have the same religious ideas. The church loves to have things "fixed," in order to locate all the physical and mental actions of its members. The bond between church and state has ever been a bulwark against original thought and progressive investigation; hence it is a sin to consider any moral question in opposition to the church.

When a man buys a house, gets a wife, has a child, enters society, social clubs, or a church, it is each time another promise to "be good" and obey a government. A man to be good should have a feeling of disinterested courtesy and sympathy, or, as the Persian Antigonus of Saco maintained, "We must not practice like a hireling for a reward, but must be virtuous without expectation."

All positions assigned to women in Christendom to-day are subordinate, and are vestiges of the humiliating customs of the primitive marriage by capture or by purchase, with the exception of the Teutons, who from the most ancient times have recognized that the child-bearing woman is the standard of the race; and women, then as now, were respected accordingly. Cæsar was much impressed by this fact, and took female hostages in preference

to male ones. There was no such word as love among people of low culture; it was lust and labor.

In all low strata of culture the difference between man and woman is purely sensual. In Central Africa a woman's hand or foot is the same as a man's. The moment culture begins and man treats woman with an honest acknowledgment of her liberty and natural predilections, then each and every organ develops in a true female manner. A normal woman's mind is not like a normal man's mind, any more than a normal woman's little finger is like a normal man's little finger. Plato and Jesus agreed that men and women were of equal importance, but neither of them said that they were the same. There is man's work and there is woman's work.

Which is best—betrothal, marriage, or trial? It is a question to be settled by conditions.

CHAPTER XI

TRUTH AND HONOR VERSUS PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY—EGG EPISODE

"Life without friendship is like the sky without the sun."
—CICERO.

"There can be no law where there is no penalty back of it."

The greatest of human follies is that of having defenseless wealth.

ONE hundred and fifty years ago the coins, weights, and measures throughout Europe were in a hopeless state of confusion, but the National Convention of France, by introducing the metric system, brought order out of chaos. Some such process had probably taken place in Geyserland in regard to the language, for Adam with little or no trouble soon found himself conversing in the vernacular.

One of Adam's associates on the hillside was Flot, a celebrated liar, who was amused by Adam's childlike simplicity in always telling the truth, while Adam, with his blunt, British frankness, did not see the necessity of constantly lying.

Dr. Doran—the best authority on chivalry—says, "It is a part of chivalry to say one thing and think another." We think the same, with slight alterations, might be said of all polite people of to-day. Sharp practice has become good form in commercial life to-day. As Hetty Green says, "In olden times a man's word was as good as his bond. To-day every man's bond must be scrutinized with the very best of glasses." Abnormally false dec-

larations are made in the social world without the slightest pang of conscience; for example, to outwit the tax collector is a matter to boast about, and men with the reputation of being honorable gentlemen say, " I believe " in the Creed, or " I will " in the marriage service, when they do not believe any such thing or intend to do any such wholesale giving.

In civilization, where the aim is to have all our functions made easy, unquestionably the worries of our life would be vastly diminished if we could rely on the truth of everybody's statements; but as it is prudent as well as natural to chew food, so it is natural as well as prudent to question the truth of people's statements. As a wise old guy said, " One must not believe half the lies one hears."

The author of Don Quixote has shown the absurdity of romantic chivalry. The history of the world is a travesty of honor. Expediency has prompted statesmen to embody the principles of honor in their system of government. These principles have been dignified to the point of religious sacredness in order to control those whose lack of " punctilious scruples " failed to hold them personally responsible. The lack of honor in humanity is illustrated in Walpole's remark that he had found only one man whom he could not " buy "—William Pitt, " the little patriot." Machiavelli says, " Agathocles, the tyrant of Syracuse, was insensible to pity, good-faith, or any noble principle; he never trusted any one, and thus was never betrayed." The honor of Catholic churchmen, who recognize no earthly responsibility, is well exemplified by the " safe-conduct " given to John Huss. This was revoked by the bishop, who ruled that safe-conducts could not protect heretics; or as

Clement VII said, "The Pope has the power to bind and to loose, and not to keep his word." Note Falstaff's reasoning on his obligation to be ready to die in battle.

Falstaff. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.
P. Henry. Why, thou owest God a death. [Exit.]
Falstaff. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I am on? How then? Can honor set a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honor? A word. What that word honor? Air. A trim reckoning? Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore I'll none of it: honor is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [Exit.]

—(*Henry the Fourth.*)

It was everybody's privilege in Geyserland to challenge an assertion. The "straight line" has always been symbolic of an ideal stage of civilization, with rigid honor and narrow paths. Whereas, the broader life of Geyserland permitted curved paths, which made reflection wider, wit more alert. Flot's picturesque lies merely showed his love for this curved line of beauty. His falsehoods were on the line of practical jokes which seldom inflicted pain. It was his keenest joy to cause other people confusion and bewilderment by artfully dodging from one lie to another. This was well known to the Geyserlanders, who said that he was so slick he could even tell the truth with the object of deceiving. Hence they valued information from him at naught or less.

Honor (that is, truth, honesty, and duty) is a

sterling attribute of the noble. It is the *principle of doing one's duty to those who cannot enforce it.* If the state and the public could rely upon the constant practice of honor, a solution would be at hand for our most serious social difficulties; but honor from its very nature is beyond the possibility of being enforced; therefore, we must resort to more practical methods. *Honor* as an *element* of *economics cannot be relied upon,* but *justice* can be *brought to be a freeman's right.* The "cow tail contracts" between labor unions and capitalists, fast and responsible at one end and loose and independent at the other, must be replaced by personal responsibility at both ends.

Jeremiah (600 B.C.) suggested that *individual responsibility* must take the place of *vows* and *oaths.* It had become apparent even in his day that honor was an abnormal, rather than a normal, institution. It is the duty of those who govern to see that *personal responsibility* replaces honor in *every possible situation* and *condition* of *life.* It is necessary to do away with custom-house oaths, personal-property declarations, and unidentifiable people—an individual should be trusted in the same manner as a corporation which has no expectations of a heavenly reward or punishment. An oath of office should always be accompanied by a feasible menace sufficient to maintain personal rectitude, just as the Roman soldier fully realized death as the inevitable punishment for desertion or cowardice.

Let the rich and the poor each solicit inspection. The arrogant assumption by some supercilious people of an honor and probity above suspicion is ridiculous.

To question a man's honor is to place in doubt

his conscience; nevertheless, history has but one sad lesson, and that is, that more than half the misery of this world has been brought about by misplaced confidence. It is absurd that the same sage people who condemn efforts at coöperative communism as Utopian, should continue to believe in the possibility of universal truth and honor. No progress is made without concessions. Let us not be discourteous to those who do not wish to rely on our conscience and doubt our sincerity. The Altruist tells the truth because he believes it is the truth. It is an Altruist's work to fulfill an Altruist's words; but he does not make it a matter of pride and principle to insist upon being believed. He admits the right of others to question his statements. The common habit of backing one's opinion with a wager and challenge for an investigation is much to be preferred to the habit of attitudinizing with an "honorable statement" that disdains doubt and forbids contradiction. Honor is a chimera—money a reality.

Our civilization is not an ideal condition of existence. Many reach the fore rank of public confidence by an assumed mask of probity, and with dishonor in their hearts. Crimes involving a breach of trust can, from their very nature, only be committed by persons whose good reputation has secured for them a position of confidence. It takes an honest face to pass a fraudulent check. The tales of honor are studied by hypocrites, so that by imitation they can acquire the confidence of those whom they wish to deceive. Ever since the days of the Pentecost communities there have been Ananiases and Sapphiras. But the time will come when they will not be feared, because they will be expected, and safeguards will be taken, for the masses

will be so alert and wide awake that they will protect their common rights.

We, personally, are as honest as any one, but we believe that those who trust us while complimenting our pride are themselves unwise, and are following a dangerous path. Trust no one, rich or poor, weak or powerful, corrupt or incorrupt.

Each individual should be required to furnish some means of identifying himself as the author of whatever he does, and thus be held responsible for his actions. The land must learn a lesson from the sea. No haughty airs pass a ship into port to-day. Every ship launched must register its signal code; and every ship coming into port without giving the proper signals for its identification is treated as a pirate. It is essential, in order to create work of high character, that the craftsman should take pride in his creation and sign it. Every cut stone in the Burgos Cathedral is signed by a private mark of the man who cut it.

This idea of the sanctity of friendship or loyalty to a communal friend has probably come to us from the Middle Ages, when there existed a rivalry between the king's courts and the church courts. The latter did not fail to acquire favor by giving refuge in their sanctuaries to those convicted of any crime by the former. To condone a mean act is to participate in its committal. A social body is responsible for its individuals. A dishonest member smudges the reputation of a whole association. A bad sample may condemn a whole cargo.

A society should be so organized within that each unworthy member would be expelled. A Chinese parent is the first to give his guilty child up to the authorities for punishment. There is nothing

meritorious in one schoolboy protecting from detection and punishment another who cribs. A boy who cheats at his examination is not so much the enemy of the teacher as of his classmates.

To apply this principle to women: The theory of divided responsibility is a pernicious one.

Until within the last fifty years woman was recognized—and recognized herself—as the dependant or underling of a man, the head of the household. To hold a woman personally responsible requires that she should be individually and economically independent. Such a startling innovation necessarily takes time to evolve from that dependent condition, for so long as women are considered dependent upon the masculine members of the household for responsibility of their actions, just so long will they be incapable of occupying trustworthy positions. Charlotte Stetson has remarked, "Woman is a thousand years behind a man in her economic status." We strongly believe that there are only two courses open to woman—either to know and observe the laws prescribed by the government, or else resume the place of her husband's underling, being guarded and sequestered, and thus placed in a position where the husband can be held responsible. In the perpetuation of the race the only function of the man is to propagate—the woman does the rest. It will be a step forward with us if we let the man pay the taxes, and the state take care of the mother and her offspring. What is the use of demanding unnatural conditions when the above method is possible? As long as the unfortunate lunatics, the blind, and the helpless, were dependent on the bounty of individuals, there was a pitiable horde of outcasts about the church steps, resembling the unclean eaters of

Carthage. It is well known that our conventional woman will sacrifice everything for the man, or cause, she loves. And for that reason, women have seldom been placed in civic positions of justice or honor. Nancy Sykes is an excellent example of how little a woman cares for honor or the right, compared to her fidelity in love.

What has honor been in the past? There is not a trace of it in the Iliad. Ulyssees' treatment of the spy Covon was most treacherous. The object of every Christian is to be righteous; the object of every ancient Persian was to be truthful. "The law of the Medes and Persians which altereth not." Notwithstanding this popular sentiment that in a measure has descended to our time in the Parsees (the descendants of Persians who migrated to India to avoid Mohammedanism), there have not been wanting conspicuous cases of dishonorable conduct in Persia—Cambyses' treacherous murder of his brother, for example. It is interesting to note the contempt for dishonorable acts shown by the later Greeks and Romans in their disgust for the Carthaginians, from whom they received no honorable reciprocity; and consequently, with them, "Punic faith" was an epithet of disgrace.

It has never been made quite clear to us why those who acquired property by cunning, scheming, and deceit were considered so much more odious than those who acquired it by force, cruelty, and bloodshed. For, barring the feeling of mortification, we should prefer to lose our property and those who are most dear to us, by buying a goldbrick, rather than by having our bones broken and our sons killed. Different people are dominated

by different principles, and rightly so. The sneaking fox is as much a part of the scheme of Nature as the faithful dog.

Rome with her autocratic leaders, and Carthage with her Arab promoters, were both of our race. The personnel of Rome consisted of farmers, soldiers, and usurers,—alert, stoic, and disciplined,—who were vigilant to discover undefended wealth and to capture and appropriate the luxuries of the effeminate, to crush those who might become rivals, and with an inherited love of justice try to force on their tribute-paying empire the laws of truth, honor, and integrity. The Carthaginians, on the other hand, craftsmen skilled in every branch, hired others to do their fighting. Livy wrote that the Carthaginian army was made up of the outcasts of the world. The Carthaginians were untiring in commercial pursuits, and with greedy enterprise developed the resources of every locality within reach. By their arts, their manufactures, and their transportations by land and water they supplied the world with untold quantities of necessaries and luxuries at tremendous profit to themselves.

Carthage was the ally of Rome against Pyrrhus, B.C. 275, and the little band of Carthaginians then residing in Rome set the pace for their refinements and luxuries. They laughed because in Rome there was but one set of plate, which was passed from one family to another as they wished to entertain. When the Italian Peninsula was conquered by Rome, Carthage became the only rival of equal power upon the Mediterranean, hence Carthage had to be destroyed. It was the young

stalwart Stoic against the old Epicurean, the European against the Oriental. They would not assimilate, so one had to be destroyed. Rome had everything to gain and little to lose—Carthage the reverse. Youth conquered; it generally does. Seventeen days were devoted to the burning and demolishing of the homes of the skillful, industrious Carthaginians, and all their records were destroyed. The hate, envy, and vengeance of the Romans annihilated those who had not fled.

To magnify their own importance, literary men have always delighted to destroy the sources from which they derived information. We know that the historical records of India were destroyed by the Brahmins, and the Romans did away with the books of the period of Numa, and of the Turditani in Spain. Nothing is so irritating as the reticence of the Romans with regard to the Carthaginians whose literature passed through their hands. Sallust, it is said, read a history of Carthage in the Hebrew language. As it has never been found, he probably allowed it to be destroyed. If he had only recognized its value and preserved it for us, the world would have been greatly indebted to him. As he did not, we must realize the fact that their history has been passed down to us by their enemies, and that those who write history, like those who count the election votes, become the absolute dictators of man's destiny. We know nothing of these ancient people until they were brought into contact with the Greeks and Romans, by which time they had been corrupted, not only by age and prosperity, but by intermarriage with negroes, Berbers, and Numidians, and had thus acquired a spirit of cunning and bad faith. What lends strength to

this hypothesis as the cause of degeneracy is the fact that their kinsmen, the Phœnicians, in spite of their reputation for tricky, clever trading were always more respected than the Carthaginians. The Romans learned their lesson from the Carthaginians and then killed their teacher. Rome took what she wanted and destroyed the balance, as little heeding the value of the perishing information as the Spanish soldier in Peru heeded the importance of the Inca's quipu records which they burnt to warm their lucre-loving hands.

In a battle or a storm one able leader is essential. In floundering times of poverty, progress, or reconstruction, the wisdom of an intelligent popular vote is always beneficial, as in poor Switzerland, Holland, or our thirteen colonies—however, a rich, matured nation, seeking peaceful and conservative ways, is, possibly, well rid of sordid rival politicians and best governed by a prince, as ripe Rome was governed by the adoptive fatherly emperor Antoninus Pius. The bane of all republics has been prosperity, and the pestiferous cause of their downfall was the rivalry between opulent politicians.

We are informed by Aristotle, who lived before the first Punic war, that the Republic of Carthage was well governed, as it "had flourished for five hundred years governed by their Senate." We regret that he did not inform us how or from what classes their Senate was elected, as there never has been a satisfactory or trustworthy method for discovering those best fitted to govern. In any case we must conclude that as prosperity increased, vigilance slackened, over-confidence became com-

mon, and the corrupt controlled. Unhappily, this seems to be the history of most prosperous nations.

Aristotle's praise of Carthage recalls Voltaire's praise of Venice. Both were originally democratic nations that fought for trading privileges. Voltaire stated that Venice had lasted for a thousand years, and he predicted that Venice would last indefinitely under the same form of government, little suspecting that Napoleon would within fifty years extinguish the embers of Venetian democracy as easily as a child snaps a soap bubble. In the words of Froude, "The old story—virtue and truth produced strength; strength, dominion; dominion, riches; riches, luxury, and luxury weakness and collapse."

The steadfastness of the Medes and Persians meets our highest approbation, but we have only scorn aroused for the Carthaginians, who were celebrated for their lack of truth, or any feeling of justice or idea or honor. Where any kind of gain was possible they pitilessly turned a deaf ear to reason and remonstrance. To make them still more hated, they had the loathesome habit of worshiping serpents, they sacrificed their offspring in the burning furnace of their God Baal. They were cannibals—they feasted on their fellow-beings. The ferocious, blood-loving, remorseless lion seems throughout all time to have been emblematic of the Semitic race.

The jealousy of the Autocrat toward the successful Projector is apparent in history. Beautiful Troy was wrecked by the allied Greeks; the garden of Persia by battling Macedonians; the too prosperous Carthage by the envious, disciplined

Romans; artistic Southern Spain by the rapacious, bigoted Castilians; Peru by the Spanish; and India by England, personified in Lord Clive. Carthage should not have been destroyed.

Of the peoples of the earth, the descendants of the Cushite-Ethiopians are and always have been the travelers, visitors, and explorers. A Jew of to-day in Montreal will have nephews from Constantinople and Moscow visiting him, and his sons can find a welcome from kin in any commercial city to which he may wish to send them. When the Tyrians were besieged by Alexander, without invitation or hesitancy they sent their women and children to Carthage, where they were hospitably received. When disaster came to Carthage in the second Punic war, the prudent, unwarlike merchants scattered, a large number going to their most remote factories or branch houses, to the Hebrides, to Ireland, and Scotland. We believe that the kilt and plaid can both be traced to Carthage. Men of rank wore kilts in old Mexico. In Yucatan many Carthaginian words and works are still found.* Wherever the Carthaginians have gone their Punic faith has accompanied them. The descendants of those who fled from Carthage at the time of the second Punic war have never been trustworthy. There is no question that many of the Irish and Scotch are descended from the Carthaginians. The predilection of Scotchmen for canny, cunning trade is proverbial —"Perfidious Albion." The unhappy Charles I. of England lost the respect of his people by his falseness. The Irish, the terror of all foreign countries, have never succeeded at home because they are so false to each other. Their Carthaginian origin is further apparent from the fact

* See "De Roo," p. 609.

that traces of Carthaginian superstitions are today found on the Irish coast. For example, many of the coins of the Carthaginians had upon the reverse side a representation of the Temple of the Tyrian Hercules, which was built to commemorate the conquests of Hercules, and recorded the spot which they considered to be the end of the world. This temple can still be seen, and yet it cannot be visited, for it is at the bottom of the bay outside the harbor of Cadiz. When there is a strong north wind, aided by a powerful ebb tide, the columns and walls of the old temple can be seen through the vegetation with which nature strives to hide them. It is a singular coincidence that the Irish on the sea-coast of Lough Neagle have for a score of centuries imagined they see ruins shining beneath the waters, though no one else has ever been able to do so. The Carthaginians, loving warmth rather than cold, settled where the Gulf Stream tempered the climate of Cornwall, Munster, Connaught, Argyle, and Inverness.

While the perfidious, commercial Carthaginians were celebrated as being a dishonorable people, their enemies, the conquering warlike Romans, were as celebrated for being honorable. In Rome virtue took the form of valor and patriotism, justice and truth were marked characteristics. The equestrian order was particularly imbued with the sentiment of justice. In fact, since the day when Quintus Curtius, of the equestrian order, sacrificed himself for the city's good, there has always been a pride and dignity about an equestrian soldier that forbids a dishonorable act. Yet even in republican Rome, where honor was so much esteemed, the people were loth to trust each other, wherein they were wise. Nor did they allow any individual to

hold supreme power for any length of time. Their Consuls served for only one year, and could not be reëlected until after a lapse of ten years. Voters went to the polls unarmed, victorious armies had to be disbanded upon reaching the home frontier, and in treating with the enemy, hostages were required, not promises. Notwithstanding their citizens were honorable and patriotic, they were not trusted; and mobs, riots, and rebellions were prompt in quelling any usurpation of power. Mobs, lynch-laws, and vigilance committees are as natural to a healthy nation as sneezing is the natural, though violent, method of overcoming a nasal irritation. As illuminating gas, gunpowder, electricity, naphtha, and dynamite are harmless under the control of wise people, so are human liberties secure if properly watched.

The arts of the ancient Irish, their gold work, their bronze, their lace work, their enameling and their carvings in wood, all show Carthaginian influences. The Carthaginians were noted slave-dealers. Cæsar sold his captives to Irish merchants. The Irish have always been great slave-dealers. "Before the Norman Conquest it was the custom to buy men and women in all parts of England and carry them to Ireland for sale, the buyers usually making the women pregnant to insure a better price." * They were reputed to have had the loathsome Carthaginian vices—cannibalism and worshiping snakes. The worshiping of snakes prevailed until 425, when St. Patrick organized a successful crusade against the snake worshipers to permit the commercial exchange of glass from Glastonbury for the laces and bronzes of Ireland.

Such anthropologists as Deniker, Rhys, and

* Life of Bishop Wolstan.

Ripley support us in the hypothesis that there was an ante-Celtic people on the Western coast of Ireland and Wales resembling the Berbers, called "Ibero-Pictish" or "Atlantis-Mediterranean." The Irish disposition, reckless and gay, is more Mediterranean than Teutonic.* The word "Mag" (son) as a personal appellation, like the Gaelic term "Mac" (son), is used by the inhabitants of the Indian Peninsula. The African Berbers use this term "Mac" in the same way. "Mag" and "Mac" are so familiar in sound that we are forced to bear in mind that sounds are ancient and spelling modern. Another indication of the Oriental in Albion is the great resemblance between the Stonehenge ruin in Wiltshire and that at Kasseem in Southern Arabia.

As Baldwin says, "The Keltic countries of Western Europe, when first invaded by the Romans, were all civilized countries. In this respect their condition was much higher than history, directed by Roman influence, is accustomed to admit. It would be an unwarrantable and improbable assumption to suppose they had, at that time, the highest condition of civilization they had ever known. They must have declined with that decline of Phœnician power and commercial enterprise which interrupted their communication with the East. But they still had intelligence, wealth and importance. We can see that their skill in many of the arts of civilized life was in nowise inferior to that of the Romans themselves. If Roman scholars had carefully studied the Keltic language, literature, and antiquities, and faithfully recorded the result of such studies, we should not now begin our histories of Great Britain with the

* Dr. Stevenson, *Bombay Journal*, 1892.

invasion of Cæsar. The Romans did not go to Ireland, although, in their time, its commerce, wealth, and culture made it the most important of the Keltic countries. On this point Tacitus says, in his life of Agricola, 'The ports of Ireland are better known through commerce, and more frequented by merchants, than those in Britain.'" *

* * * * *

Soon after Adam's appearance in Geyserland he had a droll experience which deprived him of his unquestioning faith in his hillside companions. Among the group in which he worked were three young men, "good fellows," as we would say—wide awake and ever on the alert for fun. They were Flot, who abhorred the truth; Joc, and the happy-go-lucky squint-eyed Habens. Habens did the work he was told to do, but he had no ambition to be promoted to higher fields of usefulness. The love of convenient ease will ever tempt people to accept unworthy positions. Unfettered liberty was Joc's joy; he was a true monk of the Abbey of Theleine. Uncongenial people can be avoided; they are not like odors or false music, that pitilessly intrude. What we do not understand to-day, interests us to-morrow, and thus our world becomes larger.

All three were highly elated when Adam was added to their number, and welcomed him with suspiciously vivacious goodfellowship, and showed him the hillside customs. We do not know why birds do not remain in the south to propagate, nor why the males fly north first, but we do understand that the discovery of the nest of a canvasback duck in Geyserland was considered a great triumph of perspicuity, and the eggs were classed as a delicacy of the first order. One morning when well up in

* "Baldwin's "Prehistoric Studies," p. 381.

the mountains, searching for lichens, Adam found a canvas-back nest containing eggs.

"That is a deserted nest," said Habens. "An accident has happened to the mother, and the eggs are rotten."

"That is not so," said Flot. A thoroughbred lie generally produces silence. "This is a most fortunate discovery," he continued. "Adam, who does not know how much our new Marshal, Roul, likes duck eggs, must present them to him." Then addressing Adam he said, "You know strangers are always ill at ease until civilities are exchanged. Here is your chance to make friends with Roul, who would not now be Marshal if you had not disabled our brave Fasho."

"You are wrong," said Habens, always with a squint. "A man bribed is a man bullied. Adam should give these to some friend of the Marshal."

"Most certainly," said Flot. "They should go to Evrona, with the Marshal's compliments—they may eat them together. I will arrange the message; you, good Joc, make the parcel; so hasten, Adam, duck's eggs are best when fresh."

In Geyserland public opinion opposed any private accumulation of property, so there was a popular aversion to anything being given that was not of a perishable nature.

Evrona, in her bower, listlessly swinging in a hammock, saw her old friend Roul loitering in the neighborhood. Idly musing on his presence there, she was startled by Adam's abrupt approach.

"What is it, Adam?" she exclaimed.

"I have these for you," Adam said, with an honest smile and awkward bow. "These fresh duck's eggs with best wishes of your old playmate, the Marshal Roul."

Running to the bower door, Evrona whistled a long low whistle. "Come in, Roul," she cried, "you most generous of men! Now I know why you lingered there. How kind of you!"

Roul, so unexpectedly summoned, responded immediately, and to gain time to collect the particulars of the situation, put a kiss on her ready lips.

"It was so sweet of you," said Evrona.

"No time like the present to eat them," said Roul.

It was so arranged, and soft linens and dainty breads were produced; Adam, meanwhile, standing by, wondered why he had not been thanked. His meditations were stopped most suddenly, for as soon as Roul broke an egg, he sprang at Adam, and knocked him down with a fair blow in the eye, upsetting the table, and then grasping him by the neck, demanded fiercely, "What do you mean by this?" Choking could not make Adam tell who sent them, but Evrona, with the ready intuition of a woman, recognized Adam's manliness, and believing him to be the victim of a practical joke, tried to make peace, and gave him a goblet of wine.

Half the fun in this world comes from mistakes. We all laugh at the dog who dropped his bone to get the one reflected in the water; but practical joking is a species of mischief that only exists in people whose mental caliber is not noble.

Cleaners were summoned, and became angry because of the stench and filth, and did not hesitate to beat and belay poor Adam with dust-pans and brooms, until he fairly ran from the neighborhood and started to rejoin the gang of hillside workers.

Adam was not hunting for a fight, but he had lived long enough to know that some men esteem themselves, and expect others to esteem them in

proportion to the degree of humiliation they cause. Adam had no idea of taking this "being made a fool of" from Flot. He appreciated that it was a clean case of a dirty trick, so before joining the mountain crew he rested well, recovered his breath, formed his plan. He certainly did not intend to gratify them with an account of the details, except perhaps to warn them of Roul's anger and possible revenge. Nothing was said as he took his grub-hoe to resume his work, but knowing looks passed, as one by one noticed his black eye. Adam saw their devilish merriment, but he controlled his anger as he recognized the situation as one in which every man should right his wrong himself —that an appeal to law would be unmanly. When the hour of rest came, he walked slowly to where Flot stood, and with his soft mitten struck him across the face and then threw the mitten at his feet. It was not necessary for Flot, or the others who were present, to know the etiquette of boxing to understand Adam's meaning.

A group formed, and many applauded as Adam, with a smile, "squared off" in old fashioned prize-ring form. The Geyserlanders understood fair play. Fair play and justice must not be confounded. Justice is the basic element of human jurisprudence; fair play is the instinctive element to be found throughout all the higher grades of animal life. The first lesson learned by alert observers at a Zoo is the realization of the "right of possession" of the first one to get the peanut or bun. When several dogs of a pack attack a single dog it is not from rivalry, but from a sense of duty and precaution, as the dog is probably an undesirable diseased intruder or an outcast.

Adam had the training of a long line of ancestors of fighting men. Kent County, the original stronghold of the Norseman pirate, has ever been in the van with men ripe for rebellions—Wat Tyler, Jack Cade, and others.

Adam's height, length of limb, and quickness enabled him to land some fairly good blows on the stolid, hard, knotty, horny Flot, but not knowing the customs of the country, he was utterly unprepared for a kick in the solar plexus that completely knocked him out. When he recovered he found Flot tenderly bathing him with cold water; then Adam's smile made the two friends for evermore. Adam was voted a good fellow by his comrades in toil. We men always like men we have flogged, or to whom we have extended courtesies.

CHAPTER XII

NEW IDEAS—COMMUNISM REPLACING CIVILIZATION

Forward as occasion offers. Never look around to see whether any shall note it. —MARCUS AURELIUS.

We are hardly aware of the changes that are taking place about us; our children will understand them distinctly.—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

"Customs, like men, pass their prime of life without knowing it."

MOST opinions are not formed by reason, but by mimicry. Weak men copy strong men, children their parents. The parrot philosophy of ninety-nine people out of a hundred is occasioned by accident of birth because, from lack of intellectual enterprise, people usually accept the first ethical system offered, generally that of their parents. Ancestral customs by degrees take a religious character; for example, circumcision became a religious ceremony because in early days the doctor of a tribe was also the priest and adviser.

In spite of the good intentions of those who seek to do what is right, they are often wrong in their judgment. The pious old gray friars considered ignorance as great an excellence as poverty. To them the words "scholar" and "heretic" were synonymous. Learning and new ideas will always be antagonized by those who are comfortably installed. The Franciscan monks were constantly afraid that the knowledge of the Greek language and other new ideas would endanger the security of their peace of mind and bodily comfort.

Groups of people, even whole nations, have become imbued with convictions that at first thought appear unnatural or uncalled for; that have like epidemics swept through portions of the globe and stampeded all men and women regardless of previous convictions. The embryo of a future order is often found in the chaos of the present. Chivalry was an artificial sentiment, a stage role, that magnified the importance of valor, gallantry, and religions; yet for several hundred years that sentiment dominated Europe. In the ignoble slums of Antioch germinated the gospel of the Gentiles.

So to-day, in our public parks, on our street corners, under railroad bridges, in our railway stations, and in our gutters where free discussion prevails, children learn ways and methods about their own generation in marked contrast to the principles of living held by their parents.

Conservatism has always been fashionable. Cicero scoffed at Caesar's idea of measuring the year by the sun instead of the moon, saying, "Not content with bullying the earth, he now proposes to bully the heavens." "Joshua bade the sun, not the earth, to stand still," and Luther rejected the great Copernicus's theory because he believed the Bible to be inspired. Daniel Webster and Chancellor Livingston fought hard against the introduction of steam railways; Sir Humphrey Davy and Sir Walter Scott ridiculed the idea of illuminating gas. Steel plows were derided because they poisoned the soil. The administration of ether was first forbidden by the church, as it conflicted with administering the last sacrament to the dying. Society so loves repose that it will almost always antagonize any suggestion of change in the

existing order of things. The man who loves truth will avoid all trivial fastenings and hold his judgment ever ready for a change. Unhappy, unpopular, brave, truth-seeking skeptics generally herald the advent of reforms. "Free-thinker" is only a term of abuse used by dullards. "Every reform," says Herbert Spencer, "has to pass through the successive stages—indifference, violent opposition, final adoption." Violent measures may accomplish their purpose. Antwerp and all Spain, where the Inquisition claimed the most victims, are to-day strongholds of Catholicism. A whole people can be annihilated. Caesar exterminated the original tribes of Brittany as a punishment for their treachery, and three hundred years later Britons were brought from Albion to repopulate that uninhabited country. When Innocent III. sent out word to kill the heretics regardless of sex or age in the towns where there were Albigenses, the Holy Abbot Arnaul took no chances. His command was: "Slay them all; God will know His own."

If we could only change our habitual point of view and look at our social methods from a more distant standpoint, as we look at cases of bygone weapons in a museum, how childishly simple they would appear. The sacred old way, the dread of leaving the trodden path, the horror of improved methods is well illustrated by the evolution of the lamp. Collectors say that until about seventy-five years ago all lamps were made on the same principle, but to-day it is pathetic to see any one using the old-time apparatus. It is astonishing how long intelligent people have lived without almost primitive necessities. The Peru-

vians had neither nails nor doors. Soap as we understand it to-day is comparatively a modern scheme introduced into England in the time of Charles I.

Dignity and liberty are natural allies, and the hope of the race lies in the fact that dignity will rebel. People's wits are sharpened by use and argument; and when a man begins to think, he begins to doubt.

As our earth has moved in its cycles it has seemed predestined that certain ideas should ripen at certain epochs. In Shakespeare's time the earth was known to be round, but the masses still believed in the Ptolemaic idea that the earth was the center of the universe. Some of the more free-minded thinkers among Shakespeare's contemporaries, however, began to believe the possibility that the new theory of Copernicus was the correct one. To beat back that tendency of the age, Pope Paul V ordered Galileo to be placed in a dungeon, "or abandon entirely the opinion that the sun is in the center of the universe, and that the earth moves." Galileo, primarily for the public good and incidentally for himself, thought it his duty to live, and fervently swore that the earth does not revolve. Roger Bacon was one of humanity's greatest benefactors during the middle ages; but, because he was a world-improving thinker, and to keep him from recording his thoughts, he was imprisoned for fourteen years. Our imagination can only feebly grasp what his great mind might have done for us if he had been given freedom and opportunities during those fourteen years.

Fraternal feelings will replace selfishness because common opinion is ripened for that change.

Advanced culture will bring about the ideal of common altruism, and without a struggle this will succeed the spirit of private selfishness, very much as the Latin Union Postal Service of to-day has evolved from the couriers and express companies, and is smoothly working without ever causing strikes, riots, or bloodshed, simply because our public recognizes the need of it.

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Sibis and Adam met again in the loggia of the Temple of Reason, Sibis's favorite haunt, and continued the conversation relative to the comparative merits of conditions in Geyserland and Christendom. Adam had already heard her argue in defense of Geyserland, and with a proper amount of courteous hypocrisy was as unconvinced as is a priest of Osiris after listening to a Christian missionary.

"Our former experience with civilization," Sibis continued, "enables us to balance and judge the merits of both systems. You and I do not differ so much as we seem to differ. You have been brought up in one atmosphere of thought, I in another. You know only one side, and dogmatically judge the other. To use your system of comparing human beings with animals, look at the communities without hands—the ants, beavers, and bees. They are organized with social love, and do not recognize anything that resembles the private property or the right of an individual as opposed to the swarm. The importance you give to an individual cannot be maintained in a high state of culture. Every mass is responsible for its atoms."

"Please tell me how you happened to make this extraordinary change from civilization to altru-

ism?" Adam interrupted. "It strikes me it would be like asking lambs to love wolves."

"It was a far-reaching step," Sibis replied, "but the process was not half so troublesome as it looked. It was simply a triumph of noble emotions over ignoble ones. The wolves became satiated with devouring the lambs. The over-rich discovered that it was inexpendient to leave too much money to their children, hence they left it to charities, too often injudiciously and without method.

"Nothing has come to stay—whatever is created will perish. A philosopher's mind is repeatedly getting chaotic and repeatedly being placed in order. It is absurd to consider foundations sacred, but it is easier to change the upper embellishments than the foundations. Great reforms can only be made from the beginning, and an opportune time must come. Radical innovations seldom bring any permanent benefit. It is when ideas are ripe that progress should be made. The time generally comes when an old structure is condemned and, rather than attempt to renovate the old, a new one is put in its place, then the foundations are newly arranged. We changed from self-love to racial love because the germ was ripe; it was time to break an eon of stagnation. New practical questions arose that had to be solved. Civilization did not satisfy the multitude; it was decayed, because baseness, rather than high principle, was rewarded by the laws. It was a question of progress or deterioration. When one system dies another is born. As the hot rays of the sun decay the sweet, over-ripe fruits at the proper time, so does the seething power of the expressed opinions of the educated masses wither the over-done selfishness

of individuals who monopolize the control of public necessities. As the dead over-ripe fruits ferment and germinate into new living matter, so these colossal fortunes melt away from their former egotistical founders and become a part of the ever living commonwealth. A time comes to all people who hate evil and love righteousness, when they see that the selfishness underlying all their methods is an error which they must get rid of as soon as possible. The wise Altruist will finally prevail. Common grievances lead to common action. Light eats into darkness; darkness does not eat into light and darkness only comes when light fades. When we reached this stage we saw things differently. Each person's suitable vocation was apparent.

"As a mother-bird sees her young leave the nest, so our mothers recognized that it was their most important duty to train their children to do without them. All recognized that but for family or law the dying man could leave no tangible power to any one but the community. We found that many who had been cold and reserved in commercial civilization became genial and social in the community. The masses recognized that our Geyserland with all its resources belonged to them. The change was brought about by 'light', not 'power.' Individual prosperity was only the stepping-stone to our advanced condition of culture, just as in your country a rich man retires from prosperous commercial practices to enjoy a generous old age. Our days of decaying civilization were very wretched with individual property, dogmatic religions, and marriage. It was not the man who worked, but the man who schemed who ac-

cumulated power. Those who had the property were the shrewd, selfish ones, and they bartered amongst themselves until their number became so small that a few owned all, and conditions were impossible. Excessive accumulations are unnatural. If a bee gathers more honey than he can consume, others will inevitably benefit by his energy. The day comes when he realizes that he is the joked, not the joker. Chosen representatives came together and argued on our future destiny. We had too many people; some were overfed and others starving. Many were sick and worn out by old age and labor. Then the principle of the common-weal of the race was established and our present laws were adopted; at the same time it was decided that the people should own all the public utilities and as a body have the right to elect their own masters. All children were to belong to the state, and as each rich man died, the commonwealth became his heir. Special costumes replaced the inequalities of dress, and each person was given his suitable work to perform.—There are other brotherhoods besides that of kin, that of our affinity with our friends. The history of progress is the history of volunteer discipline and self-imposed duties, while the history of decay is the history of selfish excess and the lack of mental, moral, and physical courage.

"The minds of our people were greatly wrought up by the new ideas, for the whole conception of life—its duties, its aims, and its responsibilities—had been revolutionized by this altruistic doctrine. When it was once decided that every one's existence was secured, then the rich and the poor abandoned acrimony and approached this subject with the same spirit of gentleness, which is the neces-

sary foundation for all altruism. Public opinion has now made this reform secure. There are a great many things that people think they cannot do, until they find that they have to do them. The masses allowed the mighty rich to exhaust themselves, which was an art of conquest by yielding.

"I won't say you are stupid, Adam, but you are lacking in a curiosity which should demand the causes of your actions. Go, count the fetters and shackles on your orthodox countryman of to-day, then count his liberties. Take a Geyserlander and do the same. Compare the result and you will find as much difference between them as you will between the comforts of your liberal people of to-day and the comforts of your primitive ancestors. Go, learn this lesson. The false conditions of civilization do not permit the survival of the fittest. The fittest may be ill-provided for and starving, while those who should not have been born are kept alive by wealth, and allowed to perpetuate their kind."

Adam Mann was silenced, but not convinced, for it is bitter for a man with exalted ideas of his own capabilities to adopt those of people whom he has every reason to believe his inferiors.

The voice of Nature will some time permeate the mind of him who thinks, and he will know that what he does for Nature is appreciated by it and nothing else matters.

CHAPTER XIII

LUCK—WEWO'S HARANGUE

"In modern times there exists an immense body of established scientific truth, which checks the natural extravagance of intellect left to itself."—JOHN FISKE.

"This world of ours has, on the whole, been an inclement region for the growth of natural truth; but it may be that the plant is all the hardier for the bendings and buffetings it has undergone. . . . Emotional feelings appeared in the world before knowledge; and thoughts, conceptions, and creeds, founded on emotion, had, before the dawn of science, taken root in man."—JOHN TYNDALL.

John Carlyle compared our knowledge of the cosmos, or universe, "To the knowledge which a minnow in its mountain stream has of the outlying ocean."

IN the glow of the twilight Evrona sat musing on her bower-porch. By some strange chance this gay butterfly girl was pensive, with puzzling, unsettled thoughts. But who can question why? Surely one's thoughts cannot be arranged by the clock, nor by the almanac. Yet certain fancies come with certain atmospheric conditions. Our finest thoughts, like our pensive emotions, come to us during idle transitional moments. The nomad Bedouins of the deserts recognize the hallowed beauty of the approaching crepuscule, the fervid calm of Nature at noontide, and the mystic wonder of departing day as appropriate moments for prayer. The impressionistic artist appreciates the charm of the angelus in the fading light of the studio.

Evrona was aroused from her reveries as the popular Doctor Wewo sauntered along the mall.

Dr. Wewo was a most genial and popular phy-

sician, jolly, well-rounded, good-natured, and very intelligent, with a healthy mind in a healthy body. He was a masterpiece of studied heredity for an attractive temperament—an ideal philanthropist and patriot. And as he loved everything, everything loved him. Wewo was grateful to the entire community because of his having been well cared for by a portion of them when he was young. For, like many others in Geyserland, he did not know his own father or mother.

"Wewo," she called.

"Why, hello!" he exclaimed.

"For whose pleasure are you working now?" she asked.

"I am at your service, my pretty lass," he gallantly replied.

"Well, come then. Tell me, What is Luck? what is Destiny? for I am utterly at a loss to know."

"Anything that I can tell you, my dear child, I shall be glad to do."

"Can't we come into this feast of knowledge of the mysterious?" asked Fasho, who had overheard the conversation while approaching with Fairmena.

"What is pleasant is very enjoyable," said Donis, as he sauntered up the path. Foreman Saso, Adam, and the Assistant Surgeon, who were near, also joined Evrona's little impromptu party. Evrona welcomed them graciously. Nature appears to have started sociology with the happy feature that all women should be hospitable and delight in entertaining.

After her guests had nestled in their places, Evrona said,

"Sh,—listen! I've captured Wewo. He's go-

ing to tell us about Luck. I'm glad you're here to help me, for I really believe I couldn't understand him alone. Why is it, Wewo, that life is so inexplicable? Why is it that our esteemed Fasho should have had this deplorable accident, while this stranger Adam wandered safely over leagues of frozen dangers?"

The philosophical Dr. Wewo, like Socrates, preferred arguing to preaching, as he believed that argument by collaborating with others in the search for truth is the process by which progress toward knowledge is made. But to please Evrona he delivered the following confab:

"Happy shall I be if my friends find my theories as fascinating as the sweet manners and fair face of our hostess. Children are told, 'Be good and you will be happy,' and on this maxim the child's philosophy is founded. Our ancient lawgivers also tried to build on the same principle, but now it behooves us to consider that which all students of cause and effect know, that we cannot expect the great system of Nature to descend to such trivial balancing as do those give-and-take commercial people who talk about and reckon on fair and unfair treatment. If asked, 'Does reward wait upon honest effort?' Nature remains silent. There is nothing in Nature which guarantees that deserving people shall be rewarded. Equity and barter are human inventions. Nature is not governed by the laws of human economics. The only reward that Nature guarantees us is the joy and sympathy of those who understand it. When wayward chiefs used to quarrel and their faithful followers fought, it ofttimes happened that those who had the least concern in the dispute suffered the most; so it was in this case. To rescue Adam,

Fasho fought the elements, Adam was saved, and the unfortunate Fasho wounded. Fasho's only reward lies in the noble thought of his duty done and in the consciousness that his action meets the approval of those whom he respects.

"It is by asking questions that the truth becomes known and illusions are dispelled. Truth and knowledge are synonymous. What we now comprehend in the term 'Luck' will in the future be reduced in proportion to the knowledge we acquire of Nature's laws. Rational arguments accompanied by intelligent experiments must ever be the source of our enlightenment. There are several times as many milestones of wisdom ahead of us as there are behind us, and when the last one is passed the riddle of destiny will not have been solved; but believe me, a large part of what we at the present ignorantly designate as 'Luck' will eventually be demonstrated to be systematized science.

"People make theories, but we must ever confront these theories with facts; for the triumph of refined knowledge means the rejection of every false theory. Neither Fasho being wounded nor the hapless sailor Tinto being killed should be classed as luck. Their fate should be reckoned by the chances they took in hazardous employments.

"The world is horribly complicated to the ignorant, confusion is identical with the idea of mystery. Order shows the laws we know, and the more one knows the more order one observes. Nature does not only play upon the surface. Should we not ask ourselves, 'Is there a meaning in the universe?' Does the 'First Cause' constantly contemplate its work? Does it interfere

in the routine of Nature? Can we, isolated as we are, grasp its meaning? Rash is he who hopes to know everything, but certainly we can see enough of Nature's works to appreciate that the First Cause—Nature—is our mother and our friend. Our supreme duty is to study, to define and to record all causes and effects.

"New experiences are not digested until their results are put on record, so that the causes of our sorrows and pleasures can be known to those who follow us. To classify one's ideas of Nature's ways is the starting of knowledge. To classify one's own possibilities is its continuation.

"The so-called proofs of Providence are the follies of faith. Luck is responsible for those questions of chance that science has not yet been able to solve. It places calculation at defiance, as is demonstrated by our system of throwing dice periodically for the choice of bowers to avoid any possibility of partiality. There are no special providential acts. The part that this mythical Providence takes in any enterprise is in proportion to the weakness of intellect or the credulity of man.*

"There never has been any revelation that was not entirely based on the imagination of man, nor are the ways of Nature affected by the entreaties of man. Cosmotic methods cannot show mercy, but man can, therefore the prayers of the afflicted should be addressed to those mortals in power who are in sympathy with Nature, for they alone can help. So, instead of lifting one's eyes to heaven when a victim of undeserved fortune, one should

* Epicurus denied such a thing as Providence, and Voltaire said: "If Jesus and his apostles had a method for curing leprosy, it should have been recorded."

with earnestness and intelligence strive to prevent the recurrence of such misfortunes. The contemplation of extenuating circumstances, commonly called 'mercy,' is a product of human expediency."

All present were surprised when Adam interrupted,

"We have a pretty safe rule at home, 'To avoid bad luck, mind our own business.'"

After the laughter caused by this egotistical remark had ceased, Donis observed,

"What is selfish cannot be easily admired."

"But," insisted Evrona, who, unconsciously perhaps, practiced the art of contradiction that often draws out best thoughts, "even if it is reasoning with a feeble mind, I am still of the opinion that there must be some supernatural power that seems to protect some and allows others to suffer. There are times when I feel that luck is working against me."

"No," exclaimed Wewo, "I must repeat, luck is only a name for those events which have not yet been explained by knowledge. It is impossible to understand natural laws without knowledge. When a thing happens everywhere and always, there must be some reason for it. If you once admit the possibility of the course of destiny being influenced in the interest of the individual, you are opening the door to a belief in the supernatural powers, and this is and always will be unhealthy and unwise. Superstition and ignorance will ever contend with emotion and reason; but the happy element of society will ever be ready to appreciate and adore Nature, whereas the unhappy will be apt to become resentful, and for solace seek fallacious gods and vague fancies. Each false theory is

started by a man who either unconsciously assumes that he knows about the matter, or is purposely trying to deceive. Wisdom is the result of sifting previous human testimony. We must beware of the danger of rashly generalizing from inadequate data. A child standing at the mouth of a river during the flooding of the tide might easily suppose that luck made the water run from the ocean up the river, but hourly observation recorded for a week would correct that opinion.

"By these means we not only see the importance of questioning and perhaps disbelieving things that we once considered true, but we learn that it is by noting the results of these coincidences that theories are formed; and exact science is established only by proving that a certain cause always produces the same specific result.

"The discovery of truth should be the aim of every one, and the proclamation of it an imperative duty. He who draws attention to a new scientific fact should be a hero. It is the duty of every one when he observes a coincidence of importance, known only to himself or a few others, to record it at once. Call all unproven beliefs in question, and if they are not supported by evidence it is our duty to fight them. We should all want knowledge. When people talking seriously advise you for your own good not to read a certain pamphlet, then read that pamphlet and judge for yourself. 'Why should we dread the light, as do bats or owls?' Beware of false teachers. There are thousands who are willing to be intellectual tuning-forks, to set the note for their dupes—which would be most creditable if their assumption of knowledge were based on education. The triumph of education is to make us doubt what has

never been proven. Those of mankind who want to do right are always on the alert, selecting the best precepts for their guidance. This is a religion and its mobility is to its credit. It can safely be called religion, because it embodies the principles of conduct, in contrast to the lower animals whose only moral decisions are the result of inherited acumen.

"So soon as men begin to dwell upon spiritual things, their efforts become surely vain, and they lose their interest in an enlightenment which might have become beneficial. In olden times thunder was considered the greatest phenomenon of Nature, and many other erstwhile ideas were held as the sign of the anger and vengeance of the Gods, whereas now we know thunder to be noise caused by the air rushing in to fill the vacuum between the clouds, and in no way connected with our ethical life. Until the nature of atmosphere was understood, the credulous believed it was peopled by spirits. It is quite as foolish to consider luck as supernatural. Through thousands of blunders and disappointments the human mind is coming into partial realization of its true position in the universe. Animals show distinct signs of gratitude, fidelity, sorrow, love and remorse that compare favorably with mortals. Possibly the animal is dominated by feelings of fear, whereas man's more developed intellect has given him the power to reason why he is living. Then he will up and catch the floating wave of infinite love in Nature's harmonious vibrations, and may ponder on what is expected of him. The appreciation of that gift should make every mortal noble.

"Our teachers, with their records of acquired knowledge and precepts, have it in their power to

instill their favorite ideals. As it is the drilling of the body and the forming of healthy habits of walking and standing that make them become second nature, so it is in the drilling of the mind to approach all ideas logically, in seeking the 'true way,' that diminishes the disaster called 'bad luck.' Our future can be sublime if we profit by past experiences. We must dignify reason and ridicule superstitions.

"Doubly dense is he who does not realize that conditions might continually be made better. Mankind from his advanced development is justified in claiming an appreciation and sympathy with the Great Unknown. As our domesticated animals appear to appreciate the character of those who care for them, so noble mortals have an affinity for their Creator's wishes."

Fasho, who was still writhing under his own bad luck, here interrupted—

"If, however, others disagree with us, our good manners prescribe that we should tolerate their right to their own opinions."

"Not so," ejaculated Saso. "It is our first duty to protest against error. It is my opinion that we should laugh at all phantom terrors. When children fear thunder and lightning, darkness, witches, dreams or ghosts, a wise teacher should laugh at those fears. To respect or tolerate such thoughts is to recognize, or to partially approve of them. It is our duty to stop such idle fancies. They are ridiculous and should be scoffed at. A man in the field, hit with a hailstone, must not be allowed to think that it was aimed at him."

"What is not understood is difficult to explain," remarked the brilliant Donis.

Wewo, who had philosophically tolerated these interruptions, now resumed his discourse.

"The belief in supernatural performances must be cured by knowledge acquired either by our own experiences or by the popular feeling that the subject has already been thoroughly sifted by expert reasoners and found untrue. It is necessary in many cases to take the opinions of our most eminent scientists; personally, we cannot say that there are no mermaids in the ocean grottoes or hobgoblins in our dells, but our wise men, who have thoroughly investigated the subject, assure us that there are none. It is our duty to see that our children are taught by the wisest of teachers and not by those who still believe in fallacies. The teacher's first task is to instil into her pupil's mind the habit of questioning what is not understood. The object of education is to keep up the enthusiasm for progress and lofty ideals; for an education without lofty ideals will only exaggerate degeneracy. The fullest sympathy with Nature is the noblest end of education. What should we gain by learning? Truth, and an idea of that Vast Power which rules the universe by order and never by caprice. Therefore, let no one wish to limit learning, for it is as impossible for an active mind with a restricted education to grasp the vastness of Nature, as it is impossible for a scientific musician to render all harmonies without a full key-board.

"We do not believe that Nature counts the hairs upon our heads, the sands of the sea-shore, the atoms of atmosphere, the leaves of the forest, or the birds of the air. Nature is indifferent to the individual man. Its ways are too vast to permit the peacockish conceits and vanities of mortal

minds. A supposed record of one's iniquities with a specific punishment for each is a bugaboo for babies. The importance that individuals attach to themselves and their actions has as little bearing on Nature's management of the universe, as a cooking-range has to do with a volcano. The Creator's scheme of the universe is not trivial.

"Nature is larger and more beautiful as the signification of its laws become apparent to us. Commercial justice must not be expected from Nature. The savage, if he feels wind on his cheek, not understanding the conditions of atmosphere, thinks it is God. The supernatural is 'very close' to the ignorant, but to the philosopher the laws of the First Cause are everywhere, and with comprehensive methods control things, but never manifest any special favor or hatred toward any particular race, species, or unit. Nature, without prejudice, is always expanding toward healthy improvement.

"I will conclude with the best advice I know, which is this: Observe and contemplate that which seems mysterious, put your conclusions into words, meet others who have also considered freely, expound your views to them and solicit theirs, and hold yourself willing to freely set aside your original views, if convinced that the others have formed their opinions more wisely than you. The triumph of education is not only to acquire a knowledge of the Creator's wishes, but to aid strenuously in their fulfilment."

CHAPTER XIV

RURAL LANE—ADAM—DR. WEWO

"For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those who toil."
—GOLDSMITH, "The Traveler."

".To fill the time allotted to us to the brim with action and with thought, is the only way in which we can learn to watch its passage with equanimity."—LECKY.

"It may be proved with much certainty that God intends no man to live on this world without working, but it seems no less evident that he intends every man to be happy in his work. It was written 'in the sweat of thy brow,' but it was never written 'in the breaking of thy heart.'"—JOHN RUSKIN.

"This idea of arbitration resembles an exchange of civilities which took place between a mule and his master.

"'Let us arbitrate,' said the master.

"'Why?' said the mule.

"'Because when you kick and strike you break my wagon.'

"'How shall we arbitrate?' asked the mule.

"'If you kick less I'll whip you less,' answered the master.

"'Will you give me my freedom?' cried the mule.

"'Oh, no,' smiled the master. 'We're not going to arbitrate that; we're going to arbitrate your whippings. It'll be a great thing for you if you can arbitrate a few of my drubbings off of your back which I'll consent to in order to escape your back-ankle flyers at my cart.'

"'Ah!' said the mule. 'And I must work for you just as before.'

"'Just as before,' said the master—'that's why a mule's made.'"—
—MORRISON I. SWIFT.

THE heroic statement that "Britons never will be slaves" certainly is not borne out by their history. No ancient people were more priest-ridden than the Druids. Suetonius with ten thousand men conquered two hundred and thirty thousand Britons under Boadicia. They peacefully accepted the Romans as masters for over three hundred years, and when Rome withdrew her soldiers the Britons squealed for their return to protect them against the Saxons. The Saxons

had no sympathy with them and they disappeared wherever the Saxon went. The Britons were ready converts to Catholicism and conspicuously backward at the time of the Reformation in asserting their rights to intellectual freedom. The same is true of their kinsfolk in Brittany, the stronghold of the Catholics in France. The Briton is a seaman and only asks to be ruled. William the Conqueror had no trouble with his British subjects. They accepted feudalism, which is only a scheme for keeping a subdued race down, without a murmur. But it was different with the freedom-loving Saxon; they writhed, twisted and fought against feudalism and in four hundred years conquered it.

When Adam's labored thinking had partly cleared the misty fog of his Geyserland surroundings, Dr. Wewo reported him as convalescent and Jab, one of the taskmasters, sent for him. Adam was examined both mentally and physically on all subjects concerning his capacity for usefulness. In this he observed that in their system of industry they had a type of official that was new to him, the taskmaster. He did not like it. Every civilized man has a horror of letting another take the reins of his career. It stirred Adam's autocratic blood to be tagged, numbered, and inventoried. Adam was not meek. The descendant of a Saxon never cheerfully accepts a secondary position. It has never been shown that the peerage of England was any better than the peerage of other European countries, but the disciplined fighting line of the old English farming class has always been the ideal fighting line. The Saxons who drove the native in Britain before them as they drove the red-skin in America before them settled down as

cultivators of the soil. They had it in them to be the heroes of the sea, the battle, and the soil. They were not commercial nor did they quarrel or compete among themselves. Their lord or baron gave them each land. In exchange they gave him, when needed, their courage and long-bow or battle-axe, and all went well until English wool was found to be the best in the world, then small farms were changed to sheep leys and England was flooded with a desperately poor class. That was the beginning of economic competition; but the spirit of hatred never prevailed among them, even when they fought for a job on the wharves like dogs for a bone. Thus for four hundred years the hardiest men of Europe have been forced to seek their livelihood by ventures all over the world. Compromise is the expedient of experience, Adam reasoned, and sagaciously concluded that that which is compulsory might as well be voluntary.

Adam found consolation in cursing.

Jeremiah, the original prophet of the lowly, donated that privilege to the poor Israelites of his time.—It is written that the helpless and poor should be justly paid, " Lest he cry against thee to the Lord and it is reputed to thee for a sin."*—Modern rationalism has attributed cursing and profanity to a poverty of language.

Adam had been cursing his luck as he paced restlessly back and forth in a quiet rural lane, in a mad frenzy. For the sake of the reader we will paraphrase his rough words in the following manner: "Am I a captive slave, or am I a child in this community? Is this a rabbit warren for men? Am I powerless? Is this an adventure,

* Deuteronomy xxiv. 15.

or is it after all to be my life, death, and end—future—nothing! By St. George! we will see. These smirking idiots shall not benefit by my hoeing their corn. They say I am not capable. Capable? There is no qualification of the word 'capable.' One is, or one is not. I am capable, by the Lord Harry! To show these freaks who have no moral sense how I would do things, if they do not wake up I will own this place. But what is it worth? No coin, no money, and very little of anything else to take away. Nothing but pretty things not worth a moment's consideration."

This soliloquy was interrupted by his health overseer, Mr. Wewo.

"Hail! friend Adam," said Wewo. "My congratulations on your good health."

"To you, skillful doctor, I owe my life," said Adam, and with courteous irony added, "If my life is worth anything, my compliments and gratitude in that proportion are due you."

"Bravo! Very pretty," replied Wewo, wisely ignoring Adam's obvious discontent. "A well-spoken man is the basis of good-fellowship. There is plenty of room for every charming person in this world. I am glad you are with us, and let us hope that you will live long and enjoy this happy land."

"Zounds!" exclaimed Adam. "Why, Doctor, I am already homesick; I cannot be happy here. I do not like this life; there is nothing in it for me. It does not lead to anything."

"Then where would you go? Tell us what you want. Since our records began, 6,000 years ago, we have tried steadily to improve in the culture of our people, whereas, from your story, at your own

home little progress is shown. You are still where we were 2,000 years ago. Let me illustrate. As a tree develops slowly through various stages from a kernel to perfect maturity, so culture must progress gradually, leaf and branch at a time. We all know that in your state of culture the strong will take away from the weak, the selfish from the generous, and the quick-witted from the slow-witted. You have a short record of a few gross of years, but still live in families and family clans, each bound to his little group with constant jealousies and quarrels. Have your people never studied the bees, wasps, and beavers; and if so, has it not been suggested to you by these animals that there is something nobler than selfish, egotistical aggrandizement? People cannot proceed far in their social existence before they learn that the happiness of those around them must constitute a large part of their own pleasure. Early education should be of a character to fit people to volunteer their friendship to others who need it."

"I do not like it here," Adam answered. "I believe all that constitutes modern life centers around the individual man. I don't believe in committees nor in village discussions. There is confusion in a multitude of councilors. An individual with brains, ability, and confidence can realize heights that no committee would dare to attempt. If I am not asking too much, in your sublime superiority, why have you people omitted justice? Justice should have the right of way before all other questions. I am asking for justice and therefore that to which I have a right. My father and sisters certainly wished me to have a more exalted occupation than weeding vegetables."

"What have your father and sisters to do with

your true or just position in the world?" asked Wewo.

"I do not want to be an ordinary man," said Adam. "I am ambitious, I wish to dominate others. I have it in me to do so. At home I am some one of importance. I believe an intelligent public is the best and only taskmaster, and that the free individual is always the one who steps forward. Freedom is a mockery if men must pass their lives to no better purpose than serving taskmasters. At home there is always a servile mass, whom we call laborers, who will do any kind of menial work for any kind of pay, and my feelings and dignity are hurt by my being asked to do their work here."

"The highest among us are the servants of the masses," Wewo replied. "*There are no others, others are ourselves*—the whole scheme is one. A nation is its people, and its soil makes it a nation. Remembrances, usages, legends, misfortune, hopes, common regrets—these are the intangible things of life; the soil, the race, the mountains, the rivers, the productions are the tangible ones. You help. That is all that you can do, and your noble principles should dictate to your conscience that you should do it. Why do you not want to be in harmony with us? You should occupy your thoughts with the present and future results of your actions, and not let your origin or your destiny bother you. Why jeopardize your right of way to a noble life by confounding the follies of your ancestors in the past, and the absurd institutions of your country with the right thing for you to do now? A fool is a man who tries to do something he is unable to do. Have patience. If you have any higher endowments, your correct worth will be acknowl-

edged. Brains and character go to the front in this country as surely and justly as in any country in the world. Let me suggest to you to request the taskmasters to inquire into your previous surroundings, the habits and customs of your country. Your antecedents have been so different from ours, that if you have the power to explain, our learned men would much like to trace the origin of your innate predilections."

"It is not likely that I will tell anything until I know what my predilections are worth," replied Adam. "They are assets. What I have is my own, and what I can get will be my own."

"As you wish it," said Wewo, with an ill-concealed sneer at Adam's low commercialism. "As all people who have loved have contempt for those who have not loved, so an Altruist pities those who cannot grasp the full scheme of perfect fellowship. Our enlightenment has progressed to a point where, for the interests of all, all have agreed that some should be chosen to analyze and place each to his or her best advantages. Remember that each member of this community who is not in his correct place is a menace to the whole community. A discordant member is like an onion in a fruit dish.

"There is a great deal to be done in this world, but it is not necessary for you to try to do all. There is a mind for every one and you are entitled to yours. You can question any of our established usages; invent, or learn something better and proclaim it for discussion. A man with your experience and intelligence might be able to bring to our attention things which we have as yet overlooked. Our taskmasters first take into consideration the

requirements of the public, and secondly, the capacities, talents, and inclinations of the workers. There is scarcely any occupation from that of a member of our Council to a gatherer of sea-weed, for the performance of which some one has not an instinctive tendency; but, for the lack of taskmasters, I can safely affirm that hardly any one in your civilization finds the career for which he has an affinity. If you will not demonstrate the work for which you are qualified, then the taskmasters must use their own discretion in naming your occupation; and if you don't work you will not be fed. There is work that is interesting and ennobling, and other work that is uninteresting and accompanied by mental stagnation. It is servile degradation to labor for no purpose, but it is the acme of human happiness to do good, useful work for others. Therefore, we all insist that these weary tasks shall not fall too heavily on any one individual.

"Each of our taskmasters is constantly on the lookout for the man he can advance. To choose the right man means to dismiss the wrong man. And, please remember, my dear Adam, that what is not familiar is always disagreeable at first; but happiness lies in being busy where one can be useful. Popular industry is the foundation of our progress, and efforts have been continually made to make it more productive and beneficial. The commonplace is as necessary as the sublime. Persons must be held responsible for their actions in every condition of life. In the lower stages of culture a man was born to a certain occupation, but there was an enormous amount of hazard as to his being fitted for his work. Later, in the

higher stages of culture, men chose their own work, but again the chances of getting people in the right place were too hazardous. Your boasted civilization must be a comedy of misfits. There is no law of Nature that people shall gravitate to the places where they belong.

"A doctor should not prescribe for himself. A man's judgment is seldom more at fault than when in passing judgment on himself and his own actions. Some people sing a song well. Some dress with taste. Some can make good bread; others think they can, but don't know that they can't. Ambition cannot make a man a musician. A man with talent for his duties will find its execution his noblest reward, far exceeding that of venal compensation or notoriety. We should all want to do well that which we can do easily, for it is a crime against the community for an incompetent person to be employed where a competent one is available. The implements of every craft should be given to those who are best qualified to use them. Our taskmasters are the best human arrangement we have been able to discover for getting the best men for the tasks required. With their intimate knowledge of the antecedents of each individual and knowing the compound of a man's temperament, they are better able to judge of a man's fitness for his career than he himself would be. You will be given unlimited opportunity. Compete in any field, show your superiority, and the change will be made as promptly as possible. Everybody is a genius, and it is only necessary to find his career. A weed in one place is a flower in another. Happy, happy is the man who finds a suitable occupation—which is possible; or has it shown to

him by those fitted to do so—which is more probable. There are misfits in every condition of life, owing to uncongenial surroundings. The moment one ceases to be alone, social conditions commence. If people agree and help each other, coöperative industrial communism begins. But it is doubtful if, unless instructed, they will, by following their own inclinations, always do the correct thing; hence our system of taskmasters. Apples grow on apple trees; peaches on peach trees; the good husbandman knows the fruit to expect, and, instead of letting the apple tree waste its strength in useless branches or disease, or trying to produce peaches, he cultivates it to bear its own fruit. That is the principle of communism. It is the reverse of waste,—the cultivation of the laws of Nature."

"Perhaps I am a fool," said Adam. "Perhaps all Englishmen are fools. I don't believe it possible to get rid of misery by making everybody miserable. But it certainly is a noble consolation to have something which you know you do not need. I should like to look forward, to have hope, to have a perspective, some property, some possibility of marriage and kinship. How does discontent vent itself here?"

"If a man has more than he needs, it is waste," replied Wewo. "Discontent is noble if born from worthy enterprise, but when mothered by envy it is despicable. If you are dissatisfied you should make your complaint known and have a court appointed to consider your cause of discontent. You are at liberty to measure your freedom. I have told you to make known your familiarity with other customs and teach."

"I have answered you that I would do so," Adam interrupted, "when I see that I am to be

properly recompensed. Power is royal. Obedience is servile. A man's secrets are his own, and not the property of the first chance acquaintance."

"So!" exclaimed Wewo impatiently. "But please understand, doing nothing is not a virtue. Stagnation is a vice. An owl may have an original master-mind, but its utility is nil, because its thoughts are not conveyed to any one. It is our duty to be occupied. We live in a despotism of Justice and Duty, and this must remain an unalterable creed until a higher system is discovered. Lazy people look happy, and some industriously inclined copy them. Beware of such. Perform your task. After that, demonstrate your ability in any pleasant occupation. We believe in and encourage those who have fads. Remember, you will be watched. Would you study the stars—the Observatory is at your disposal. Would you study the animals or any other subject—the opportunities are given you without stint. But should you unnecessarily abuse any living thing, or do a mean act, there you must stop. 'Stop at the poise' is the motto of successful communism. My dear friend Adam, by the poetry of your mind and the love of the better way you will soon free yourself from all your sordid illusions. Selfishness, or self-interest, is a salient law of Nature. But the triumph of selfishness is, to have every one about you happy. Our games and sports are here, that people may enjoy them. Study to be gay, my boy."

"But what is the use of having everything that we want?" interrupted Adam. "There is fun at home in wanting things. It is our principal occupation. There is no game in a scheme where one cannot lose. Competition is the game of progress.

Satiated senses are horrible. The contentment of a beast is not the contentment of a man. I want to be free and scheme to get the things I want. You have no field for pluck. Peace is death. No sailing can be done in a calm sea. I want scope for my enterprise. This peaceful life is stagnation. It is not life, but death. Every to-day is like yesterday."

"Every one's freedom must stop where another's right begins," Wewo replied. "A state should be like a clock that all help to wind; its regulator should be adjusted only when necessary. Competition is the spirit of excellence; but unless cultured and controlled will lead to trivial crazes, like a man who would excel in fasting or gluttony. No one in society is, was, or ever will be free. The only question is, whom shall we serve? Nature replies, each other. However, it is imperative that the most capable should command and all others should obey. Let those who know, command; let those who think, obey. In this same manner an ideal spirit for the cause will develop."

"You have accumulated knowledge and now exchange it for your exalted position," replied Adam. "It is the birthright of all mankind to try to better themselves. I want to get into the game, and I know a better scheme for doing it. I would exchange what I know for some one to do my work. I want more freedom and less dictation from those around me."

"Excuse me," said Wewo. "You are demanding two things, one to be independent and the other to be privileged. You say you wish to belong to the exalted class. This is entirely a question of your capacity; for here any man in a lower position is at liberty to replace a man in a higher position,

by proving his ability. But the man who makes himself independent does so at the expense of another man's rights. Our ablest thinkers have recognized that the headstrong tendency of a clever man, who knows he is clever, has ever been the greatest drawback to his usefulness to others. Hence the necessity of judicially curbing this haughty individualism in order that a fraternal spirit may become popular. Liberty becomes chaotic unless restrained by high principles. You want to be idle. Now we have it! You want more than your share, which means some one else will have less than his share. Then by exchange and barter you will coerce him to do your duties. Self-interest is for the moral world, what gravitation is for the physical world. Your system is to reward abnormal thrift by idleness. Poor, unhappy man! Mark my words, energy and thrift are both dangerous elements. People with pernicious thrift can do more unbalancing in any community than those who overstep the boundaries of pleasure. You want property and to be able to say, 'This is mine, you shall not touch it.' Foolish man! Our race tried that three thousand years ago. Property is not freedom. Freedom is a lack of unnecessary fetters and here we have it. Liberty is the light, air, flowers, stars, and the absence of restraints. Our government, like a bountiful mother, directs that we shall have all necessities, and it is for us to respect the virtue of the matrons, and obey the taskmasters. Individuals who would go against the will of the people are traitors. This discipline is what the majority want. We think that it is better than your independence."

"That is very pretty," said Adam. "But to look out for one's self is, and must ever be, Nature's

first law. Expediency is the first law of self-preservation. In my opinion, to run a community without money is like running a wagon without grease, a shop without scales, or a church without a contribution box. I still believe that an individual's industry should be rewarded by additional comforts."

"It certainly should, but the taskmasters ought to consider each one's capacity and set the task that he can do best. But it is not their duty to let some busybody do all the work and have all the cream. You would, with that principle, soon establish a condition that would make wealth the sole object of life, and poverty the only thing to be dreaded, and you would certainly have the poor with you always. Every community should guarantee a fixed minimum of suffering, misery, and privation."

Here the old fellow danced a sort of jig, and sang a song, the gist of which was "Nature's will is the ideal."

CHAPTER XV

NEW PLYMOUTH

"Plaisir d'amour dure qu'un moment
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie."

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

—COLERIDGE.

IT was in April, and the long, severe Cape Cod winter was drawing to a close. However, the sharp bitter east winds of March which still blew were felt unmercifully by those in feeble health and old age. Gilbert Natson, Polly's father, who had left the mild climate of Kent, well-to-do, hale, hearty, and cheerful but a few years before, was now very ill and dying in wretchedness. His daughter Polly had been charmed by the fine talk of the mealy-mouthed Mr. Pratt. Her emotional hunger had been bewitched by his earnest belief, and she had now become his wife. Her heart had been captured, and her life sacrificed. People who prosper in one locality are often destined to be abandoned by the smiles of fortune in another. The vacillating vibrations of destiny would seem often to be affected by one's surroundings. Certainly, prosperity, with its golden sunshine, forsook Mr. Natson on his arrival in America, and unhappy clouds hung over him, bringing showers of misfortune. Polly vainly tried, in spite of all the privations and misery of those early days, to have a happy home, but now was broken-hearted and exhausted by the loss of her only child, who

had died the day before, after an existence of not quite three days.

The poor girl, lying helpless in one part of her desolate home, was in anguish at her inability to help her dying father lying in an adjoining room. Returning from the infant's funeral, the Reverend Pratt entered, shaking the snow from his cape and bringing with him a gale of icy air, which was warm, however, in comparison with his cold, measured, unsympathetic words, "'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; Blessed be the name of the Lord.' The grave was dug and with much difficulty we loosened the frozen, hardened earth, lowered the coffin, and in accordance with Holy Writ sprinkled the dust on our little babe now in heaven." At this moment a groan from the adjoining room recalled to Polly's frenzied mind the dying condition of her father.

"Please, Joseph, see if you can do anything for father."

"I'm very sorry," he replied, "but the good ship *Avon* is in the offing. Peradventure they have Non-separatists among them, and I must call the elect together that we may prevent their landing here, and persuade them to settle elsewhere."

Franklin said, "When religious people quarrel about their religion, or hungry people about their victuals, it looks as if they had not much of either about them." Mr. Pratt left his wife and went out into the bleak air again. It is painful to reflect on the low, selfish meanness of which our species is capable. Some men think the advantage of owning a thing is in the privilege it gives them to maltreat it if the law forbids its destruction. Mr. Pratt was evidently one of these.

Too late Polly discovered that instead of marrying one of noble feelings, this fanatical blackguard was but a mixture of egotism, vanity, and conceit. There is little choice between the mentally paralyzed, unemotional dolt who says that there is no Omnipotent Spirit and the arrogant knave like Mr. Pratt, who intrudes everywhere braying that he knows "all about it," with the hope that the living and the dead may hear him. As Goethe wrote, "There are two things of which a man cannot be careful enough—of obstinacy, if he confines himself to his own line of thought; of incompetency, if he goes beyond it."

Mr. Pratt's thoughts were not of his home. Domesticity and tenderness did not enter into his composition, and the sympathy which should have been his wife's was given to his religious craze. His hard, pinched, and peaked face never softened to a smile. Like most zealots, he thought it holy to deprive himself of many of the healthy blessings of life and to ostentatiously endure unnecessary sufferings. Unhappy wretch, he sympathized equally little with the happiness of the living as with the agonies of the dying. The beauty of God's world he had forfeited when he swallowed and absorbed a chilled dogmatic religion. Weak characters like the fanatic or drunkard do not realize that when they swallow the baneful draught—mental or alcoholic—the first symptom is the collapse of what firmness or self-control they previously possessed. When a man becomes a religious fanatic, his judgment is seriously impaired, losing the healthy piloting of reason and logic.

In every community there are bigoted leaders unfit to have the guidance of their fellow-men.

Leaders, more crazed than inspired, like Peter the Hermit, howling throughout Europe " that no sins are so heinous that they cannot be washed away by the waters of Jordan." Inspiration is but being in the mood to talk or write. Mr. Pratt could only thrive among a people dazed by religion or emotional delirium. Rascals will always quote maxims, precepts, and texts for their own advantage. Dishonesty of leadership is the heaviest burden for any people to carry. It is a fact worthy of note that although a man can love and appreciate the beauty of the sky, the mountains, the flowers, the music of the singing birds, and a million other creations of Nature, simply without explanation, yet he cannot become a churchman alone. He must have some one—a Mr. Pratt—to explain each dogma, and if he does not believe all he is immediately, with great impressiveness and some rancor, informed that only such as are credulous may be saved. Smooth orators will always find fertile soil for supernatural ideas in lax, uncultivated minds.

Money, wine, and women are the usual temptations of a man, but an abnormal vanity sometimes pushes mortals to think themselves especially divine and inspired to teach. Such thieves of intellectual balance and peace of mind should be arrested, tried, and given their correct positions, in the same manner as ruffians who commit robbery or inflict physical suffering. A man who attempts to teach the unknowable does worse than nothing. Those fiendish creatures who would rape and outrage a young girl before the age of adolescence, and ruin her physical future, do not seem far removed from ignorant, religious enthusiasts who introduce into a child's mind dogmas before its maturity, that

paralyze the free use of the mental capacities for the balance of its life. Personally, we would prefer being bodily crippled to being mentally unbalanced. Two-thirds of the harm done in this world has been done by those who are emotionally insane. It is marvelous how soon a liar believes his lies, and with a mixture of vanity and sense of duty expounds them.

The silver lining of the dark cloud of Puritanism, with a desire to rid the church of any and all superfluous forms and ceremonies, a desire to get back to the pure Mosaic law, was in the line of progress, and the spirit of its continuance had developed great results. We have no record of the intermarrying of the English and Jews during their sojourn in Holland, but knowing the intense love the Separatists had for the Old Testament and their dislike for all contemporary creeds, it seems a possible hypothesis that a good-sized strain of the Jewish blood was infused into the Pilgrim. Certainly their descendants the Yankees have taken such a high standing among traders and Projectors that even the orthodox Jew has more than once had to be contented with a secondary place. Undoubtedly there was a Dutch element in New England.* We may smile at the attempts in Cape Cod to practice Mosaic sanitary customs intended for the heated sands of Arabia, and in no way applicable to the New England emigrants. A moment's reflection must convince us that expediency caused Moses to make a special commandment against the covetous proclivities of the Jews. He

* John Cutler, grandsire of Ward McAllister and the highly esteemed ancestor of many aristocratic families in Boston and Charleston, amateur piano maker and first brass founder in the country, was a Dutchman with the too foreign names of Johannes Demesmaker.

could have made a law against maliciousness, which is far worse, but the Jews were not malicious. In the same manner Mohammed had to put cleanliness next to godliness for the sand-sore people of the desert. But the desire to simplify and get down to "bed-rock" in science and philosophy has produced on these New England shores such noble names as Franklin, Emerson, and Channing.

Mr. Pratt asked for no pity or mercy from man, and was not prepared to give any. Life was so full of cruelties and horrors in the seventeenth century that it was almost weakness or cowardice to have such a humane feeling as pity.

> "Says Esk to Tweed,
> 'Ye run slow indeed;
> What gais ye rin so slow?'
> To Esk says Tweed,
> 'I run slow indeed,
> But where ye droon ae man I droon two.'"

Refusing, and not asking mercy, marks the savage. With the American redskin ferocity was a virtue, while pity was a cowardly weakness at which their pride revolted. The chiefs of the Fiji Islands preserved their cripples for amusement. It has never been proven that women are less cruel than men, the most bloodthirsty despots having been women. As Carlyle said, "Madame du Barry sent 500,000 people to be killed to offset a personal discourtesy."

Autocratic despots are always more ferocious and sanguinary than were mobs of revolting common Boors. Sulla was more brutal than Marius.

No savage was ever so cruel as the highly cultured Persian Artaxerxes with his torture of "the boat." Artaxerxes II., the Persian king who sanctioned the restorations of the fortifications of Jerusalem, at the battle of Cunaxa, 401 B. C., conquered his brother Cyrus, whom we remember as the unhappy employer of Xenophon and the ten thousand Greeks. Artaxerxes fraudulently desired the renown of having killed his brother Cyrus, who fell in the mêlée of the battle. Mithridates, a famous soldier, inadvertently told the true story at a banquet of how he killed Cyrus. Therefore he was condemned to "the boat," which Plutarch describes as follows:

"They take two boats, which are made to fit each other; and extend the criminal in one of them in a supine posture. They then invert the other upon it, so that the poor wretch's body is covered, and only the head and hands are out at one end, and the feet at the other. They give him victuals daily, and if he refuses to eat, they compel him by pricking him in the eyes. After he has eaten, they make him drink a mixture of honey and milk, which they pour into his mouth. They spread the same likewise over his face, and always turn him so as to have the sun full in his eyes; the consequence of which is, that his face is covered with swarms of flies. As all the necessary evacuations of a man who eats and drinks are within the boat, the filthiness and corruption engender a quantity of worms, which consume his flesh, and penetrate to his entrails. When they find that he is dead, they take off the upper boat, and enjoy the spectacle of a carcass whose flesh is eaten away, and of numberless vermin clinging to and gnawing the bowels. Mithridates with much difficulty found death, after he had thus gradually wasted for seventeen days."

We of the twentieth century are so far removed from terrible atrocities that it is hard to appreciate such times. When we consider that pain, and what is probably quite as bad as pain itself,—

the fear of pain,—were practically driven from the earth by the discovery of ether and other anesthetics fifty years ago, we certainly have reason to congratulate ourselves.

Cruelty has been disposed of by the voice of the masses, for the power of the press and the aristocracy have stamped it as ignoble. But in the days of Mistress Polly people had a stolid bygone philosophy accepting their misfortunes and expecting little sympathy. Those were the times not far removed from Philip and Alva. Fresh in their memory was the massacre of Ribauld and his Huguenot colony on the coast of Florida. The Inquisition and the *auto de fé* were in the height of their horror in Spain. The times were severe. It was a few years later that Cromwell put his captives at Drogheda and Wexford to the sword and sold thousand of his compatriots into slavery at the Barbados and to the Sultan.

L. Owen Pope, writing about Christian heroes of romance, or the age of chivalry, quotes the following ordinance for the soldiers and knights on the voyage to the Holy Land:

"Whoever killed a man on board ship was to be tied to the corpse and thrown with it into the sea. Whoever killed a man on shore was to be tied to the corpse and buried alive with it. Drawing blood with a knife was to be punished with the loss of a hand; a mere blow, with three complete duckings in the sea. A thief was to be shaved, to have boiling pitch poured upon his head and a cushion of feathers shaken over it, so that his misdeed might be known to all; and he was to be put ashore at the first place at which the ship touched. . . . To the leaders, who could not write their own names, deception and treachery were as familiar as force; to their followers rapine and murder were so congenial that, in the abscence of Saracens, Jews, or townsfolk, it seemed but a professional pastime to kill or to rob a comrade-in-arms."

To show that the English race is a cruel race, we have only to refer to their early days in Britain.

A letter which a Roman provincial, Sidonius Apollinaris, wrote in warning to a friend who had embarked as an officer in the Channel fleet, which was "looking out for the pirate-boats of the Saxons," gives us a glimpse of these freebooters as they appeared to the civilized world of the fifth century.

"When you see their rowers," says Sidonius, "you may make up your mind that every one of them is an arch pirate, with such wonderful unanimity do all of them at once command, obey, teach, and learn their business of brigandage. This is why I have to warn you to be more than ever on your guard in this warfare. Your foe is of all foes the fiercest. He attacks unexpectedly; if you expect him, he makes his escape; he despises those who seek to block his path; he overthrows those who are off their guard; he cuts off any enemy whom he follows; while, for himself, he never fails to escape when he is forced to fly. And more than this, to these men a shipwreck is a school of seamanship rather than a matter of dread. They know the dangers of the deep like men who are every day in contact with them. For since a storm throws those whom they wish to attack off their guard, while it hinders their own coming onset from being seen from afar, they gladly risk themselves in the midst of wrecks and sea-beaten rocks in the hope of making profit out of the very tempest."

The picture is one of men who were not merely greedy freebooters, but finished seamen, and who had learned, "barbarians" as they were, how to command and how to obey in their school of war. But it was not the daring or the pillage of the Saxons that spread terror along the Channel so much as their cruelty. It was by this that the Roman provincials distinguished them from the rest of the German races who were attacking the Empire; for while men noted in the Frank his want of faith, in the Alan his greed, in the Hun his shamelessness, in the Gepid an utter absence of any trace of civilization, what they noted in the Saxon was his savage cruelty. It was this ruthlessness that made their descents on the coast of

the Channel so terrible to the provincials. The main aim of these pirate-raids, as of the pirate-raids from the north, hundreds of years later, was man-hunting, the carrying off of men, women, and children into slavery. But the slave-hunting of the Saxons had features of peculiar horror. "Before they raise anchor and set sail from the hostile continent for their own home-land, their wont when they are on the eve of returning is to slay by long and painful tortures one man in every ten of those they have taken, in compliance with a religious use which is even more lamentable than superstitious; and for this purpose to gather the whole crowd of doomed men together, and temper the injustice of their fate by the mock justice of casting lots for the victims. Though such a rite is not so much a sacrifice that cleanses as a sacrilege that defiles them, the doers of this deed of blood deem it a part of their religion rather to torture their captives than to take ransom from them." —JOHN RICHARD GREEN, "The Making of England."

Polly's anguish at being left utterly alone by her husband was broken by the entrance of the wife of the good John Bradford, who, in contrast to saintly piety, with a woman's true instinctive altruism, asked, "Can I help you?" She stroked Polly's fevered brow until the unfortunate young woman slept, then went into the next room and ministered to the wants of the dying man.

The review of Gilbert Natson's last years seemed to catalogue every misfortune. He blamed himself that his daughter's life had been so wretched, and he deplored his weakness in not checking her infatuation for so hard a man. Dear old man, he loved his daughter, but now he regretted that she had been born and almost wished her to accompany him in death; for as he softly breathed his last, he saw no hope, no perspective for her. It was to please Polly that he had left England, for he had not been infatuated by the exaltations of Mr.

Pratt. He believed in the superiority of moral virtue over ceremonial acts. He had the temperament to which the Roman Church brings repose. The simple old man would have preferred to accept the comfort of a delusion rather than go to the trouble of questioning statements. Knowledge and philosophy are the comforters of brave thinkers, whereas all religions are schemes for making emotions easy. Elbert Hubbard announces that "All religions are but canned philosophy." Gilbert Natson had his hand in that of the brave Miles Standish, and with his dying gasp begged that doughty warrior to do what he could for his prostrate daughter.

With the warm days of May, and the new leaves appearing, Mistress Polly was convalescent. Completely broken-hearted, she knew she was the cause of her father's leaving happy old England, and of his wretched end in this bleak colony. Her husband's cant and quotations from Scripture only served to increase her sorrow. Mr. Pratt's hypocritical and cowardly humility was in bold contrast to the proud straightforwardness of her old playmate, Adam Mann. With far-reaching fears of future dismal days, she became short-tempered and fault-finding, and the bloom of her youth was gone. She had no close sympathetic friend in all that colony since her loving father's death; and her heart was starving for some words of love and comfort. People laughed at her. Why do Anglo-Saxons laugh at failure? There are but three things proper to laugh at—wit, one's own failures, and the assumption of others. What is there funny when by accident a man sits on the floor instead of upon a chair. At an English pantomime

why is it that the gallery will always laugh when a man falls down?

Polly needed some soft, kind words such as her father never failed to give her, praiseworthy old man! Since his death she had found no gentleness in those with whom she came in daily contact, and, as the sweetest cream will sour the quickest, Polly's temper went to the opposite extreme, and it is not set forth in the records of the old colony that any one excelled her in ill-nature, scolding, or fault-finding.

In June the good ship *Hercules* brought the following letter from Adam:

"TENDERTON, Feb. 7, 1636.

"Mistress Polly Natson, with these tidings, greeting:

"I send this paper messenger under seal by Samuel Sheaf, merchant at the sign of the Golden Sheaf in Cannon Street, London. Now since thy departure many matters have changed here. The land and harvests have prospered. I wish thou were here to see them. I write this to thee to-night to tell thee that I am, with short delay, to sail for New Plymouth, to beg thee to be my wife, and return as queen of Stone Hall. This may to thee appear a new thought. To me, it is my old and only dream, and long and profoundly have I wished thee to be by my side. The secret of my love for thee has always weighed heavily and now is overwhelming, and can no longer be restrained. If there is aught to prevent our marriage, my strong arm will try with God's assistance to overcome it. Pretty, sweet, gentle one, I must tell thee all I feel. This written message will float over the sea to pre-

pare thee to receive one who worships and adores thee. I will not tarry, sweetheart, but will soon be at thy feet to ask that I may love with such faithful devotion, that perchance thou wilt be grateful and love me in return.

"With my service to thy father, and my love everlasting to thee, loving Polly, I am with God's blessing thy would-be husband,

"ADAM MANN."

Ships were following ships in these early days of Charles I, with emigrants to the colonies. The population of New England had increased by immigration during these fifteen odd years from the few surviving souls of the *Mayflower* to 30,000, scattered throughout the settlement.

Adam sailed in the ill-fated *Raven* very soon after his letter had gone to the *Hercules,* and during the monotony of this tedious voyage he was never gloomy, but with a smiling countenance walked the deck alone, thinking of the Polly he knew, and as the ship skirted along the Greenland coast he was happy with the thought of soon seeing her. When they were confronted with ice he laughed at the rough path to his true love, and when the disaster came, with the confession of the wretched Captain Joe Hawkins and John Shagstaff, he alone of all the party did not abandon hope.

The season had been wonderfully mild for Northern latitudes. After much distress Adam had become the sole survivor. Bewildered in the Arctic ice, he pushed recklessly and innocently toward the northern lights, living on ship's rations and shell-fish, until he was rescued by Fasho and his crew.

CHAPTER XVI

OBSERVATORY—BIMO—FAIRMENA

"God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please, you can never have both."—EMERSON.

"Manners are the shadows of great virtues."—WHATELEY.

"I still wish to distort no man's belief, but only to point out to those in whom they are already shattered, the direction in which in my conviction firmer ground lies."—STRAUSS, "The Old and New Belief."

FAIRMENA, one calm, balmy morning when the valley of Geyserland seemed surrounded by an atmosphere of peace, wandered up the mountain path to the crystal observatory, where her friend, the wise old astronomer Bimo, was engaged in his much-loved study of celestial laws. The intimacy between this old man and young girl was like twilight and morning, or like the blending of the sentiment of the angelus and the crepuscule.

It seems to have been a scheme of destiny that a healthy male should be beautiful to attract the female. Bimo was a well-preserved old guardsman, looking like our typical Jupiter with large, heroic features and luxuriant white hair and beard. He was tall, with the alert bearing of an athlete; courteous and good-natured, with a keen mind sparkling with wit. Bimo was an aristocrat. Custom has given the word "aristocrat" a meaning which ranks the man above his fellows, because he possesses superior moral and social qualities that can be relied upon. Old age owed nothing to Bimo; he had not cozened his youth, but, like a good clock generously wound for a certain period, had preserved sufficient force

to keep perfect time long after the motive power should have been exhausted.

Bimo was a progenitor as well as a guardsman. In early life, as an intellectual amusement, he had selected astronomy as a subject for study and meditation. The solutions of the most mind-bewildering problems of this mysterious science were a pleasure to him, and he assiduously pursued them. He was now not only the best able to expound all previous records, but his genius had enabled him constantly to add new data. He had been requested by the task-masters to continue these astronomical studies, and had been excused from all the irksome duties of a guardsman. This, however, did not exempt him from his duties in regard to cultivating the Mother Earth. It had never been the rule in Geyserland that those who worked their heads should be exempt from rugged and hygienic exercises. The distribution among all classes of the unintellectual work, which is necessary in every community, prevented a degraded class of laborers and workers. Besides, it was recognized that a physical capacity not properly exercised would be retired by Nature. As our Charles Kingsley wrote, "To him who uses what he has, Nature gives more and more, day by day."

Humanity seems to possess longevity in proportion to their good sense and physical care. The briefness of the life of animals may depend upon their lack of hands and the decay of needed teeth. But in every case old age is the most horrible of diseases, because it always ends fatally. But old age has its charms; with age comes the mental attitude of the love of others, and selfishness is re-

placed by altruism. Bimo was a fine example of this, proving, like Humboldt, that intelligently cultured people live longer than the ignorant. Our parting with our illusions marks the milestones of our wisdom; so modest, wise Bimo had kept young.*

There was nothing garrulous about this dear old gentleman, whose charming manners, coupled with his honorable old age, marked his nobility of character. In fact, there was everything royal about him but a throne. He was an acknowledged favorite, and so generally liked that all hoped the St. Martin's summer of his life would be a long one.

There seems to be an over-abundance of reproduction in this world of ours of everything except good manners. Good and cheap reproductions of the masterpieces of art and literature are within the reach of all; but the field of elegant manners, kind words, and courteous ways still appears extraordinarily rare, undeveloped, and ignored.

While Fairmena was resting in a cushioned, shady corner of the large turret, Bimo was walking nervously to and fro, his mind wrapped in deep thought. She knew that no one on the island had knowledge enough to understand him. For she realized that a man who devoted his whole life to one subject naturally could not demand as much sympathy as a more versatile one. She also knew that sympathy is like light—it tries to go everywhere, whereas reason is brain work; but the combination of the two make friendships which per-

* Being antiquated or condemned for old age, in spite of Army and Navy regulations, is a matter of capacity and not a limit measured by time.

mit one to enjoy another's true feelings, and that was what the dear old man needed. Gently interrupting him she begged that he would tell her about the peribole of that other sun. "I may not understand it, but it will ease your mind to paraphrase your ideas in words," she said, in her frank, ingenuous way. Bimo could have thanked her, but an acceptance is more sincere than any expression of gratitude, so, with a smile, he granted her request and explained his idea of the movement of a distant celestial combination. The sincerity of her attention was the superlative epitome of a woman's unconscious charm.

Happiness is the guiding-star of mankind. The ardent pleasures of youth are not necessarily pleasures of life, for big, kind-hearted Bimo was happy because his experience, wisdom, tact, and poetical mystifications had enabled him to cause Fairmena to forget her sorrow and loss. The heart reconciles conditions that might otherwise be most incongruous.

Hopes are the most interesting things of life. As we have said, youth is egotistical, old age altruistic. When young people recognize that the doctrines enforced upon them in childhood are founded on insufficient evidence, they lose faith in even rational precepts. Fairmena's hopes centered in her prospective duty and Bimo's hopes were for her happiness. Her confidence and respect for him allowed her to reveal her naked mind —she concealed no thought from him. Grace and charm of manner are like balm, soothing the vexations of life. He understood her tears about Fasho and knew the intense interest she took in the race and her future contribution to the country. The profoundness of his mind charmed her, and she

gave him sympathy in his mighty flights of thought. Matters which will transpire later in this narrative cannot be mentioned now.

Without warning, Elder Jab, accompanied by Inspector Donis and the hump-back minstrel, Fru, entered the interesting study. Addressing Bimo, Jab said:

"We have just been to the Dissolution House and have seen what man's relation to life on this earth is. Now we come to you to find out man's relation to space and the future."

"Or in one word," suggested Fru, "we have come to ask you to tell us what you know about the vast beyond, as there is nothing on this earth to assure us that this is the end."

"Some people," remarked Donis, "cannot see that which is obvious."

"It is evident that Fru does not see that which should be obvious," laughed Bimo, for at this moment Fru tripped and came near falling into the sacred arms of Fairmena, whose presence for the first time was observed. Then the three arrivals gravely saluted the matron elect, in accordance with the custom of the land.

"Unfortunately, I am not a luminous plant," said Fairmena, "and if I lack the power to illuminate this dark corner I am awfully alive to this deathish discussion. If you will listen as I have been listening, Bimo will, with his knowledge of the universe and celestial machinery, make death appear a very trivial occurrence. It seems to me that our existence is as insignificant to him as a flake of snow. The cosmos he knows about is so vast and so endless that our minds cannot grasp its eternity and our lives seem to last but a second."

The Geyserlanders, on the same line as Confucius, believed that all contemplation upon occult subjects was unhealthy. Faith in one or the other of the two great systems of occult belief has influenced ninety-nine out of every hundred of mankind, since we have had any mythical or historical records. The older—the belief that sustained the seers, oracles, magi or prophets; the more modern, practically dating from historic times—the belief in a future existence as a reward or punishment for good conduct. All people are brave about some matters, all people are cowards about some matters. A woman who will shriek at the sight of a mouse will stand nine months' suspense without a murmur, her life hanging by a thread. A man who will face any physical danger has become hysterical because a witch has passed her "evil eye" upon him. The vast majority are cowards about the invisible, and this condition is liable to continue until education has made intellectual bravery as popular as moral and physical now are. The world can rest assured that the executive will be ever ready to connive with those who spiritually guide the masses.

Religions have been very useful for those who govern despotically, for as Gibbon wrote, "The various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world were all considered by the people as equally true, by the Philosopher as equally false, and by the Magistrate as equally useful." "Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer," sang Campbell. Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, and Europe have always had their believers in magic, thaumaturgy, alchemy, necromancy, astrology, and all the rest of the black arts; even the money-

loving Semitic people had their Moloch. The land-grabbing, church-destroying agents of Henry VIII all died in the church! Hard has been the way of the honest doubter. He has ever been a social outcast—"an ignoble person with no holy imagination."

Good old Bimo had explained to Fairmena his theory that the emotional feeling she had was a part of the holy soul. There was but one soul, and that, like oxygen, was to be found everywhere, and as oxygen can penetrate some substances better than others, so the Holy Soul permeates some people's minds more than others. To a busy, ambitious mind religion is but a trivial duty, an un-absorbing thought; but to the poets, or people of lofty imagination, whose minds are not enslaved by earthly minded selfishness, an appreciation of the infinite love of Nature is an ever-penetrating and dominating force. In Geyserland, when the perfect sleep of death came, that soul which one had acquired was returned to the all-pervading Soul of Nature. Bimo and his people had never had their minds disturbed by stories of hideous sufferings in a future world. Had any one ever advanced any such terrible tales to agitate the fears of the weak-nerved they would have been promptly suppressed by the elders, as public nuisances; just as Marcus Aurelius, in order to protect the happiness and peace of mind of his subjects, endeavored to stop the early Christians in the Roman Empire in the teaching of their doctrines of future torture.

In Geyserland death was not a supernatural process, but the end of an individual character or life. Every life that has had a beginning must have an end. Every corpse is the cradle of other

lives. The millions of germinating cells in a corpse may develop millions of other lives, but the body as a unit is dead. The desire for a future existence for one's self is father to this thought. Who would not like to die and have a new set of cards dealt him in this great game?

As regards the possibility of thought after death, the profound Bimo would have been willing to give comfort to Prince Hamlet, if that gentleman had held his opinions ready for alteration. Hamlet, when much worried, said:

> "To die, to sleep;
> To sleep: perchance to dream; ay, there is the rub;
> For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
> When we have shuffled off this mortal coil."

The expression of this idea of Shakespeare is one of the few instances in his work where he suggests an opinion on any dogmas of the church. Considering the great church controversies that were occurring at his time, we can best account for his silence, either by admitting his prudence or giving him credit for the sagacity which Confucius possessed, whom we have already quoted as saying, "It is not wise to dwell on spiritual things." Julius Cæsar, who held the highest sacerdotal office, became disinterested and silent when gods or religions were mentioned.

To make this point clear to Prince Hamlet, Bimo would have said, in the language of to-day, first, the mind is a material organ like the eye; second, the eye is similar to a kodak or photograph machine, each glance destroying a film, which must be renewed by blood circulation before another glance can materialize; third, with death

circulation stops, and therefore with death seeing and thinking must stop.

Discrepancy in age is no bar to love, lust, or sympathy. A failure in one's affectionate aspirations in youth often leads one to seek a totally different ideal. Mental affinity is absolutely necessary for happy mating. Plato did not recognize that fact in his republic.

The welfare of the state was the salient incentive of the Roman, but the weal of the race was the fundamental motive of Fairmena's life, hence her interviews with the unfortunate crippled Fasho brought her bitter disappointment, almost a personal aversion. Query—Is constancy a subject which we judge correctly? Why should it be placed as the noblest of female virtues? Considering the present social relations, it is the woman's wisest course. Constancy is a choice of the lesser evil, an extreme alternative, in the same manner that many ancients found it better to surrender and be slaves than to be exterminated. Women cannot permit themselves to be deserted, therefore, although unnatural, the principle of constancy is insisted upon by them.

Before we can dispel the suffering caused by inconstancy, the final purport of constancy must be ascertained. Wives have been acquired by force, purchase, and coquetry. The latter is the only one that harmonizes with our ideas of romantic love and constancy.

We get a glimpse in Homer of constancy as exemplified in the early marriage by force, where Briseis, whose husband was killed by Achilles, was fully consoled because Achilles took her to his own bed; or by Helen, who eloped for ten years and without a blush resumed her place as mistress of

Menelaus's home. History is full of purchased or slave wives constant from fear.

" Loving constancy " dates from the days of mutual fascination, and so long as this fragile system benefits church or state it will be upheld. We say " fragile system "—is not the constancy of a man or woman like the fidelity of a dog, a matter that must be verified by experience, rather than promised before being essayed?

An advanced state of culture can recognize this sentiment only to the extent it does other fads and fancies; that is, on the principle that personal liberties must not be permitted if detrimental to the happiness of the masses. We believe that innumerable cases of anguish of heart and mental suffering will diminish in proportion as our heart sympathies are transferred from the individual to the race.

Fairmena's visits to Bimo became frequent. The Council of Doctors thought well of this intimacy, and she was notified of their approval by the Supreme Council, for in their sphere of usefulness the matrons of Geyserland were free to select their own companions.

CHAPTER XVII

MATRONS' PARK

"The virtue of prosperity is temperance; and the virtue of adversity is fortitude."—BACON.

"There is no wealth but life; life including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration."—RUSKIN.

IN all communities there are two parties. Those who represent the most popular methods, and those who protest against them. In this game of humanity which is to be the popular model? Will it be the self-denying Stoic or the luxurious Epicurean? The following conditions should determine. It is easy to see that in times of war and disaster the sterling qualities of the Stoic would be temporarily the ideal; but in times of peace and plenty it is equally true that the Epicurean would be more in harmony with the conditions.

The Stoics are stern, unbending, patriotic, and brave; having themselves under perfect control and discipline; with strong convictions, and for these convictions they often care more than for their own lives. The Epicureans are of a gentler, less strenuous type, friendly and forgiving, tolerating others who differ from them, loving harmony, peace, ease, and plenty. Their thoughts approve of mirth, gallantry, and pleasure, but condemn unkind words, cruelties, or jealousies.

Briefly discriminated, the Stoic is brave in adversity, while the Epicurean is happy in luxury. A rough glance at the world and we see the luxurious and industrious Carthaginians, Greeks, and

Hindoos accumulate and hoard jewels, gold, and surplus riches—and in direct contrast we see the warlike Stoical races like the Romans, the Norsemen, and the English take it away from them.

The Epicurean state is the outgrowth of the Stoic state. The Stoic is the root, the branch, and the leaf; the Epicurean is the flower and the fruit. The Epicurean state marks the ripeness of the nation, and when advanced if not safeguarded is certain to decay, for those people who look with the greatest wisdom into the welfare of the community will always make the most cultured races; but there is always the peril that the unwary Stoic may become a narrow-minded fanatic, or the unguarded Epicurean may descend to the degenerate class. Many a man from his own negligence or lack of forethought has to practice self-denial, and naturally welcomes the consoling philosophy of the Stoic; but self-sacrifice symbolizes the noble and true character. Such was Sir Philip Sidney, who when dying on the battlefield gave a suffering soldier his drink of water, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine!"

Having no neighbors, the Geyserlanders' ambitions and energies, after the prevention of waste, were directed toward stopping anything like the deterioration of the race. The Geyserlanders believed in enjoying life to the maximum. They argued that one happy life was better than two unhappy ones, just as one beautiful rose is preferable to two blighted ones.

They had a constant fear of becoming overripe and degenerating, and as a principle insisted that the Stoic, warlike element should be made to balance the Epicurean element of luxury. Each of

the seven qualities was especially cultivated in rotation and given a period of prominence.

Donis was calling Adam's attention to the attractions of the beautiful picturesque gardens surrounding the mansion of the matrons.*

The matrons, like every one else in Geyserland, were obliged to cultivate the soil, one of their special duties being the care and cultivation of the flowers in Matrons' Park. As the Geyserlanders believed in breeding from healthy people, physical idleness among the matrons was not sanctioned. The women who toil have ever been better mothers than those who, like parasites, hang idly about their luxurious homes. The brawn and muscle of our best men always argue that their mothers were not afraid to work and to till the soil if necessary. The ancient Teuton gave his wife a yoke of oxen, and received from her the equipments of war. Our grandmothers, who were brought up without corsets and believed it bad form to use the back of a chair, were perhaps better mothers than the languid mother of to-day with her multi-cushioned boudoir, rubber-tired carriage, elevators, and the never-changing reheated air of the hot water and steam appliances.

* * * * * * *

As Donis and Adam walked through the garden they noticed the junior matron, Fairmena, industrious with her hoe, and the gallant old sage, Bimo, chaffing her inexperience. She good-naturedly replied to his teasing:

* In the East, life in a garden seemed to be the ideal existence. The word "Paradise," which was often used by the Jews for their Garden of Eden, was taken from the Persian language, and originally meant the elaborate park near the palace of the Achamenides.

"Why do you laugh at me, since you approve of the taskmasters' wisdom in requiring me to dig up the naughty little weeds? I do not know them from others."

"You will not know everything at once, dear girl. Acquiring knowledge is like the old story of civilization. When a landlord tried to rid himself of neighbors by buying their land, the result was—more neighbors. Which are the naughty little weeds is a question that has bothered the wisest of our experts."

"Then," said Fairmena, "why not let them all grow?"

"Because, my sweet little ignoramus," continued Bimo, "that is the salient problem of culture, how to cultivate some growths and weed out others. In floriculture, as in all methods of propagation, it has been proven that a plant thrives in proportion to the amount of nourishment it is able to absorb; therefore it is better to have one plant properly nourished than a number of partially nourished ones. The weed is a plant of a smaller value and must be sacrificed for the plant of greater value."

The fact that this old man should like to explain what he knew about advanced science to the young matron-elect, and the fact that she should be interested in listening to his profound reasoning, was not unnatural.

As Donis and Adam strolled along they heard peals of laughter coming from the grove of white birch on a knoll. As they drew nearer they found a gay party lunching there, and they were invited to join them. The gallant Roul, who was one of the number, saw that they were served with pas-

ties, cake, and wine, and all that the palate relished. This giant Epicurean, Roul, loved all things that were attractive and beautiful. Besides, he was master of that rare art—good manners. A progenitor of the race, as opposed to the father of a family of individuals, had a calm impartiality that permitted his being polite to every one with a tranquil sense of duty done.

Old Mother Var Voon, in spite of her age,—six dozen years,—was sitting with the others on the sod, laughing with the merriest of the throng. This good woman had long since retired from her duties of motherhood with the most excellent record, and now performed the simple task of caring for the flowers. She had no worries about this world or a next, for the fear of a future punishment never cast a shadow on the happiness of life in Geyserland. She was true to her race, and like the Epicureans, "considered all religious forms to be a curse to mankind." She was care-free and gay, neither handsome nor ugly, but one with whom all loved to associate, because she was always bubbling over with good spirits, easily elated, and never depressed. She was neither uncivil nor particularly sympathetic, but carried her own sunny temperament and made others partake of it. Everything pleased her and she pleased every one. The witloving, unambitious Roul particularly loved to lounge in her genial society. After his tasks were done he thought that all there was in life was to eat, drink, and love, like our old Egyptian philosophers. Metaphysics had few charms for Roul. He made no effort to get a line around human knowledge. Repose of mind and activity of body were his delight. Roul did what was right and was happy without the enthusiast's hope of future

happiness, or the serene resignation of the fatalist's belief in predestination. He had inherited the qualities of temperament that suited life in Geyserland. He was courteous, brave, talented, willing, industrious, appreciative, and to a certain extent sympathetic.*

A man who never oversteps or makes a mistake is not approaching the limit of his capabilities, for he is like a man who has fifty per cent of strength and uses only thirty. Roul did what he was told to do, and always conducted himself with credit on occasions of importance. He was content to have some one else do all the thinking and planning. Like all Epicureans, he did not take deep interest in public affairs; he had none of the patriotic earnestness of Sibis or Wewo, Fairmena or Fasho; personally, he was always genial, he was like that estimable type of man with us who shakes off the dogmas of the church and refuses to be ruled by any other dogmas. He approached the happy ideal of altruistic, social love, an ideal very popular at that time in Geyserland.

* No men ever fought better than the pipe-clayed, blond-wigged men of Frederick the Great, and no men have ever braved intellectual problems and thought deeper than the puffed and powdered contemporaries of Voltaire.

CHAPTER XVIII

WOMAN'S SHACKLES, OR POSSIBLE LIBERTY WITH US

"Accuse not Nature; she has done her part, do thou but thine."
—MILTON.

"There is a long twilight between the time when a god is suspected of being an idol, and his final overthrow."
—TYNDALL.

"Find the right, and the law will take care of itself."
—MARSHALL.

"Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat;
Sae let the Lord be thanket."
—BURNS.

"If any man is able to convince me and show me that I do not think or act right, I will gladly change; for I seek the truth by which no man was ever injured. But he is injured who abides in his error and ignorance."—MARCUS AURELIUS.

ADAM'S indignation at not being allowed to select the character of the work he had to perform in Geyserland was equaled if not excelled by his horror at the freedom from the ten thousand restraints that prevail in Christendom. He was furious at missing a few of what he considered his personal "rights," but he had not reached that philosophical point of toleration which permitted of "why not?" when he saw others enjoying what would have sent him to the pillory at home.

The foundation of some characters is the principle of accomplishing results, while that of others is the principle of renunciation. General Booth with his Salvation Army represents the former; while the Trappist Monks well illustrate the latter.

As we believe that the triumph of a woman's career is to leave the world better for having been

here, this chapter is devoted to possibilities with that end in view. We claim our right to disagree with the marriage laws of to-day. We consider them in our present conditions quite as out of place and uncalled for as the antiquated ordeals and divinations of the fourteenth century. Marriage laws were formerly necessary and beneficial in the rural districts where the work was equally divided between man and wife, the former cultivating and planting, the latter spinning and knitting in a serenely happy partnership. But the time has now come when these laws should be modified to conform with modern conditions, popular education, rapid transportation, swift communication of ideas, and the new position of woman with her personal responsibility, independence of action, security of person assured by her private fortune, and the protection of her legal rights. *Liberty* is the tuning-fork of progressive culture. Despotism desires matters *fixed*. Marriage is a relic of despotism. "To marry and settle down" is the slogan of civilization. More freedom and *the abolition of every useless shackle* is the watchword for expanding humanity.

The conscience of this world is fast drifting toward the opinion that it should not be bound by so many antiquated laws and customs. Herbert Spencer said that so long as women continued to be stolen or bought, their individualities were ignored. Theories dogmatically delivered should be questioned. We must meet each theory as a challenge to our intellect, and we must trace each theory pertaining to our actions until we find a satisfactory cause for its existence. Thinking is like bathing—the vast majority never go beyond their

depth; others will strike out into deep water with confidence, and have pity mixed with contempt for the wading masses. With the dawning of a new truth one feels the mastery of power. Hawthorne wrote, "A female reformer in the attacks upon society has an instinctive sense of where the life lies, and is inclined to aim directly at the spot; especially the relation between the sexes is naturally among the earliest to attract her notice." Why should our attempts at right living under modern conditions be thwarted by theories that we have outgrown? We can be free and live in a state of culture far beyond the present circumscribed limits. Why not? Everything is right in its right place. John Hampden defied the law, so did the Boston Tea Party. Let us accept nothing as illegal until it is proven to us that a wrong has been committed. There are religious laws, and laws of the land; but the supreme law is the law of Nature, greater than a bull of the Pope or a decree of any despot. Morality is no longer a matter of custom nor of legislation, but of common sense and expediency. The satisfaction of our wants is Nature's will. The greatest misfortune of our age is the unborn *desired quality of children* which our present conditions deny.

Hermania Barton, in Grant Allen's "The Woman Who Did," was a typical Geyserlander. The recital of her life was only the sad story of unappreciative associates and cantankerous environments. "We get freedom by seeking truth." But it is equally true that we cannot live harmoniously with those who radically disagree with us. Hermania's being left destitute was a criminal lack of forethought.

Until a sufficient degree of intelligence has been achieved by a people, many natural functions must be controlled by law, because the world-wide demoralizing weaknesses of mimicry, vanity, and hypocrisy cannot be controlled by the average intelligence. The advantage reason has over impulse is that it can adapt itself to conditions. A period of culture will come when many women will not be dependent on any individual; when they will be entirely free, and will assume their proper place in the community. Since emerging from a savage degree of culture, woman has been necessary to man, but man has not always been necessary to woman. Before the dawn of history marriage was evolved, and it was at that time that the most awful tragedies of married life occurred. Spencer says, "We cannot avoid thinking that millions of women were stoned to death to produce the proper conjugal fidelity." Westermarck says, "The history of marriage is the history of a relation in which women have been gradually triumphing over the passions, the prejudices, and the selfish interests of men." From those early days women have nurtured their instinctive right of freedom, and such women as have rebelled have done nothing more than claim their just privileges. What did such women as Queen Elizabeth, George Sands, George Eliot, Mlle. Mars, or Mlle. Rachel care for a man's protection? Every true woman will put the laws of Nature above the laws of the church or state. A rigidly established religion or government is generally an impediment to progress; they may both be improvements on past conditions, but the strict laws that are intended to prevent retrogression also prevent progression. The noted saying of Confu-

cius, "Walk in the trodden paths,"—the Golden Rule of China,—has kept that country from progressing for twenty-three centuries. It is only by alternating between theories and experiments that progress is made, and the last fifty revolutionary years of experience have proved that marriage is four times out of five unsatisfactory, and with the conditions of to-day could be dispensed with. The right to experiment should be as free as possible, for experimenting is the first outgrowth of original thought.

All laws should be elastic, for, as Bagehot says, "Progress is only possible in those cases where the force of law has gone far enough to bind the nation together, but not to kill all varieties and destroy Nature's perpetual tendency to change."

Adultery is a crime, not a vice, and is synonymous with stealing. Stealing is mean, and that which is mean no noble person will do; yet with our apologies to the fair criminals, the typical, reputedly correct, and popular young woman of to-day delights more in taking away another's beau, even the last hope of an "old girl," than in any other pleasure of the ballroom. It is a deplorable feature of human vanity that the thieving adulterer has always been a braggart.

The whole scheme of marriage and family, with its tagging, numbering, and grouping in order to make us easy to govern, is also for the perpetuation of the family name and the inheritance of accumulations. Certainly romantic love is not improved by these restricting measures, and they who submit are on the road to degeneracy.

There is an element of self-humiliation that accompanies the act of a woman first submitting to a

man's love. Both men and women know this by intuition, not by reason. When the full significance of this element of humiliation is realized it is probable that women will assert their rights and claim their womanhood. The verve of many a courtship is a desire to "get even" with a haughty woman, and indifference promptly follows marriage.

The love of the mother is a sacred love, but the love that many a man has for a child is but a vain demonstration inspired by the thought of a by-gone victory—just as a woman proudly wears her diamond tiara as a token of her lover's love.

A sad reflection on marriage is that courtships are made and harmonize with a locality, while married life is pursued among other surroundings. Men and women who love each other in the ballroom may have few if any interests about the fireside. The cabinet maker knows that the perfection of joining is where glue is added to the well-fitted tenon and mortise. This glued dovetailing is considered a permanent fastening; therefore, no master craftsman adds the glue until he is certain that he wishes immutability. Such work is first tested. The marriage service is the glue which makes the partnership of man and woman permanent. Why should not the priest as well as the skilled craftsman be assured of his own right doing?

Among people of wealth who are free from the conventional proprieties, what does marriage add to the betrothal? Was there ever a couple united by betrothal who could not have lived just as happily without the marriage ceremony or any further oaths and vows? Is not marriage a traditional fetter where no fetter is needed? Does a woman

want to live with a man whom she does not love? Should not the first realization of contempt mean separation? Why is it necessary to take the marriage vows? Is every one afraid of back-sliding on the morrow? Why do our marriage laws insist that we pledge a future which we cannot foresee? A man or woman can promise and contract to perform certain duties, but nobody but a fool will promise to have at a future date certain opinions or emotions.

Constancy is so rare that it should be classed with other hallucinations of the mind. Life-long sympathies are unnatural. The interests of youth are not the interests of old age, and unless people have abnormal affinities new interests will arise that will make new friends more desirable than the simple conditions of one's youth. Take for example David, who was in a position to lead the life he desired to live. Each of his four wives sympathized with different periods of his life. Unfortunately, the best weapon the church ever had to curtail the liberty of women has been women themselves, who too willingly yield to *mental* outrage by the priests before the puberty of their reason. Why can't women throw off all falsehoods and garments of make-belief? If our women lead useless lives, the fault is assuredly not in their lack of capacity to lead useful ones—it is the bugaboo of reputation and vogue.*

When is a woman happy? We can give no better answer to this query than to quote a woman's

* Letourneau concludes his "Evolution of Marriage," page 357, thus: "It is in the sense of an ever-increasing individual liberty, between men and women, that the conjugal relations have at first been nearly everywhere from masters to slaves; then marital despotism may be traced during a long historic period; the power of the father of the family, which at first had no limit, at length became curbed; the personality of the woman was more and more accentuated and the rigid

opinion in the Oneida Community mentioned by Hinds.

"Communism gives woman, without a claim from her, the place which every true woman most desires, as the free and honored companion of man. Communism emancipates her from the slavery and corroding cares of a mere wife and mother; stimulates her to seek the improvement of mind and heart that will make her worthy of a higher place than ordinary society can give her. Freed from forced maternity, a true and noble desire for children grows in her heart. Here no woman's hand is red with the blood of the innocents, as is whispered so often of many of her sisters in bondage. Gradually, as by natural growth, the Community women have risen to a position where, in labor, in mind and in heart, they have all and more than all that is claimed by the women who are so loudly asserting their rights."

Or, better still, take the words of John Humphrey Noyes, of Oneida Community, "History of American Socialisms," page 628:

"The law of marrige is the same kind with the Jewish law concerning meats and drinks and holy days, * * * All experience testifies (the theory of the novels to the contrary notwithstanding), that sexual love is not naturally restricted to pairs. Second marriages are contrary to the one-love theory, and yet are often the happiest marriages. Men and women find universally (however the fact may be concealed), that their susceptibility to love is not burnt out by one honeymoon, or satisfied by one lover. On the contrary, the secret history of the human heart will bear out the assertion that it is capable of loving any number of times and any number of persons, and that the more it loves the more it can love. This is the law of nature, thrust out of sight and condemned by common consent, and yet secretly known to all.

"The law of marriage 'worketh wrath.' 1. It provokes to

marriages of the first centuries of the republic were replaced under the empire by a sort of free union. Doubtless this movement necessarily retrograded under the influence of Christianity, but as it always happens in the logic of things, it has nevertheless resumed its course; it will become more and more evident and will surely pass the point at which it stopped in Imperial Rome."

secret adultery, actual or of the heart. 2. It ties together unmatched natures. 3. It sunders matched natures. 4. It gives to sexual appetite only a scanty and monotonous allowance. 5. It makes no provision for the sexual appetite at the very time when that appetite is the strongest. By the custom of the world, marriage, in the average of cases, takes place at about the age of twenty-four; whereas puberty commences at the age of fourteen. For ten years, therefore, and that in the very flush of life, the sexual appetite is starved. This law of society bears hardest on females, because they have less opportunity of choosing their time of marriage than men. This discrepancy between the marriage system and nature is one of the principal sources of the peculiar diseases of women."

Liberty of choice was imperatively insisted upon in Geyserland as the sacred right of the matron. The women of America should not be allowed by the government to bear children unless they have a surgeon's license for themselves and for their mates; but those who do bear children should be ten times more respected and better cared for. It makes no difference what her station is, it is a happy privilege for any girl to have a healthy father for her child, besides being an advantage to the community in which the child is born. The vanity of an unhealthy woman who desires to breed is as vicious as the vanity of an uneducated teacher who wants to expound the unknown.

Dr. Henry Campbell said, "Theft and murder are considered the blackest of crimes, but neither the law nor the church has realized that worse than theft, and well-nigh as bad as murder, is the bringing into the world individuals full of diseased tendencies through disregard of parental fitness." Quality, not quantity, in children is what we need; we must by law check the procreation of diseased bodies and base types of fear-

driven, cowardly minds. The parents of weaklings are criminals, shame upon them. Innocence, ignorance, or amative fascination are no excuse. The community is insulted and outraged when weaklings are born.

In the pastoral agricultural days children were a source of power to their parents. Westermarck speaks of an African king who could muster two thousand warriors among his progeny. In *society,* however, children are expensive luxuries and are seldom wanted.

It makes little difference whether people belong to the highest or the lowest intellectual caste, in giving unqualified and unlimited vows of mental sympathy and love, they are unquestionably crazed. The responsibility of caring for the offspring has prevented many a noble love-child. Why cannot the republic see that the children are the republic, that everybody has a right to love all children—the blossoms of their race. The good resulting to the women themselves, no less than to the nation, from proper child-bearing is being generally recognized as indisputable, and has became a frequent topic of discourse at the more advanced women's clubs and organizations, which, notwithstanding the criticisms upon them, are doing much to broaden the lives of the women of the present time.

When Mrs. Francis M. Norton advocated a law which would grant every mother a pension for every child born, she was applauded. "This," said she, "will stop commercial marriages, and marriages will be for love. When a woman is independent she will not marry for a home. A pension for child-bearing would make her independent in every way."

The medical profession are well aware that a woman possessed of the real mother instinct who has not had it gratified by having a child is as aged in appearance at twenty-five as the woman of thirty-five who has borne one. Procreation is the first and dominant thought of perfect woman, but it is a mere detail among the thoughts of men. We have gotten beyond the prejudices of the fifteenth century when no illegitimate man could become a burgess.

Money has ever been woman's greatest friend. Only when independent can a woman dictate the conditions for herself and her offspring; but society by its recognition can dictate the exact manners, ways, habits, and customs it desires. Unfortunately, society's voice is not the voice of Nature. It is generally biased by the accidental environments of both traditions and customs.

In many ways women are "unconscious authors of their own misery." Inexperienced, unwise, innocent beings make irrevocable contracts, vows and promises; then, slave-like, they hug their chains and hate those who do not make the same sacrifices. Fettered people abhor those who are not fettered. We have never heard a free woman speak ill of a married woman, nor did we ever hear a married woman speak well of a free woman. Was there ever a more absurd monopoly than that of married women, who, if any others dare to have children, get indignant, flurried, wild and hysterical. Yet, unfortunately, like all monopolies, it has the support of the law.

The quality of bravery is more generally associated with man than with woman. We object to

this distinction. Men are muscularly stronger, women are braver. Spencer wrote, "Chronic ill-usage produces physical inferiority and physical inferiority tends to exclude those feelings which might check ill-usage." The typical woman is full of nerve. Among the early Christian martyrs more women than men died for their faith, and no nobler type appeared during the French Revolution than Madame Roland, whose last words before being guillotined will live forever: "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" When a woman has convictions she fears nothing. Women can be killed, but are never conquered. Marriage laws have made the world a prison for women, and the first thought of every prisoner is how to escape.

A liberal-minded woman is denied entrance into our modern society, for the same reasons that qualified her entrance into society in Athens. Thus that dread specter, *custom,*—the fear of being ridiculous, of being shunned,—has made cowards of millions of innocent, unsophisticated women. The right of woman is to permit her faculties a healthy development without restraint, unless economic conditions forbid. However, it must be kept in mind that in every condition in life a woman must either be personally responsible for her actions or else be chaperoned and sequestered. There is no middle course.

A boy's education has generally been directed toward being useful in the sphere of life he is likely to occupy; but a girl's training has not developed with the different succeeding forms and conditions. This lack of woman's training has permitted a modern type of man to evolve a gambling, plunging, dishonorable spendthrift, the idol

of the "sporty" world. This contemptible type is fast becoming so popular that wives and daughters in polite society are no longer safe from his degrading influences.

Men have by their labor-saving inventions and factories destroyed many of the old occupations of women, such as spinning, knitting, and the making of garments, and for the lack of suitable vocations every mechanic's daughter is brought up to be able to amalgamate with the society of idle bondholders. If parents will not, the state must insist, that all children shall be reared not only to be independent of their parents, but also to be of benefit to the state.

People who want to be good and make no effort to be intelligent are more dangerous than those who are intelligent with no desire to be good. The churchman of the time of Galileo thought it was impious to look through the telescope, for fear of being convinced of the truth of Galileo's statements. Many of our young unmarried women are from limited education the unhappy victims of antiquated creeds and customs. They are like Catholics, whose prayers do not represent their thoughts but their memories. Fettered by religious cobwebs, they are compelled or coerced to believe many things that are absurd to any one of enlightenment; they fail to trace the multiplied evils consequent upon old-fashioned methods, and instead of devoting their lives to the common weal, they become interested in church organizations, and often they attach themselves to institutions the very existence of which means a continuance of the customs or usages that caused the narrow, limited existence they themselves are doomed to live.

In Geyserland to be born a woman did not mean to be born an inferior. There they recognized that the initiative and imaginative faculties of a man excelled those of a woman; they also recognized the superiority of a woman's choice; in fact, they went so far as to assume that a superior thought could only be perfected by the collaboration of the male and female minds. The monopolizing of any one woman's mind by one man would appear to them grotesque and incomprehensible.

It is a mistaken idea that children are equally the offspring of the father and mother.*

The theory that prevailed for centuries in India, that an infant was entirely the creation of the father and that the mother was a mere incubator, did not prevail in Geyserland. The children belonged to the community, and the matrons were considered the chief creators and guardians of the race. The martyrdom of a mother is, without exception, the triumph of heroic, voluntary suffering.

It is not natural for a woman to love an inferior. A man is less delicate. In the crossing of races the mother invariably belongs to the inferior race. Only because of our abominable social and marriage laws are our healthy young spinsters in society coerced to make so-called desirable alliances with men who are not physically, mentally, nor morally their peers. The time has come when a woman should enjoy the freedom that modern conditions have made possible for her. We do not agree with Mr. Ruskin, "that through the poor outcasts and the despicable, can society be reconstructed," because the aristocratic social hero is

* Sir John Lubbock wrote, "Children were not in the earliest time regarded as related equally to both father and mother; but the natural progress of ideas is: 1st, that the child is related to the tribe generally; 2d, to his mother; lastly, and lastly only, that he is related to both."

indisputably the model for the masses. The well-being of humanity is above all social or church laws. Mimicry is a relic of the ancient ape, but unfortunately independence of thought is not encourage in our large schools. Our academies are only record halls for methods and ideas of past times, guarded by a jealousy which "pooh-poohs" innovations.

Briefly we will finish this chapter. The same principle that justifies a government in permitting a banker with sufficient capital and good name to transact the banking business, should likewise license a healthy spinster *to bear children* if she hypothecates or pledges such trust securities as will guarantee the healthy support of herself and her children. By this modification of the law no wrong would be done the community, the woman, or the child.

And, furthermore, we believe that with the present love of liberty, the growing tendency toward race suicide, and the general discontent with social conditions, many of our independent women would defy social ostracism and accept such a projected amelioration of their conditions rather than marry abroad or risk a permanent alliance at home.

CHAPTER XIX

MAPLE SHADE NOOK

"Quiet, to quick spirits is hell."—MILTON.

Love of nature is a privilege, not a penance.

"A word too much, or a kiss too long,
And the world is never the same."

To Adam's sorrow, matters were so well systematized in the Geyserland commune that the necessary work expected from each individual was small, and he found that unless he became interested in some of the local pastimes his only resource would be vain castle-building, or worrying about himself. Adam was not morose, but completely out of sympathy with his surroundings. The Seven Temples did not interest him, he was homesick, and his hours of lesiure bored him. He did not know what to do next, and would not have done it if he had.

If the world would only recognize that happiness dates from our nativity, and depends upon our temperament and not wholly upon our education or surroundings, how much more careful would they be who permit us to be born.

There was no good reason why Adam should not enjoy life, but he was constantly wandering alone and absenting himself from the sports and games, thinking of his sweet Polly Natson. He here personified an unenviable type of Christendom which magnified the importance of constancy and ignored the rationalism of there being two sides to every

question—even constancy and love. He had, with questionable wisdom, irrevocably decided whom he wished to love, and seemed to enjoy being very miserable about it. His constancy was so abnormal that he spurned the idea of being comforted. A happy man owes his companionship to his friends of society, but the duty of one who is downhearted is to keep himself in the background. When a man is in luck he feels convivial, lighthearted, and gay; but few care about social fun when things are going wrong.

During the spring, that season of the year when the sun did not set in Geyserland, Adam's habits became confused, like a blind man's idea of time. The mellow chimes of the watch-tower were the only gauge he had to measure the day. He seldom slept in his bower, but strolled alone to investigate the different odd sights, as independent of night as a cat. Adam felt, but did not know, that the only pure love is the love of Nature, and Nature never turns a deaf ear to those who love it. He was not a follower of the ignoble Saint Philip Neri, who said: "The love mortals show for animals is the love stolen from God." On the contrary, like most Englishmen, he had a keen appreciation of animal nature. If the necessity of money-making forces an Englishman to city life and manufacturing centers, he revels in the anticipation of his country outings on Bank holidays. He enjoys every moment of his time of bucolic freedom, and, unfortunately for his acquaintances, never tires of talking of how to breed rabbits or how to cultivate the scent of hounds.

As the possibility of any new animals was extremely improbable in Geyserland, the authorities

took every precaution to prevent the powerful from exterminating the weaker ones. Hence it was necessary for those to whom the duty was allotted to sequester in protected inclosures many of the weaker animals. This phase of Geyserland probably interested Adam more than any other, and his wanderings often led him to places where the animals were kept.

One spring evening he strolled to an inlet of the outer sea to see a seal pond where these gentle and intelligent animals were cared for in the same manner as poultry or sheep are with us. They furnished to the inhabitants of Geyserland almost as great a variety of useful articles as the sagacious pork-packers make the hog contribute in Chicago.

The treatment of seals so reminded him of the care of the hens and chickens at home—Adam was a man whom animals love—that as he wandered back to the great geyser lake, his mind returned to his dear old Stone Hall and his barn-yard fowls. He was glad to find one of the comfortable benches in the secluded shade of some maple trees. Having no beasts of burden, there were few roads in Geyserland, but there were beautiful malls, shady paths, picturesque alleys, and secluded walks for use and beauty. Rocks hewn into artistic shapes and rustic benches were found liberally scattered near these avenues, making cosy, comfortable, and possibly romantic places. There he could rest and meditate, while the birds sang around him, and, with these misty, delightful cogitations he soon fell asleep. The weird midnight of the Arctic, like the silent noontide of the Tropics, beckons rest and emotional dreams of peace.

When studying people, or an individual, it is

far more interesting to note what they are doing for amusement, than what they are doing from necessity. Those who offer as compensation for merit in this world, a career of idleness in a future world, seem to have selected a fascinating bait. Unfortunately, credulity is not confined to the lower order of intellect. Bunco-steerers do not look upon hayseeds as their only prey. All men are gullible at times. Frederick the Great could only account for the history of Europe by believing that the whole world had been crazy for twelve hundred years. What is this future world? Write out for yourself a scheme of happiness. We never knew of a Jew or Gentile who would be happy in heaven as it is described, "doing nothing," or who would be satisfied with a diet of "milk and honey." Sensible ambitions seldom aim at indolence. One can not classify pleasure until one has had a superfluous amount; for example, a child cannot properly place ice-cream or caramels in his scheme of life until he has had an abundance of each. This church ideal of happiness is one that savors of the life of a Polythenian chief, whose dignity even demanded that he be fed by his wives and slaves, lest he should lose prestige, or of James II., whose servant held the cards when he played whist.—Congenial occupation is happiness.

The efforts to legislate about the occupations of leisure have produced absurd laws and restrictions in every land. In Geyserland leisure hours were occupied by the gratifications of the seven qualities. Each sense had its temple, as described in the fourth chapter. It was recognized that "busy" happiness and mirth were the proper embellishments of life, and the elixir for all. All animals play. Nature loves play. What are the pretty

flowers? What is the rainbow? What are the singing birds? What is the glorious sunset? Nature's play.

The flesh-mortifying precepts of the church had borne fruits. Adam wanted mental excitement for his moments of leisure. Hopes and perspectives were necessary. Why should people who have always had what they want, be selfish? It must be imagination or the fear of wanting in the future. Why should a person who has never known hunger, fear it? Forethought must be the child of experience and imagination.

Adam did not abandon himself to mirth, for he wanted to be serious. It was not lack of enterprise, for he had visited each temple, and had tried to enjoy each sense; but he did not come from a sensuous ancestry. His pre-natal right to seven senses had not been recognized. The average pickaninny is born with a richer sensual nature, and is more capable of enjoying the physical blessings of the world, than the average denizen of Christendom, certainly as regards the senses of taste, music, and beauty. Why should any one's capacities for being charmed be unnecessarily limited? What scheme of righteousness is this that, if it does not encourage, at least does not condemn the morbid seeking of recreation at doleful funerals rather than dancing on the village green?

Happiness and contentment are curious studies. The negro slaves seem happy, the busy Chinese are unhappy, the English or Scotch do not seem gay. The French and Japanese love life, ambition, and fun. Hopes and prospects make thinking people gay, no matter how trivial the hopes and prospects are. The state of sadness seems a dormant condi-

tion of interests. The butterfly was a grub, and with an awakening of interests we can all be cheerful.

Adam was awakened with a start, and found Evrona sitting beside him, chuckling with laughter, and with a suspicious tickling little switch in her hand.

He straightened himself, and half opening his eyes detected deviltry in hers.

"What are you going to do next?" said she.

"I am not going to thank you for bringing me back a thousand leagues from my dear home."

"Look again, and polish up your gallantry," said she, as a soft caressing force emanated from her face. "Do men win women in your country by staring at them? Have you no pleasant word to say? How do you win pretty girls at home?"

The smile that crept slowly over Adam's face was a comedy without words for the accomplished flirt Evrona.

The blood in his veins was not ichor. After reason and emotion, touch is the first of the qualities, and is the embodiment of health. The close proximity of such a pretty girl made him forget his loneliness, and his cold, stolid indifference thawed.

"I shall be glad that you did awaken me," said he, "if you will tell me how pretty girls are won in any country."

"They are won best by him who uses no art in the winning."

"Then, by George! verily, I might succeed, as I have no art."

"Then doubtless you have had countless successes, and as the stars might tell, but they won't, you tell me," she said, putting her fair arm on

Adam's shoulder and nestling into a listening position.

This familiarity and friendliness in her face would have tempted Adam to comply with her wishes, for in his past Kentish days he had been guilty of telling some stalwart yarns in the taprooms at Tenderton. But his limited vocabulary and the danger of the subject made him hesitate and blush before inventing a few lines of his own "good adventures." This was all great fun for Evrona, whose merriment grew as Adam's embarrassment increased. She sat closer to him, and, placing his arm around her neck, said:

"Why this scrupulosity? Don't be afraid. I'm not a wasp nor a hornet, but a butterfly, who wants to be amused. Tell me all about your queer home. Do you think I would like it there?"

"You make me happy here," said Adam, terminating the long silence.

"At last," she said, "my little boy can speak. Now what difference does it make whether I am happy at your home, or you are happy at mine, so that we can laugh together?"

Women are always alert on the social frontier, and are always ready to flirt with new ideas or strangers, in contrast to men, who have but little use for strangers, and want things their own way.

Evrona plied Adam with a thousand questions, which, at first, he answered in monosyllables; but, finally regaining his composure, he conversed freely, until the watch-bells around the island summoned him to work again.

CHAPTER XX

FRU—HEROES—THE COMMON—OLD-TIME FESTIVAL—THE NEW YEAR

"The least homely sister is the beauty of the family."

"The least incapable general of a nation is its Cæsar."
—G. BERNARD SHAW.

THE utility of Captain Webb swimming the English Channel is that it has given hope to many a heart-sinking, shipwrecked sailor far from shore.

IT would be difficult to imagine a more charming scene than that presented by a portion of the common on the shore of the lake at the time of an out-door festival. Throngs of grown people and children, in their picturesque but rather scanty costumes, were gathered in groups, walking or lounging on the green, velvety turf. The shrubs and clusters of trees basked in the glory of the September sun. White marble statues adorned appropriate places.

Among the numerous gala days of Geyserland there was twice a year an "old-time festival," on which occasions the students reproduced the successes of former times. They dropped to-day to play yesterday. They imitated the old methods of spinning and weaving, butchering and cooking. They sang the songs and danced the dances of the old barbaric and civilized days, interspersed with stories and legends of the past. This was the radical's tribute to the conservative element.

If it were not for legends and tales associated

with different localities in Europe, the interest of the tourist would be greatly diminished. What would the Rhine be without its legends? and even in our own land, chronicles of the Colonial wars have given a touch of romance to many picturesque localities.

With the exception of the Holy Soul, or the Great Spirit of Nature, the Geyserlanders recognized nothing spiritual. Perhaps their nearest approach was an ancestral worship or the reverrence in which they held the memory of their noble dead, which suggests that many of the earlier words for "God" meant "the wisdom of those gone before us." In Geyserland, tablets and statues abounded. These statues were not erected for families who sought to magnify their own importance or to honor a family name, but by an appreciative community, who cherished the individuality of those who had benefited their fellow-men, and thus desired to perpetuate their memories by carving their likenesses and their deeds in hard, durable stone, just as England has erected a memorial to Shakespeare in Westminster Abbey, which is in no way connected with his grave. These carved records were necessary, because the same allurements that exaggerate school children's petty accounts of earlier achievements, also tend to influence the history of all men of eminence. It is to be noted, that, in the gradual growth of heroes' reputations, they become padded with a congregation of the odds and ends of their contemporaries' deeds—as Abraham Lincoln was credited with all the witty stories of Civil War times. Unless honestly described, the hero ceases to be a real personage and becomes supernatural, a useless

thing, a mere curiosity—like Hercules or William Tell. None of the Geyserlanders were, or ever had been, considered supernatural. There were no holy, canonized mortals, no infallible prelates, or supernatural models with whom it was sacriligious to compare one's self. It was believed that every Geyserlander had a right to the hope and ambition to equal, if not surpass, the heroes who had gone before.

Personal responsibility leads to a personal record. For whom is this record? By whom are we to be judged? Each day is a judgment day in detail that we ourselves can judge. But who is to put the quietus, to decide if our lives have been a success or a failure?

In Egypt the right of burial was established by a trial after death. With less burial ceremonies, this custom prevails to a certain extent with us to-day. The importance given to the burial is replaced by the regard for the memory of the departed one. The sad feature about this method is that the principal or chief actor never becomes acquainted with the result. Like life insurance, one must die before the winning. Good actions demand appreciation, and we believe that those who do right for the love of right do not very much care for a promised supernatural reward, nor insist upon recognition while living.

The masses, the millions of semi-noble people, are unquestionably stimulated and encouraged by the applause and approval of their fellow-men, which makes us believe that appreciation may come to us in the following order: first, our own self-respect; second, the respect of others whom we respect; and, last, and this the most selfish, tangible recompense.

On this warm afternoon, Fru, the unfortunate, small-bodied, big-boned hunchback poet, was expounding to the public the worth of its great men, and with delightful verbal fancies, was telling tales about the originals of these memorials. Like the minstrel bard of our pre-printing-press days, Fru was naturally a poet, if a poet is one who knows a story and can tell it beautifully. Troubadours and minstrels were praiseworthy men, for they sang of the heroes in the early days who had added a glory to noble actions that, let us hope, will never be outgrown.

As the half-naked boys and girls gathered about him and listened to his comic style, the interest taken, and the laughter and applause were good evidence that his vocation had been correctly chosen by the taskmasters. Happy, healthy, laughing children make the sweetest music that our ears have ever known.

The barbaric races who cultivated hero-worship, soon out-distanced others in culture and general progress. The native red man of North America seems to have been particularly wanting in hero-worship, when compared with other races. Before the landing of the white men one could have traveled for thousands of miles among the aborigines and seen no monument to record past events, or commemorate the career of dead heroes.

It is impossible to estimate how many noble actions have been the result of " Plutarch's Lives." the horrors and cruelties of the middle ages were largely due to the low standard of hero-worship. There was no powerful sentiment inspired by eminent people that made cruelty ignoble. James Freeman Clarke wrote, in " Ten Great Religions,"

"The life of Epictetus was as true as his thoughts were noble, but he had fallen on an evil age, which needed for its reform, not a new philosophy, but a new inspiration of divine life." There are two ways of improving human ethics, by precept and by example. To accomplish certain tangible reforms: higher wages, shorter hours, etc., clubs, organizations, leagues, and unions often help. But for the ennoblement of the masses—a hero—an individual example, if honestly portrayed, can influence millions of fellow-beings. Prosperity is less controlled by debating senators than by the examples of a worthy, just leader.

"Amadis of Gaul," and the church's flesh-mortifying ascetic saints, were poor standards for heroes compared with the victors of the Olympian games of Greece, or the moral glory of such Romans as Horatius, Quintus Curtius, and Regulus. Let us glance at the various types of heroes. The Olympian hero, who developed the noblest civilization the world has yet known; the gritty warrior of Rome, the noble followers of Christ in the first two or three centuries, the maudlin ascetic, the useless martyr and worthless saint of the Dark Ages, the hero of Charlemagne with his battle-ax and mace, the chivalrous knight with his deeds of romance, the man of worth to-day, respected by his fellowmen—the influence of all these heroes has made our history what it is.

Every virtue known to man grew up from a recognition of its need. New virtues and changes of popular characters are brought about by new ideals and new heroes, rather than by legislation or precept. The recording of noble acts is a price-

less legacy, because, as books beget books, so heroes beget heroes. The better hero is the natural outcome of the less noble one.

Records of both physical and intellectual heroes were kept in Geyserland, and the same enthusiasm which inspired the Greeks at their Olympian games, prevailed in that isolated Polar state, over a new record of scientific progress. Fru was thoroughly conversant with these statistics. Like our modern guide-books, he was ready to give the story of each and every one of these cherished models. When there is no public press, the art of speaking is the best method of reaching the public mind. The objective point of a poet is achieved when he succeeds in making people appreciate the glories of Nature as he feels them.

There is no law of Nature that prevents different people from having the same idea unknown to each other, and possibly worked out by different lines of reasoning. Fru was telling about a chemist who first made thermometers. His career had been less eventful than that of Galileo, and the inspiration of his energies was more for humanity than for fame. He made the thermometer as a peacemaker, rather than as a scientific tool. We doubt if the debt of gratitude due to Galileo as a peacemaker is sufficiently appreciated by us to-day. The reader might try the experiment of removing all the thermometers from his surroundings, then wait and hear the wrangling about the temperature. All reliable methods of weights and measures are peacemakers. Why cannot some man of a fertile mind produce a gauge for ascertaining how foul the air is in the house we inhabit? Then he, too, will be a peacemaker and a hero.

While Fru was talking about this Geyserland inventor of thermometers, two well-developed boys were "squaring up" for a "scrap" close to where Fru and his audience were gathered.

"Bravo! Steady! Biff!"

"Somebody stop those lads, one will be hurt!" exclaimed the kind-hearted laundress, Selladore.

"And why not?" said Wewo. "Let the little imps fight on and see which is the better imp. If they don't lose their temper there is no harm done. A boy who doesn't develop spunk will never be a man. It is the natural love of measuring one's growth."

"Nonsense!" said Selladore. "Surely these little rivalries can be settled in some easier way than fighting. Can't you wise men find a better system of developing courage in our children?"

"Certainly—let them fight with little swords. But, mark me, these little fist-fights carried on without malice are the only proper training of manhood. If we suppress this childish competition, how can we secure competition in adults? What exercise means to health the spirit of competition means to progress. Infants can be petted and spoiled by their mothers, it will not hurt them. Children should be allowed to be wild and natural, it develops them. The discipline that makes the guardsman would ruin a child. It is time enough when they become lad and lassie at the age of twelve and the characters are formed, that they should be educated and disciplined. Teach a child obedience, but do not drill it, for that contracts its nature and cows its spirit. Am I not right, good mother Var Voon?"

"Quite right, Mr. Wise Man. Good-natured quarrels are the little episodes that make life inter-

esting, for some people must have accidents in order to have sensations. Will you try a bout with me, laddie?"

"Certainly, we will fight with weapons made of eider-down. We will fight like turtle doves wooing in the tree."

"No," exclaimed the plump ex-matron. "If we are to fight in the tree, please leave the eider-down under the tree."

A crowd of idlers gathered, and the boys' fight went on; it was jolly, cleanly fought, and spirited.

The bout was hardly finished when the chimes rang out and one of the maidens exclaimed, "The moon! The moon of the New Year!"

In response to this discovery, everybody stood up and began a sweet pæan to the harvest moon, the advent of the New Year.

Then a dear old veteran mother, dressed in white and yellow, said, "Sweet Fairmena, look; there comes the senior taskmaster, Robo!"

The venerable Robo advanced slowly, and saluted Fairmena with a courtly salaam. "My congratulations, lovely daughter of our realm. Bring hither the raiment, lads." He then presented her with a beautiful casket containing her new costumes.

"Thank you, Sire," said Fairmena, "and thank you all for your kind words. My lads, to my bower with this casket. I will follow."

CHAPTER XXI

THE SYCAMORE GROVE—STARTLING CONSPIRACY—EVRONA, ADAM, AND LORK

"The simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

—WORDSWORTH.

"My own doctrine is the doctrine of expediency, and it makes for surviving."—JACK LONDON, "Seawolf."

"My present state requires nothing but knaves
To be about me, such as are prepared
For every wicked act."

—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

ADAM was not the only one who was dissatisfied with the existing state of affairs in Geyserland, for Evrona had been sadly disappointed when tried and found wanting. This wayward, beautiful girl, satiated with the admiration of her ardent admirers and innately unsympathetic with vacillating people, found the friendship of the staunch Adam attractive. She liked him because he talked of doing new things, and she was ready to sympathize with any fresh departure from the established ways of the land. She was captivated by his earnestness, little heeding his aims, because with her it was the feminine sympathy for creation which is always a woman's dream.

Women have but little initiative or imagination, but excel men in quick appreciation of new ways and things. They are always the first to welcome a stranger. Evrona had not forgotten Adam's

smile of innocence and manliness at the time of the egg episode. A soul's responding glance is often a foundation for many a friendship.

Adam pushed his good fortune, and sought her, the comeliest young woman in the land, to be his companion in listless moments, and to her he confided his disapproval of Geyserland methods. His interest in her, however, was merely superficial. He never for a moment regarded her as his equal. She was affectionate, even fascinating, but as to taking things seriously—such a thought never entered his head. She was an alien. His attitude was characteristic of his English blood.*

To listen to Adam was treason, yet, being interested, she allowed it and he talked on, and drew pictures of the independent classes of England, and the fire and reckless dash of wide-awake and ambi-

* There is an element certainly cruel, and possibly ridiculous, when a people magnifies its own importance to such an extent that it ignores meritorious qualities of other people and refuses to assimilate with them. To-day one would not be wide of the mark if one should wager that out of a hundred Irishmen ninety per cent. would vote to annihilate the negroes and Chinese as heathen. The Carthaginians had little of race prejudice. Alexander advised his officers and soldiers to assimilate with the inhabitants of all conquered countries. The Romans did the same thing, but the twice-born Brahmin conquerors of India, and the Incas of Peru enslaved the conquered, whereas the Jews of Canaan and the Angles of the southern and eastern shores of Britain annihilated the inhabitants. The Anglo-Saxon annihilated the Britons in those portions of the island they first conquered because the Britons were organized upon a different scheme of social life. They did not wish a servile people among them. The grand old Anglo-Saxon unit was a freeman, whereas the Celtic-Roman-Briton was either noble, underling, or slave. There remain no aborigines in the West Indies. There will be no Australians nor New Zealanders in years to come. The negro with his happy disposition, which leads more to mimicry than to ambition, is more likely to survive than those races which have no amalgamating qualities. The Jews claimed to be a chosen people, because, as Marshall Wilder suggests: "The Jews wrote the book," but the more scientific Ripley states: "The Jews are not a race, but only a people. Such individuality as they possess, by no means inconsiderable, is of their own making from one generation to the next, rather than a product of unprecedented purity of physical descent."

tious men. She was interested in him, and they became affectionate companions with their secret thoughts of discontent as a live bond of sympathy.

Secrets are necessary to crafty, designing people, but all lovers of the public good must recognize a subtle danger where they exist; for a secret generally means trickery somewhere. The priests of the Roman Church have, like the ancient oracles of the Magi, insisted upon having the confidence and secrets of its followers, and no one can deny the tremendous power they have thus obtained. The public wants, as Goethe said, "more light." If we only knew the secrets of our trusts and monopolies, how very soon they would become quasi-public property.

Evrona always sought Adam when she was downhearted, as he alone, of all her friends, could console her. He could always tell her of things that "might be." These desperate moods had been overwhelmingly intensified by the ceremonies of the "new moon," at which time Fairmena had had her triumph, receiving the token of a noble future career, while she, Evrona, had been stigmatized as a female drone.

Utter helplessness, when surrounded by wrongs, is a terrible situation, dangerous to one's self and to those around one. Like a frenzied rat in a vacuum, one becomes wild before succumbing; or when the power or ability or capacity does come, how seldom one strikes the real enemy, and how prone one is to advertise one's wrongs by striking an eminent person, absolutely innocent, in pure frenzied desperation. Third parties too often seem to be the innocent victims of the desperate. Like the old story of a man who, having lost like a gen-

tleman all of his money in a gambling house, on leaving the house viciously kicked an innocent old man who had stopped to tie his shoe-string on the club steps, with the unjust query, "Why in the devil are you always tying your shoe-strings on these steps?"

Adam would have admitted that he was happy if he could have freed himself from his early selfish prejudices and his impractical romantic love for Polly Natson. Like all other citizens of Geyserland, he submitted himself to a complete physical inspection every dozen days, which was recorded in all its details. By his last records his health was better than it had been at any previous time. He only felt unhappy because the others were as happy as he, and, with the characteristic, autocratic English desire to dominate everybody, he sought how he could become master of the situation. What were the possibilities—escape? rebellion?

Adam stood well in his own opinion. Modesty and merit are not often found together, for when a man is clever he is generally clever enough to know it. "The like of me comes but once in centuries," wrote Erasmus, and Shakespeare said of one of his own verses, "The pyramids shall not outlive this powerful rhyme." "What a genius I was when I wrote that"—Dean Swift. Pride and boasting seem to have been early habits, for on Assyrian monuments and cylinders kings boasted of their prowess, as, "Under the auspices of Nimip 120 lions fell before me."

Adam had been brought up to think that he was a man of importance, somebody in particular, and he believed that he had that genius that could command an army and organize a government.

Would-be heroes are not long forlorn; he proposed to brook no rule, but to master those around him. His autocratic ancestors believed in settling disputes by strength, but he knew that when a man was positively certain that he was right and was opposed by the majority, that he then had to either submit to arbitration, or be prepared to have his head broken. Ancestral traits cannot be eradicated in one generation, and the same force that made the martial neighbors of the Athenians have contempt for their unwarlike spirit, made Adam with his piratical ancestry—to whom war was the "right of way," the Supreme Court of justice—despise the inhabitants of Geyserland. He never let ethics interfere with his ambitions. Adam never doubted his philosophy and had no kinship with any "perhaps"; he knew what he wanted. He did not appreciate these Geyserlanders and did not know that they were akin, years back, to those warlike, unruled, and unconquered Eskimos who broke up so many of the small Danish colonies in West Greenland in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

He was much wrought up. He purposed being master of himself in matters that pertained to himself, and looked upon taskmasters as impudent intruders upon his rights of manhood. Adam realized that he could not escape unaided, and what would any of his Geyserlander companions do in Christendom? They would die of homesickness in spite of their perfect physiques, or, escaping that, they would be broken on the wheel for their unorthodox thoughts; hence, revolt was the only possible thing, and once in power he could make his own arrangements for returning home.

There were no "dregs of society" with which to recruit a revolt. The power that preserved order

in Geyserland was the Guards. What could Adam offer guardsmen? They seemed very peaceable and apparently had no grievances. Yet he must control this element. "There is no use arguing against Cæsar, who has twenty-five legions." What had he to offer? Promises? He could promise all the stars in the firmament if necessary, and Adam appreciated Plato's words, "You cannot guide a multitude without deceiving them." No matter which way the wheel revolves, forward or backward, all revolutions are brought about by the introduction of a new ideal, or the resurrection of an old one. Adam's ideal was the dashing, piratical adventurer. In every community there is a possibility of a discordant element. Even heaven had a Lucifer. So Adam decided to search among the guards for the discontented, as a man looks for tainted food in a basket. He was courageous, and to him this undertaking seemed perfectly feasible.

Evrona and Adam were present upon the lawn the day of the midsummer's new moon, when Fairmena received her casket of new raiment, and congratulations from her friends. They silently watched the happy scene, Evrona with jealousy, and Adam, keenly sensitive to his inferior position, with the sullen feelings of one deprived of his birthright, ambitions, and hopes. As the crowd dispersed Evrona followed Adam to a nearby beech grove, and laughingly embraced him.

When forming an opinion of a community where the rights of women are as distinctly recognized as the rights of men, any advantage of either sex should be noted; for example, in Christendom one privilege which men have to their advantage, and for which women have no equivalent, is the

social custom of offering a token of regard when friends meet—it may be a drink, a cigar, a pinch of snuff, or a joke. The only privilege women have when they meet is the nervous handshaking or embracing, which seem vain substitutes and, unless accompanied by flattering speeches, are empty and void. Public exhibitions of affection (affectionate demonstrations) are vulgar. Handshaking is only a resource for the nervous to avoid awkwardness. Those of punctilious manners, like the Orientals, seldom touch each other in public; the act of kissing with them is indicative of such an advanced stage of intimacy that it is never done in the presence of witnesses; but their occasional custom of patting or stroking appears most appropriate, as it is quite natural for us to pat and stroke a pet animal.

"Come," said Evrona, with an attempt at her old-time vivacity, "cheer up. One can be sad, two should be gay. Come with me, tell me all your secrets, let no subject be sacred between us. Have you worked so hard that no time is left for joys?"

"I do not understand your joys, my sweet cosset," said Adam.

"Why should you, if you like them? Happiness is a sweeter goal than excitement, and assuming an air of being happy shows good breeding."

"Pleasures should be the reward for something, for where all are happy, the charm is gone."

"Your reason is diseased; let your healthy instincts prevail. Put your arms around me and let us stroll together."

"Sweet girl, because you are talking you must not imagine you are thinking. You think too little —if you would use your mind more you would

get more happiness out of life. In my land handsome women like you have all the happiness, and the others are not mentioned."

"We must take and appreciate the pleasures of life as we find them," she said. "I cannot expect to be like Fairmena. They say my disposition is not good enough to hand down to posterity."

"Queer people—sheep," grunted Adam, and thought to himself, "What we strive for at home, grit and hell-defying daring, is suppressed here." Then, aloud, said: "What would happen if you should defy the laws?"

"Why should I defy them? They are our laws—my laws," she replied.

"They are not my laws, I have no inclination nor intention to obey them," exclaimed Adam.

"Tut, tut, that is treason."

"Never mind, listen. My father gave me power, and in my country, young as I was, I directed work, and I now object to working in the fields."

"But," said Evrona, "in order to live happily in a community, people must be slaves of what they need; and as social laws are needed, they must be slaves of the social laws. Our taskmasters are most wise and just. Let the officers do the thinking. They watch others and are themselves watched, and so on. You have been shown your rights."

"At home we have two classes of people—the scheming class, those who think, and the obedient class, those who have their thinking done for them," interrupted Adam. "I belong to the former class, and do not intend to have taskmasters tell me to do things that I do not consider necessary."

"Do what you are told to do, and don't think

any more about it," she said; "for it is foolish for you and me to do the work for those whose business it is to govern us. They are the best fitted to arrange each person's work for the country's good."

"Damn the country's good! My good is what I am after. I was made for the world, not the world for me; but a government must be made for me. I will not accept this or any other government that denies me liberty. I gasp for breath when I think of being alone in this community. I feel like a yellow, homeless dog, full of affection, with no one to love me. Does everybody like this state of things? Is no one unhappy?"

"Of course, we have discussions, and the losers are not cheerful. But, hush! You are talking treason."

"To the Devil with this social tyranny! Why should I sow," said Adam, "if my children cannot reap? I would rather be in jail or some haven of rest. Why permit those ignorant taskmasters to smother me? Somebody is wrong here. These laws do not suit me. I believe in reform, and, by Beelzebub and all his outfit, I am going to do the reforming!"

"But your reform will be a perpetual struggle day and night; very nice for the young and strong, but I hate to think of the old ones. Might will be right, and the powerful will take cruel means to keep their power. It would be well enough for me, now that I am young and pretty, but when I am old and broken I should not be as happy with your ideas as with the customs here. So, come now, Adam, you cold, unnatural creature, come with me, stop brooding like this. It will lead to no good. If you are human, come, let us be

happy together. It is splendid fun to be silly. Let us laugh and be gay."

"Run along, fair butterfly. I will follow later. But, wait, who is that guardsman skulking about and watching us? Is it possible that I am already dogged by spies?"

"Oh, don't worry about him," said Evrona, "he is one of my many shadows. I should not have to invite him twice to come to my bower."

"If you think he would be a friend, he is the kind of man I would know."

"I won't do what is wrong."

"Damn what is wrong! You don't know what is right and what is wrong. It is wrong not to have power. Do as I say and we shall have power. You don't see the world for yourself, you look at it for other people. A woman like you should be above all these trivial things; recognize your power—be great. Women who come after you will be grateful to you for having stood by me in showing what a clever woman could do."

"As you say, Adam; for everything you want me to do, I'll do," replied Evrona. "Go fetch him hither. I am not afraid of him—he will do anything for me."

"I will tell him that you want him, for the way he looks at you, and the way he looks at me it as different as the way a bumble-bee would look at a rose and at a jimson weed. I am the jimson weed."

A few minutes later, when Lork approached, she said, "I have sent for you, Lork, because I want you to know my friend Adam."

Lork, with becoming civility, hoping by his courtesy and obedience to propitiate Evrona, made some gracious remark.

"Thank you, good Lork. Adam is still a stranger here; he knows not our ways. Let him tell you about the people among whom he has lived. He who is kind to my friends I consider kind to me," she said, with a glance full of meaning. Then, knowing the advantages of her absence, she suddenly remembered something she had forgotten.

After she had gone, Adam approached the guardsman, saying:

"My head aches from the lack of using. I have a cunning head and in my country that means wealth and power."

"What mean you by wealth and power?"

"Power, the essence of life, is that for which every male animal under the sun should strive," exclaimed Adam, bubbling over with civilized ideas. "Wealth means extra possessions which increase man's power in proportion to their exchangeable value."

"Wealth, my good fellow, here that is all impossible, for we each have our place in the government like so many bones in the body. The knee-bone can only do the knee-bone's work."

"Bosh! Who told you that? What do you know? You have lived among one kind of people, I have lived among two kinds."

Lork did not relish being spoken to in this sharp manner, but it was policy to keep his temper, so he simply answered:

"Our laws must be obeyed."

"The devil they must! Where I came from laws are made to be broken. Our richest people thrive by the flaws in the laws. We are brought up to obey the laws we want to obey, and the laws we have to. I will die before I do servile work;

that is, if I can not thrash or outwit someone to do it for me." Popular feeling in Geyserland was not on the side of such as outwit the law.

"Gently, my friend, speak not against the government."

"Do you wish to report me for investigation? That will be noble and brave. Harken, man, I should like to see things better here. I know that I with some good friends to help me could soon dictate who should do the disagreeable work on this island, and it would not be you or I. Listen, be my friend, and I will make things better for you."

"Things better! How?"

"As I have said, power is all we need, it controls the game. Why do you work? Let me tell you. It is because you do not think. Get the strong against the weak, and the weak will stay where they belong. The weak have no rights, because Nature has given the stronger the privilege of having their own way. Those who want, must work; those who don't want, need not work. So let us organize power, and he who can best do it shall be our chief."

"You will be denied food at the first proof of your rebellious thoughts."

"You are not certain," replied Adam; "but if it were so, is it not more manly to take that chance than to live in ignoble servitude? My idea is that all people must be warlike, or become servile—which they mighty well deserve to be. Is there not something, somebody that you like better than life? It is all a question of being master or slave. If you are master you can ask the girl you admire to be yours, yours only, and yours forever, and as for children, the man who owns the cow owns the

calf. Let me murmur something to you. I have such a girl in yonder land. She is waiting for me, and if you will help me and be my friend, I will help you and do all that I can."

Adam looked him straight in the eye. Lork caught Adam's glance, and, as he understood, his face softened. This removed a great load from his mind, as his jealousy of Adam on account of Evrona did not tend toward anything approaching friendship. Meeting Adam's open English gaze, his manner changed, and, extending his hand, he only said, "You can count on me."

"You know others," said Adam. "See them, talk to them secretly. I will prepare a plan."

"I know many who would rather do other work than their prescribed tasks, and some others who would rather quarrel and fight than do any kind of work," replied Lork.

"That is good," mused Adam. "Tell these people that their chance has come. Go carefully. You must promise the discontented guards that they will each be an officer and each have a matron and his own children. Tell the women they can all be mothers. The land shall be ours, and so divided that each strong and faithful follower shall have his share and be master over his own servants. Get all the people you can to argue about their dissatisfactions, because arguing promotes unrest. Bring me your friends secretly, and I will tell them how William of Normandy conquered old England. Consider Nature—the birds. How do they work? Is it the hen or the rooster which toils? Which is the stronger? The combination of the clever and the strong should be the roosters of this community. To the deuce with old men, children, women, and weaklings!"

"After we succeed, she shall be mine alone?" said Lork, interrogatively.

"I will do all I can to help you to the end," Adam ignominiously replied. "Let that be a sacred secret between us." This treatment of Evrona can only be explained by his not thinking of her as of the same order of creation as himself.

"Agreed. As you say, I will do. I will report anon. Good-day."

Adam, inspired with that courage which comes from bravery and knowing that no man could make a dive who did it by halves, realized that he had crossed his Rubicon.

Adam had none of the Jeffersonian democracy. Universal suffrage had not at his time been preached. To appreciate his ideas of the inequality of people, we might look at it from his point of view and review the origin of inequality.

In the early days of barbarian culture, when people first began to establish their ancestry by their father in preference to their mother, the young husband with his wife, cow, and sheep migrated from his too thickly peopled birthplace and claimed so much land in a new territory. Then the custom was, and that custom, according to Sir Henry Maine, still prevails in its purity in many parts of Asia, that each son when born had a positive claim to a portion of land equal to that of his father, and each succeeding male child had an equal share with those who preceded him. To avoid the inconveniences of possible disputes and frequent settlements, the property was seldom divided, the oldest son of the oldest son being recognized as the supreme owner. Strangers were sometimes adopted into families or clans, and

sometimes when a tribe had been weakened by war or famine were allowed to assume all the rights of blood relationship. At other times, if the clans were sufficiently strong and independent, this right was not permitted and strangers occupied another caste as inferiors, but not necessarily as serfs. Thus the tribes were often divided into three castes; the principal family, or the aristocracy or gentry; then the freedmen, who were not of the blood, and the slaves or captives. In those days all were not born equal, or even free, and those were the ideas and customs most familiar to Adam. This system of inequality survived almost in its purity in the Scottish highland clans in the time of Adam, and also prevailed throughout Europe.

The prospects of success brightened when Adam discovered the importance of the aid Evrona brought him. She liked him, and measuring him by something above herself, she was flattered by the importance of the secret. Adam wanted his father and his friends to think well of him, but Evrona was great enough to care for the friendship of a stranger, as women always do. Some people have a rare, instinctive talent for enjoying intrigue and keeping secrets. Besides her admirer Lork, she had, among many others, a wrinkled-up, gossiping old man named Tintax, The Tattler.

It is worth considering for a moment why, in a country where there is no property, a young woman should like an old man. Probably she is flattered by the attention of one of experience. Old men are gentler and less selfish than young men, and a girl acquires a position of esteem among wise people when presented by an aged admirer. Evrona's

friend, the aged Tintax, always went around with a mental indigestion, having in his mind subjects he could not understand, a much-worried looking man, who would have been far happier if he could have swallowed or accepted the solution of others on moral and political questions. His was an uneasy soul, and besides this unhappy characteristic he also had the reputation of knowing the business of everybody else. Thus, inadvertently, he gradually furnished Evrona with a list of those whom Adam could approach. Adam sought for the proletariats—but there were none. His only hope was to pick from the brave and brawny those who were unhappy, disappointed, or brooding with discontent.

He was most perplexed to discover inducements to offer these people to join in his rebellion. He was shrewd enough to know that it is folly to bait a mouse-trap with cheese in a cheese factory. The Geyserlanders had everything they desired. What possible compensation could he offer to them in Christendom? Hence, he realized that he must study temperaments rather than conditions, and recognized that love for a woman with the auxiliary traits of envy, lust, jealousy, and pride might furnish him with the necessary means of securing followers. Thoroughly interested, he was soon launched in his scheme to foil the government of Geyserland. He selected such men as would harmonize with his discontent, as a lady would select the colored skeins for her embroidery. To arouse industry by selfishness is not always easy. Yet he purposed to unite all the selfish, strong people, and thus force the others into submission. This was a task full of danger. Adam was no coward, he knew nothing of fear, cared nothing for personal

comforts. But he was desperate—desperate with a frenzy that would scuttle a ship, if he could not have his own way. He could not appreciate and would not tolerate his present position. He did not believe himself to be selfish, he simply wanted what he was accustomed to have. And he found that in Geyserland there were some who listened to his excited legends of the period of civilization and secretly questioned themselves whether the old infuriating game of " Every one for himself " did not have more charm, just as there are in our country a few who look back with regret to the passing of sailing ships, canal boats, and horse carriages.

When selfish individual enterprise is rewarded by personal benefits, such a hold is made on man that it is almost impossible for him to take an altruistic view of life, and the unhappy feature about this is that there are so many imitations of this successful sordid scheme, that, like a plague, all Christendom becomes impregnated with it.

As the returned Arctic explorer sickens for the terror and excitement of the Arctic exploits, so to Adam the peaceful days in Geyserland seemed insipid. Strong young men were particularly attracted by Adam's talk, for Adam believed himself right, and strong belief wins strong men. Slowly, with patience and persistence, his plot grew.

Adam's methods were not without ingenuity. He told everyone that he wanted to know their ways so as to compare them with the customs he had left at home, and that he proposed making an oration or lecture to demonstrate the advantages of each system.

Flot, the funny man of the field, suspected something wrong, and reported it to Wewo, which was doubtful friendship on Flot's part. He thought, however, he was taking the lesser mean course, as a small man would give his big intoxicated friend in charge of the police when his big friend was determined to go to a gambling den. A physician who can cure a limb is better than the surgeon who would amputate it. As no one believed what Flot said, his warning was not much considered. Wewo did speak to Adam, but Adam's reply was perfectly plausible, as Wewo himself had advised him to make known the habits of the country he came from, as he wished to be well informed about the differences.

CHAPTER XXII

FASHO AND FAIRMENA AT THE SPRING

"Adoration is the homage due from a creature to its Creator."—CHARLES READE.

"Statesman, yet friend to truth of Soul sincere,
In action faithful and in Honor dear,
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend."

—POPE.

IT will ever be logical for man to expect the First Cause of the universe to consider him as he would expect to be considered by his own creations —his children. And all emotional demonstrations of gratitude and acknowledgment in this line are but the homage due to the bounty of the Spirit of Nature.

Hallowed emotions of the mind are just as necessary to some as sweet music and agreeable odors are to others, and all religions are but inventions to make hallowed emotions easy.

If mortals could give a mind to each of their mechanical inventions, from which they could receive a response of sympathy, then their relationship with their creation would be closer and their love for it greater. Our Creator made it possible for all living creatures, from the lowest order of procreative life, to develop that mysterious quality, Mind.

The Geyserlanders divided mind, which is erroneously supposed in Christendom to place men above brutes, into two parts,—emotion and reason, —and believed these two parts existed in varied degrees of development in all living things. The

philosopher with scientific knowledge, that is, with a just appreciation of Nature, will have emotional feelings that will replace the puerile forms and ceremonies of any prescribed religion, but his emotional feelings will always seek an outlet.

We should each demonstrate our emotions as we feel them, as the flowers give their beauty, the birds their song.

Emotional feelings can be divided into four stages:

1st, Spiritual, with uncanny immaterial influences; with magicians and hypnotists for exemplifiers, like the soothsayers or magi of the East.

2nd, Theological, with church organizations and efforts toward unity and emotions, such as was taught by the Jews, Buddha, Mohammed, and Joseph Smith.

3rd, Metaphysical, with attempts to explain unknowable matters according to the rules of common sense, as Emerson, Channing, and the fraternity of Unitarians would direct.

4th, Scientific, or the positive study and individual appreciation of the universe, the cold creed of rationalism, as Humboldt, Goethe, Wagner, Haeckel, Kant, Voltaire, Comte, Huxley, and Confucius would have it.

Let it be observed these four degrees rotate in this order, and those who become lazy, weak, or wearied by the fourth degree, return to the first, as we have seen done by those wisest of modern men, Swedenborg and Wallace, seemingly to begin on the wheel again with the fourth dimension, spirits, hypnotism, etc.

Savages have always been appreciative of the most palatable drinking water, and as it is natural for all of us to pause with a feeling of awe before

anything that is mysterious, pure springs have from most ancient times been regarded with a mysterious awe. In the early days of European Christianity, missionaries could not overcome the adoration that the pagans had for these selected springs and fountains, therefore the priests, with characteristic craftiness, dedicated all such fountains to the Holy Virgin, or to some saint like Catharine or Apollinaris, hence the shrines and sacred grottoes—and thus another tangible element of worship was added to the church.

Fairmena had wandered to a famous spring in the forest. There she stood with her beautiful arms outstretched toward the clear cerulean sky, visible through the boughs of the lofty pines, each towering toward the boundless space in sympathy with her thoughts, like the pillars in a Gothic cathedral. Thus poised she chanted some musical lines to the Source of the Mystery that furnishes the delicious beverage. The outburst of Fairmena's appreciation was spontaneous, because there was no ritual in Geyserland; but such songs of praise to the Only Soul were common, as a relief for the divine emotions of the mind. As naturally as the birds, Fairmena burst into a melody of praise of our Host.

"We are often made to feel with a shivering delight that from an earthly harp are stricken notes which cannot have been unfamiliar to the angels."

—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Investigations of Nature's bounties are proper and healthy, songs of thanksgiving are wholesome; but prayers—another name for desires—if sincere are ungrateful, if formal are only mental degrada-

tion. Fairmena's pæan of praise was purely thanksgiving.

The psalms sung one thousand years before Christ were the earliest record we have of these outbursts. Poor Greece and Rome were only beginning to think at that time. Therefore, let us give the Jews credit for the first whispering or hailing to El the Only Soul. Unbridled flights of fancy and unwarrantable assumption were, by the primitive people, conceived in all manners, varying from the one spiritual God of Zarathushtra of the ancient Persians and of the Parsis and Unitarians of to-day to the endless numbers of personifications of the gods of the Greeks and Romans. It was not so in China, where a totally different manner of living was practiced. There there was no enthusiasm, "everything was flat like their own country," order, properties, manners, industries—all were commonplace repetitions "in the trodden path."

In Geyserland, where centuries of philosophical reasonings had evolved a contempt for anything supernatural or mythical, a middle course was pursued, and the dreamy, poetical ideas were countenanced because their wise men knew that life without fancies and fads would be without imagination or the spirit of progress.

Shallow mental work produces nervous excitement of the mind. The mysticism and beauty of a vesper service has been felt by the most arrant heretic. In the earliest times the savages sought more in Nature than they could see, for as we know, emotions preceded thought. The primitives

thought that certain objects in the universe had more influence over them than others, and they could not comprehend a mysterious power without some tangible symbol or token, because a confused mind always seeks symbols. Fetishes and amulets thus became the objects of their superstitious worship. Phallic worship was the visible outgrowth of the phenomenon of procreation, and survives with us in our steeples, obelisks, horse-shoes, and bracelets.

The next progressive step was when the devout worshiper invoked lesser powers to intercede with the Great Power—to have little powers or saints intercede with the more hallowed ones. The Mohammedans have reduced intermediates to one —"The Prophet." With the Mohammedans, salvation is gotten by fighting for the crescent and by unquestioning obedience and belief. They acquired this latter doctrine from the church, and in return the church, at the time of the crusade, adopted their idea of fighting for the cross. These two religions were the only ones which converted by the sword.

It is rather a remarkable coincidence that the terms "God" and "Devil" became reversed. Devil is from the old Sanskrit word for the Good Spirit that has come down to us in the Latin Deus and the French Dieu. The word God comes from "Bog"—a demon of the Teutons, who was prayed to because he was evil and greatly feared. They did not pray to the good spirit, as there was no necessity.

It makes no difference what god or gods one worships, as there are a thousand ways of approaching the Holy Soul with divine feeling. Churches were organized as emotional clubs. One religious

creed is good, until extended observations and reflection supply a better one, unless that religion, like the Roman Catholic, has as a fundamental element the discussion about it a sin.

With the advance of knowledge, the First Cause, the Divine Spirit, becomes stupendously magnified, and although still incomprehensible, is more and more recognizable as the first and only impelling force of man's love.

Let good acts be your prayers, appreciations your laudation, every perfume your incense, every note your Te Deum, every repast your communion, every fellow-being your Son of God, and every poetic thought or pure emotion your portion of the Only Soul.

Fairmena had stopped her lines of praise. Her thoughts were free and the ethereal soul of Nature was being absorbed by her emotions. Her mind was wandering on in a silent psalm to the Power back of all the causes, when she was made conscious of a presence near her.

"What words can a man find for the lost dream of his life?" said Fasho.

"Obey, be true to yourself, and do your duty, Fasho."

"To obey and to be thus bound and to be thus harnessed ill becomes a man like me. Oh! Fairmena, is there no other path, can't you refuse this noble mission for me? Love wants all. Love will take nothing but all. Love will give all that love can give."

Fairmena, who keenly felt that maternity was her mission in life, said, "Fasho, you should not ask me this. I should be a criminal against our race and abhorred by all the people whom you and I

respect. You and I would both be wrong." Her pure love of right dominated her. She did not depreciate Fasho's noble nature, but she knew that her offspring would not be worthy of the republic, and her "no" was the final "no" of a high-principled woman.

"Then death must end it all, and with some sweet, deadly drug I will hasten to oblivion," he replied.

"We are always dying, Fasho; each day we lose a part of our life, and we need courage to do our best with what remains. The unlucky blow that made you a cripple was just as severe to me, my dear, and my life will never be the dream of joy I had expected. You and I can ever be adoring friends. Love is adoration, not sensual lust."

"Destiny is joking; this shall not be!" said he as he approached her.

"Stop! Help me, Fasho!" cried Fairmena, as his attitude revealed but too distinctly that he wished to embrace her.

"All that I can be to you, I will be," continued Fairmena, with that intenseness that belongs to firm minds. "Although you have my heart and sympathy, my body is consecrated to the state, and there is only one way in which my duty lies. I would not have solicited this position, but the position called for me, and we understand what that means; my body must be the servant of duty, but my aching heart, my sympathy, my love, are yours, dear Fasho."

"Oh, Roul!" Fasho groaned.

"Fasho, you know our laws and how proscribed my privileges are; you have always been the only love of my heart; you will have no reason to be jealous of Roul.—Loving without hope is the

greatest bond we have with the Holy Soul.—The nearest link to the divine and a most ennobling influence." Perilous for her self-control, Fairmena added, " I leave you now, but you, Fasho, will help me. Think, study what you can do for me."

To conceal her own grief and the passionate throbbings of her heart, she hurriedly walked away from this painful interview, and faded into the darkness without once turning her head.

When there is perfect sympathy of mind and heart there is inevitably a passionate desire for bodily blending. The importance given this feeling has varied in all degrees of culture, but love without sympathy is as common to-day among the highest educated classes as in the slave market of the savage. Love, or that physical function which is gratifying to every perfectly healthy person, when combined with sympathy is the realization of the hope of all intelligent people, but like honor and truth, it is almost chimerical, and those statesmen who reckon without the combination build the best. Around the sympathy of each person is a circle, some narrow and intense like Fasho's love for Fairmena, others wide and comprehensive, like unto a love and interest for all the people of the world.

Fasho sat down, watching the bubbling waters, lost in thought, when he in turn was interrupted by Adam, who shuffled, bowed, and said:

" My salutations, Mr. Marshal."

" What do you want? " asked Fasho curtly.

" I wish to say that you might forgive the cause of your misfortune if you knew me better. Allow me to put upon your handkerchief this perfume.

It was my selection from the olfactory depot this morning. I would talk with you."

"Go on, lout."

"Be careful, Fasho; I admit no man my superior. I have not been in the habit of being spoken to lightly, and it will be difficult for me to accustom myself to it. But I can ill afford to quarrel with my benefactor."

"You overgrown, loose fish. I want neither love nor pity from an inferior."

It is observed that Fasho did not adopt the oriental method of insulting Adam, by referring to his family, that odious custom now so common in the whole wide world.

"Now stop, stop right now!" cried Adam. "Don't try to browbeat me. I was brought up in England, where that is every man's game. Perhaps I can inform you about some things to your advantage, and your indifference may change to gratitude. Your people for centuries have lived most model lives. You have always been slaves to stern and rigid laws, possibly to cure the result of previous conditions. Now the work is done. These traditions may be obstacles to individual freedom. For after a thing gets ripe it gets rotten. Why not adopt such principles as will enable you to enjoy more? Being considerate of others is not the full standard of man; he must also possess the power of ability to secure his own right and be ready to die rather than be wronged by another. The only authority that you and I should recognize is that of the man who can force us to obey. You and I are victims here, and I want a good reason for not having what I want. You are brave. Our great philosopher Plato said, 'Brave men must always have the choice of women.' Women with-

out graces are good enough for ordinary men. You want and you merit the most beautiful woman in the land, and I—I would wish to be my own master." Then he continued slowly, "This can be arranged. It is an old saying with us that everybody has one chance in the world. I can show you yours, if you will listen. Roul is an absurd successor to you. I would change that. You should have what you want. A woman cannot be valued much by you unless she is worth a display of merit and effort. I can put the opportunity into your hands; for believe me, I can be as crafty as a fox and as industrious as a beaver. You are a born leader of men and should be a father for the race."

Roused with the national spirit, Fasho interrupted him with a contemptuous gesture, saying, "I am satisfied with doing my duty, what else is there to live for?—to be born, to eat, to drink, to sleep, to love, and then die, means nothing. Duty means that I shall be at the post allotted to me, and then I am a factor in the state, some one, and the progressing machine moves onward. I have no desire to sell myself to those who need me for selfish motives, nor to claim that to which I have no right. This principle was good enough for those who bred me, and it will suffice for me."

"Nay," said Adam, who with an Englishman's idea of game and justice believed that when he wanted anything the principle to follow was first to assume that it was his, and then to claim it; second, to threaten fight, and third, if that failed, to arbitrate. "The man of wisdom should be above laws and creeds; not a slave to, but a master of principles. Remember that eleven dozen and eleven out of every gross should be fellows, but not you, Fasho. You should be a leader. Your peo-

ple do not appreciate that it is as natural for people to have a leader as it is for an animal to have a head. You have no chief here; you're like a flock of sheep without a shepherd. God's will is all right, but this commonweal is not my scheme. And let me call attention to the fact that whatever lives and thrives, is both living and thriving on the loss and the defeat of others. Roul's success came from your fall. Is Fasho to be a thing of the past? I would not allow it; you should risk all to win all, like a hero. You hate cowards; so do I. I am not afraid of the taskmasters. I think I know how to evade them. I will be no man's slave. You would be happier at my home. This is no place for you. You want life, risks, excitement. You would enjoy the chase after property, the daily struggle of making enough earnings to pay for the expenses, and when you get more than you need, you can make others do the work. Life is a great game with us. If you once tasted the reward of your own industry you would never be willing to work for taskmasters or any other masters. You don't want to go through the world like a spirit and not cast a shadow. Wine, wit, and beauty, how can they be divided by any communistic system? We have no commonweal. The strong on top, the weak to the wall. The lazy, weak, starving, and sick die. That is liberty. Your limited child-bearing is nonsense! Say the word, and your friends the guards, the power of the land, are yours, and Fairmena, whom you want, shall be yours."

"Stop, you creeping thing! Away! Begone! Such words to me, a man of noble feelings! Cosmos from yon azure blue may influence me, but not such a despicable creature as you!"

CHAPTER XXIII

DISSOLUTION HOUSE—PENOLOGY

"Very many wrongdoers, especially when the wrongdoing is permitted by a whole class, are wrongdoers only through force of circumstances. Try to remove the cause of their wrongdoing, but do not cultivate toward them a spirit of raucous hatred, which in the end will react most surely upon ourselves."—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"Men, by doing nothing, soon learn to do mischief."—CATO.

ADAM MANN'S fault-finding and seditious talk had been fully reported to Saso, who was foreman of the social gross or "family group" in which Adam had been enrolled. Saso was naturally interested in the general behavior of this exotic and eccentric member of his followers. He liked him. Eccentricity of character and the spirit of individuality were encouraged in Geyserland. Original characters, like social or intellectual scouts, often bring into camp new information and improved methods.

Adam's experience at the hospital on his arrival had been a pleasant one, so he promptly and cheerfully reported to a summons there from Saso.

"It has been reported to me, Adam, that you are studying the good and bad points of our culture. I have sent for you to show you the methods we have for stopping crimes and vices. The practice of treating them as a physical disorder is an old custom with us, because knowledge, by explaining the cause, has turned our condemnation into pity, our vindictiveness into expediency."

Then Adam, with his cool, County Kent, stolid, indifferent manner, replied, "I should like to see your methods, as I am interested in such details."

He soon discovered that he was on the dread threshold of death, but was relieved to learn that there was no torture, and was astonished that he had not previously heard about the Dissolution House and the methods used there. These matters were never flaunted in the public eye; there was no attempt to gratify the morbid curiosity of the masses. He now realized that there was a horrible quiet about this retreat, and that an uncanny atmosphere of death pervaded the place.

"Expediency will clear the way for good and bad, but a noble feeling is essential for an appreciation of right and wrong," continued Saso. "Therefore, force must rule the world until right is ready. All who come here are prisoners. We have two classes, those with hope and those who are doomed. The people outside are allowed to know in which class their friends are—that is all. The doctors are responsible to no one."

"It is about the same with us," interrupted Adam.

"Listen," Saso resumed, "and I will tell you the story of our Inspector Donis. A dozen years ago, when he was a handsome young guardsman, one of his duties was to patrol outlying districts. In one of these there lived an attractive young woman. It was his right and privilege to ask for another guardsman to accompany him in this delicate mission, but he laughed at the idea of having others to assist him, thinking that his sense of duty was strong enough to resist any temptations. The violent passion with which this beautiful young woman inspired him, however, so completely mastered him that in spite of all his moral discipline he lost his self-control. According to our ethics, Donis had the right of persuasion to make the fair

charmer prefer him to her erstwhile lover. But the lustful Donis, overwhelmed with carnal desire, madly killed the object of his jealousy. Then with the noble humiliation of a conscience-stricken man, filled with shame and grief, he acknowledged that his sensual passions had gotten beyond his control, and with superb manliness he submitted to the surgeon's knife. Where philosophy fails to restrain the overpassionate, the surgeon's knife can annihilate the desire. Since then the emasculated Donis has performed his duties with perfect gentleness. Our race has been as much improved since our surgeons have dared to use the knife, as the rose-bush and the vine whose unworthy branches have been nipped have been benefited and developed by the horticulturists."

"That is a great deal of authority to put at the discretion of a few elders," remarked Adam.

"True, but it is seldom abused. People do not come to the hospital unless they are commanded to do so by those who know all about them."

Smilingly, Adam ignored this thrust, and with characteristic nerve said, "With you, people have to be told they are ill. With us, the prevalence of morbid introspection sends thousands to our hospitals with imaginary ailments."

"Very curious. And speaking of that, let me ask how people with you would be treated for sedition and treason?"

Adam winced—an icy chill crept down his spine. But he was truly brave. His heart throbbed with English blood, the blood that knows danger, and doesn't quail. "It is considered the duty of every Englishman to criticise and, if necessary, ridicule all methods or administration of the government," he calmly replied.

"You are dodging the question," said Saso. "There is a difference between unshackled criticism and treason. If you found one servant interfering with another doing his or her work, what would be done with him?"

"He would be fined a small amount of money, or be imprisoned for a short time," said Adam.

"I should think that such a system would increase and develop into large proportions. Your prisons must have vast capacities and be a great drain upon the resources of the community. It is odd that you should punish an effect, instead of correcting a cause; for all punishments should be for the enlargement and not for the curtailing of the benefits of the community. With us, should the elders become convinced that a person is dangerously seditious, he would come here and oblivion would be his end. Friends in his social gross would know his fate when a child from the nursery was added to their gross."

"You should have a *habeas corpus* law here," said Adam. "Your methods are cruel, because you do not allow one to prepare for death."

"What do you mean by being prepared to die?" said Saso.

"Being prepared to die is to agree to believe a creed which permits one to escape a future hell and to enjoy everlasting bliss in heaven."

"Bosh! Death means dust. Do not affect beliefs which we know are not true. You should think more about living and less about dying. It is quite enough to have a disposition to perform good actions in this world, without looking forward to doing foolish actions in another. Live every day to judge and cherish the memory of the past. Don't speculate on future judgment; let

every vibration of your thoughts mean 'judgment' to you. We have no malice, no cruelty, no torture, because we recognize that with all crimes there are extenuating circumstances; but, as public security is of the first importance, an individual's existence cannot be considered, so measures must be taken to prevent crimes. Mark you! those placed in charge of the people's freedom must be as firm as the disciplinarians of the despot. What is not suitable is returned to dust. The sanctity of human life must be established on the value of the usefulness of that life to the community. Our practices are very simple and work perfectly."

PENOLOGY

Severe punishments are more for the prevention of repetition of crimes than for revenge. A horse thief is hanged because he generally steals the fleetest horse and is hard to catch. Noah cursed Ham, that others should not make sport of him when he was drunk. Troy was destroyed that princesses should not be abducted. The invincible Achilles would not continue to fight because he believed kings should respect the mistresses of their followers. The primitive law of revenge was to punish the guilty person, with this modification, when it was difficult to find the culprit, vengeance could be visited upon his kin to the seventh degree. In this way families became keenly interested in the hasty acts of their relations, and would often give up the real offender to be made an example of. The second stage was to compensate the kin of the injured party, but slowly it was recognized by the tribe that these compensations weakened the tribe, therefore vengeance took its third form, that of a

fine paid to the community; lastly, vengeance took the noble form of pity, and the people safeguarded themselves by scientific means. To-day the popular love of justice and hatred of cruelty have banished vengeance from all large minds, and it is disappearing with advancing culture.

It has only been in the last hundred years that penology has been treated as a science. All savages and barbarians were either free or slaves; there was no intermediate condition. There was little distinction between the captive of war and the refractory or the debtor at home. In every case the slave lost his civil rights. It is interesting to note the contrasting opinions of conditions at different epochs. The deplorable, wretched galley-slave evolved from the honorable recruits of ancient times, such as the volunteer companions of Jason seeking for the Golden Fleece, and the companions of Ulysses touring the Mediterranean on a "yachting trip." The sanctuary where criminals claimed their liberty on account of joining the clergy prevailed in England until the time of William and Mary.

In the early historic days the three incentives for taking a tribesman's life by those who controlled the tribe were:

1st, atonement, to propitiate the anger of the gods.

2d, retaliation and vengeance. Retaliation, a commercial expedient for getting even—"an eye for an eye" or "a tooth for a tooth." Vengeance —retaliation with compound interest. "Seven-fold vengeance shall be taken for Cain, but for Lamech seventy times seven-fold."

3d, menace, the penalty of death, a precaution-

ary threat to possible evildoers who may thus be deterred from endeavoring to perpetrate their folly. In old Mexico they combined the sacrifice and the menace. Their god Ruitzilopochth had to be propitiated with two hundred healthy young men and women each year. Therefore the agents of the priests bought where they could buy the cheapest. The lazy slave was the cheapest healthy one. These two hundred healthy victims were securely manacled, and had their hearts cut out while living.

The menace is the feature that interests the modern student of penology. The most noticeable difference between philosophy and religion is, that philosophy promotes virtue and happiness, whereas religion menaces sin and vice. Penology should learn a lesson from each. The tyrant's ideas that the most ferocious chastisement is the most certain preventive of repetition, it is now generally admitted, can be replaced by the more humane method of depriving those lacking self-control of the power to repeat their crimes.

If the severity of the penalty depends upon the moral responsibility of the criminal, we should find extenuating conditions with every ferocious criminal. Experience has shown that it is more just to have a criminal punished by a magistrate than by the party offended. The voice of the noblest element of humanity has protested and will protest against all unnecessary cruelty. The state must study the causes of the assassin's lack of moral responsibility which can be found on the following lines: birth, the inheritance of vicious tendencies; environment, bad companions and bad examples from infancy; education, the lack of that nurture

which ennobles and persuades one to make for human usefulness.

Punishments have taken one or more of the following forms: death, torture, mutilation, exile, confiscation of property, imprisonment, slavery, degradation, shaming or making ridiculous. Being stoned to death was probably the most primitive method of the community's doing away with its malefactors. Other methods followed were throwing to the beasts by the Assyrians, being thrown from the wall by the Babylonians, decapitation by the Egyptians, and burning in a fiery furnace by the worshipers of Baal, or in a wicker cylinder by the Druids. Crucifixion, which evolved from the custom of tying malefactors to trees in forests, to die a lingering death, is of unguessable antiquity. Alexander crucified thousands of the stubborn defenders of Tyre for miles along the captured sea-shore. The cross was always the scepter that threatened the idle or refractory slave. Six thousand of the followers of Spartacus were crucified on the highways of Italy as a warning to other slaves. In Egypt the criminals and those taken in war were bound in fetters and compelled to work night and day guarded by foreign soldiers who did not speak their language. In the time of Henry VIII. it is reputed that seventy-two thousand criminals were burned at the stake or sent to the gallows. In Queen Elizabeth's reign it was almost as bad. No one's life was safe in the outlying districts, which almost justifies the anarchists' tenet: "A community without police can best take care of itself." Hanging as a popular capital punishment is comparatively modern, and it is a very soothing reflection for those who love human-

ity to know that when hanging was suggested to Constantine, he was horrified, and considered it too terrible even for a slave. Nature be praised! Mankind does not approve of such cruelties as it is not familiar with. Fasting was the church's original earthly punishment for sin. However, when the church gained power and became avaricious, the wealthy penitents were permitted to commute their fasting by almsgiving, which was practically paying fines. ("Fredum," being the German for "fine," was probably the origin of our word freedom, a privilege the destitute were denied.) Life-long imprisonment and death have both proven quite ineffectual for the prevention of crime. In fact, statistics show that in various parts of Europe, as well as in many parts of the United States, the abolition of the death penalty has provisionally in some, absolutely in others, greatly decreased the percentage of these crimes.

The priests of Cybele were eunuchs. The myth informs us that because the inconstant Atys's love for Cybele was not sufficiently strong to control his love for the daughter of the River Sangarus, he was struck with vertigo; therefore, he, in a repentent mood, mutilated himself in order that he might never be false again. Later, all the priests of Cybele did the same in her honor. The dancing dervishes of to-day get the swinging movements from these ancient priests of Cybele, who thus exposed their mutilated condition.

The advantages of having impotent men not only for chamberlains and keepers of the royal bedrooms, but also for general household work, became apparent to those in power long before the dawn of history. The number of men who were by nature without organs of generation was not

large enough to supply the demand; therefore, many of the slave children were castrated and many freemen mutilated their own children, as the advantage of the intimacy a eunuch had in the royal household materially advanced his career in life. In India if a base-born native had intercourse with a twice-born woman, he lost his property and was castrated. Henry I. of England ordered all counterfeiters to have their hands cut off and also to lose their manhood. In the same century the Bishop and all the Chapter of Seez were castrated because of some offense given to the Duke of Normandy, "who deprived them of a superfluous treasure, since they had already vowed chastity." Prisoners of war have frequently been mutilated; the victorious Mahdi, in 1892, castrated one in every ten of the Italian soldiers before liberating them.

The mortification of the degradation of castration is not so great as is generally supposed, because there have been many eminent eunuchs. Waiving the legends of distinguished eunuchs in ancient times, in modern times we have, besides, many unauthenticated cases, such authentic and well-known examples as Origen, Narses, Abelard, the second Duke of Wellington, John Randolph of Roanoke, John Ruskin, and Albert Wolfe.

Whereas neither death nor imprisonment for life has proved an efficient precaution for the prevention of vice, it is apparent that some other method must be used. Experience in Geyserland had evolved a system for eradicating the violent, uncontrollable passions of women and men, and the remedy went as deep as the complaint. This system was motherhood for women and castration for men.

It has been observed that where man's temperament is benefited by castration, the temperament of women in general has not been benefited by ovariotomy, but has been by motherhood. All horsemen know that a mare that is peevish and intractable can be cured or much benefited by allowing her to have a colt. However, for women of abnormal tendencies ovariotomy has proved the only efficacious treatment. Dr. Kerlin, in speaking of a young woman who had had her ovaries removed, said, "When I consider the great benefit that this young woman has received, the entire arrest of an epileptic tendency, as well as the removal of inordinate desires which made her an offense to the community; when I see the tranquil, well-ordered life she is leading, her usefulness and industry in the circle in which she moves, and know that surgery has been her salvation from vice and degradation, I am deeply grateful."

As regards castration, the subject has been well considered by Surgeon-General William A. Hammond and Henry M. Boies, authorities whose articles remain unchallenged. Says Dr. Hammond:

"My object is simply to show that castration would be more deterrent than capital punishment; that it would tend to make the criminal a useful member of society; that it would be a powerful factor, probably the most powerful at our command, in so altering his mental organization as to remove him from the category of the criminal class, and, what is perhaps a point of still greater importance, would effectually prevent the propagation of criminals.

"First. The probable deterrent effect of castration as compared with that of capital punishment.

"I think most physicians will agree with me in the assertion that man places greater value upon his generative powers than he does upon his life, and this in a great measure independent of any desire he may have for sexual intercourse. He knows

that he would be regarded with abhorrence or contempt by his associates as a being who has lost his manhood, and who is, therefore, unfit for further association. . . . I have put the question several times to criminals under sentence of death whether, if the opportunity were offered them to make a choice, they would not prefer castration to the gallows, and there has been but the one response—that they would rather hang than be deprived of their testicles. It would be a continuing punishment, and hence in accordance with the views of Beccaria, who says, ' It is not the intenseness of the pain that has the greatest effect on the mind, but its continuance; for our sensibility is more easily and more powerfully affected by weak but repeated impressions, than by a violent but momentary impulse.'

" Second. Castration would have the effect of making the criminal a useful member of society. A dead man is of no use to the public. A castrated man could be employed in a variety of ways for the benefit of himself, his family, and society at large. There is no reason why he would not make a good clergyman. He could edit a mild kind of newspaper or periodical, and might even make a tolerably efficient member of a legislative body. As a nurse in the sick-room or for children, and as a domestic servant he would be preëminently useful. Indeed, the avocations that he could pursue with advantage to himself and the public are sufficiently numerous, so that I think it may safely be asserted that society would be the gainer by the substitution of castration for capital punishment.

" Third. Castration is a powerful factor, probably the most powerful agent at our command in so altering the mental organization of the wrongdoer as to remove him from the category of the criminal class, and certainly to prevent acts of violence in contradiction of the law. The subjects become amenable to discipline, obedient to law, and absolutely indisposed to acts of violence. Now, castration effects such a notable change in the men upon whom it is performed that this great alteration can only be accounted for on the hypothesis that it has produced a profound modification of the brain structure, and this to such an extent as to remove the subject of the operation from the criminal class, and to place him in such a condition that great crimes and misdemeanors are entirely beyond his desire or capacity. Thus it is more powerful as a reformatory power than all the teachings and examples that sociology can offer.

" Fourth. As a means for preventing the propagation of

criminals, castration is as effectual as death itself, while it has many advantages over this agency. It ought to be no difficult matter to convince the law-making powers that in castration they have not only a method of preventing crimes, but one which would in time utterly abolish such a part of society as a criminal class, while the humanitarian could console himself with the idea that both these important ends were being effected without the sacrifice of life."

Mr. Henry M. Boies says in "Prisoners and Paupers":

"By carefully providing for its degenerates and abnormals in comfortable prisons, asylums and almhouses, giving them the advantages of the highest knowledge and science of living, society unwittingly aggravates the evil it seeks to alleviate. It maintains alive those who would perish without its aid. It permits their reproduction and multiplication. It fosters, with more attention than it gives its better types, the establishment and increase of an abnormal and defective class. It not only perpetuates by care, but encourages, by permitting unrestricted 'breeding in' among them, the unnatural spread and growth of a social gangrene of fatal tendencies. It is assuming oppressive and alarming proportions, which begin to be felt in the whole social organization. In terror our advancing civilization begins to inquire if there be no way of counteraction consistent with its highest benevolence, by which this abnormality of abnormalism may be avoided, criminality and pauperism restored to natural proportions, or to that ratio of increase which may be the inevitable result of ignorance and excess in living.

"We believe that the progress of medical and surgical science has opened up such a way entirely practicable; humanitarian in the highest sense, unobjectionable except upon grounds of an absurd and irrational sentiment. The discoveries in the use of anesthetics and antiseptics have rendered it possible to remove or sterilize the organs of reproduction of both sexes without pain or danger. This is the simplest, easiest and most effectual solution of the whole difficulty. . . . Such a removal would be a positive benefit to the abnormal rather than a deprivation; rather a kindness than an injury. This operation bestowed upon the abnormal inmates of our prisons, reformatories, jails, asylums, and public institutions would entirely eradicate those unspeak-

able evil practices which are so terribly prevalent, debasing, destructive, and uncontrollable in them. It would confer upon the inmates health and strength for weakness and impotence, satisfaction and comfort for discontent and insatiable desire.

" The abnormal does not want children, has no affection for them, and gets rid of them as soon as possible if they come. If this were not so, their offspring, being abnormal, weak, sickly, diseased, deformed, idiotic, insane or criminal, doomed to a burdensome and suffering existence or an early death, are a curse rather than a comfort to their parents; so that in no sense could the deprivation of these organs inflict injury or damage to criminal or pauper. On the contrary, they would be enabled thereby to enjoy many comforts and privileges, and be relieved from many restraints at present necessarily imposed upon them. The range of their enjoyments would, in fact, be greatly enlarged, both in confinement and at liberty. Many indeed might be allowed freedom who are now closely confined.

" The remedy we suggest would certainly be effectual of an immeasurable benefit to the human race, the exercise of an inherent right which really injures none, and, moreover, it appears to have become an imperative duty which society owes to its own preservation, which may not be neglected without actual sin.

" Society arrests and confines the leper, the victim of smallpox, yellow fever, cholera, or typhoid, and treats them according to its own will, with or against their consent. It does not hesitate to remove a gangrened limb, a diseased organ from the person, if it is necessary; it shuts up the insane, the imbecile, the criminal, for the public protection; it inflicts punishment of various degrees; compels men to labor without pay, for its good, in durance; even deprives them of life if it pleases, assumes arbitrary control of the life, liberty, and happiness of an individual, if it considers it necessary for the public welfare; and no reasonable being questions its right or duty to do these things. At the same time it allows its deformed and diseased in mind, body and soul to disseminate social leprosy and cancer with impunity, while the skill of its surgeons could prevent the infection by an operation almost as simple as vaccination. It seems inexplicable that the remedy should have been so long delayed."

Ernst Haeckel was educated for a physician, but after practicing medicine for a short time, deter-

mined that the healthy rather than the unhealthy interested him. He perceived that the world's riddles were not to be worked out by degenerates, and that the care of degenerates was questionable philanthropy. He believes the dissolution of a degenerate "no calamity to either himself, the state, or the race."

The merit of mutual aid ends when the perpetuating of uselessness begins. Sir John Lubbock describes this well in "Ants and Bees." A slightly wounded ant is cared for, whereas a badly wounded one is ignored and left to die by the wayside. Kropotkin illustrates the same idea with crows in his chapter of "Mutual Aid among Animals and Birds." The North American redskins were never annoyed by the aged and infirm.

As Culture advanced in Geyserland they adopted new standards for the stages at which people should be condemned, and when any one's infirmities or afflictions exceeded that standard they were considered as unjustly occupying a place that rationally belonged to another. When one compares the methods of civilization—the misery of the old, sick, crippled, blind and insane, the keeping people alive—to the Geyserland method of peacefully wafting away the old and helpless, during a narcotic slumber, and also their unparalleled precautions to have only such born as would benefit mankind, one must not be too hasty in one's judgment. We agree with Lecky, who wrote, "We ourselves are surprised that the conscience of the world has so long been reconciled to the prevailing cruelties." It is safe to assume that those who will censure these practices in Geyserland as being uncivilized

and cruel because the value of human life and human soul was so little considered, would read of the great European wars, plagues, and famines calmly—without a shudder.

The greatest right of a living man is to live; next to that is, to die. The privilege of dying by one's own act has been universal except in Christendom. Suicides should be restrained, but suicide should not be made impossible. Could there be any more terrible nightmare than realizing the condition of a wealthy maniac in one of our asylums seeking to die, bound in a strait-jacket and preserved for the profit and vanity of his keepers,—food for parasites,—or a victim of the misplaced mercy of the maudlin philanthropist who would but does not know how to do the right?

Whether by intention or accident, as Adam was leaving the hospital in the gray darkness of the Arctic winter, several guardsmen entered leading a demented old woman. The poor creature had been celebrated in her youth for her excesses; but nerves like india rubber do not improve with overuse, and her mind was broken. Like a withered apple clinging to the tree, she was useless to herself and every one else.

Saso, after a few odd signs to the others, quickly motioned Adam to accompany him with the guards. The whispered caution, "Silence," was unnecessary—Adam's mouth was parched. The party was received by a woman of middle age, with a pleasing face. She signed the papers for the guard and dismissed him. The demented woman was taken by her assistants to a room where they administered an anesthetic, and she became quiet. In thirty seconds she was dead. In two

hours, with the idea to hasten Nature's wishes, her flesh and bones were by some chemical process reduced to a pulp, ready to be returned to Mother Earth again. There were no graveyards in Geyserland. This was like the common mummies of Egypt being shipped to England by the ton to be ground up into fertilizer for English market-gardens. What was done in Geyserland in thirty seconds was done by England after thirty centuries. Ethically the conditions were the same. This may be a disagreeable idea, but no more repulsive than the thought of your friend who died years ago now being eaten by maggots and worms.

There were no ghoulish funerals or graveyards in Geyserland. The custom of putting our dead into coffins and embalming them has come down to us from the Egyptians, who, according to Herodotus, believed that the souls stayed with the body until the body was completely decayed, and then it began a circuit of transmigration through many species of animals, which lasted 3000 years and then again entered the body of a mortal. The Egyptians sought to delay this decay for thousands of years by preserving the body.

The silent and solemn performance unquestionably impressed Adam, and his musings were not of the happiest as he returned to his bower; but he was brave, and while appreciating his danger, could look it in the face.

CHAPTER XXIV

EVRONA'S DAILY LIFE—LORK AND EVRONA—MODESTY

"The philosopher lives on the lining of his stomach. The rich man on the lining of his purse."

"People by increasing their wants elevate their tastes."

THE general assumption that communistic life is monotonous would seem to be denied by Adam's notes, disconnected though they were, on the routine life in Geyserland. The art of living, when highly developed, is evidence of an advanced culture. It permits all varieties of comforts, yet is free from conventionalities; possesses luxuries, without waste, these combined with well chosen, beautiful accessories inspired by the spirit to please others.

To give an idea of the daily life in Geyserland, we must state that each adult had a bower or home, and from Adam's intimacy with Evrona it is safe to assume that his descriptions refer to her abode. The only title a Geyserlander had to his "bower" was that which came from the periodical casting of lots. This is noticeably different from our methods of homestead titles. The title that is recognized as the best in civilization is the one the record of which dates back without a flaw to the original thief.

It is difficult to compare bower life in Geyserland with our home life in civilization, because there were no families and no household industries. Communal depots furnished all necessities

and also such accessories as the tastes of the occupants suggested, or a satisfactory reason was given for the refusal. The part played by electricity in Geyserland was perhaps like that played by "vril" in the "Coming Race" of Bulwer, and was beyond the ken of Adam; but his mention of bowers receiving from a central plant light, heat, hot and cold water, music, classified information, and current topics is readily understood by us. Food was supplied by public cookeries. They used grill-rooms, and probably like the Spartans they formed groups into which no one might intrude, unless by unanimous consent.*

No one has the right to be unhealthy. The state should prohibit the possibility of such a condition.†

The Council of Doctors in Geyserland exercised a general supervision over the diet of the inhabitants; besides grapes for wines, they cultivated figs, pomegranates, apricots, peaches, oranges, citrons, lemons, limes, apples, pears, bananas, and melons of all varieties. All the vegetables known to us appear to have been known also to them. The butchering was under the exclusive care of the

* Repasts, and the hours of eating them, have varied in all times and countries.

"To rise at five, to dine at nine,
To sup at five, to bed at nine,
Makes a man live to ninety-nine."
—An Old English Proverb.

Queen Elizabeth dined at ten A. M., Queen Victoria at ten P. M., and the independent North American Indian ate when hungry, and if so inclined got up in the middle of the night, cut a piece of venison, cooked, and ate it alone.

A man's hunger seldom lasts over fifteen minutes, and he, realizing that later he will not enjoy his food, often becomes impatient, and acquires the name of being ill-natured. The story of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt makes a pretty rhyme, but theirs must have been an impracticable household. We prefer the anecdote of the old lady who before engaging a cook ascertained that their tastes were the same.

† Malaria used to kill fifteen thousand persons a year in Italy. In 1902 state quinine was introduced, and last year the mortality fell to 7835.

doctors. The animals which were selected for food, their previous fattening, their merciful death and economic distribution were marvels of methodical attention. The sanitary arrangements in Geyserland were similar to those used in ancient Rome and modern China. The abhorrence of waste seemed always to be a dominant principle.

The routine of Evrona's day began with her bath in the morning, followed by physical-culture exercises, then, with some of her social group, she breakfasted. After the morning repast, in her working costume, she reported to the guild of woolen workers, who had entire charge of the cloth garments of all the individuals of the island, irrespective of their gross. The guild carded, spun, made, decorated, distributed, mended and cleaned all the woolen garments of the inhabitants.

In spite of the fact that the scientific and inventive talent of Geyserland was directed more toward the elimination of unhappy and disagreeable work than toward the introduction of labor-saving devices, the hours of labor were few, because all the adults worked. In Evrona's case her stint of useful work was finished early in the day, and then she and her co-workers, in different groups, had their mid-day cheer, followed by a few hours of unrestricted leisure. She often went to the Temple of Hearing, where she was sure to find musicians, and enjoyed the best of music. The study of the fine arts and music is essential, because such study is generally accompanied by interest, and the student acquires many of the finest characteristics of a strong nature, such as patience, diligence, perseverance, originality, self-control, and consideration for others. As Evrona had been detailed with others to give spectacular performances in

the evenings, she visited the gymnasium or Temple of Health, where experts coached her in graceful movements and attractive tricks of dancing.

Athens encouraged the drama. Rome forbade it unless associated with the worship of the gods. Torturing seems the lowest type of popular spectacle, and the drama can well be called the highest. Burke said that there was no orator in the House of Commons "who did not owe something of his skill to the acting of Garrick." To condemn a higher order of amusement means to open the doors for the idle public to lower orders of diversions. The gladiatorial shows which were a bid for popular favor, were very degrading, whereas the Olympian games were founded on a desire to develop, and they succeeded in developing the highest culture the world has ever known.

In Geyserland the performances were varied as the seasons changed, by comic lectures, feats of athletics, frolics, or some general entertainment; for the health-loving Geyserlanders cared just as much for their contests and games as we do. They kept records for running, leaping, jumping, boxing, wrestling, archery, lifting, throwing heavy or light articles, and, to their credit, the only rewards were the commendation of the people and the hope of a better record to be inscribed on the copper tablets.

Every one anticipates his reward in a specific form. A Spartan preferred a sprig of laurel to a handful of gold. These joyful, childlike games of Geyserland were in harmony with their general thoughts and habits of good-fellowship. There were brave, adventurous guardsmen detailed to

kill obnoxious beasts, but there were no sportsmen whose happiness was cruelly derived from the excitement of killing big game. Such sport is a return of our idle class to the hunting stage of our savage ancestors; it is a sad case of atavism, resembling the domesticated dog which, although well fed regularly, uselessly hides his superfluous bone, an instinctive habit that is an echo of his ancient days of want. Fun and frolic are natural, and a balance to our unavoidable sorrows. Sir John Lubbock has written that ants wrestle, play hide and seek, and other games that in no way have a sexual significance.

Like the inhabitants of the Nile, who sleep in their huts, but cook and practically live outside of them, the Geyserlanders loved the great air, and when enjoying games or aquatic sports their costumes were remarkably scanty. "Naked and not ashamed" was the primitive state, and it is doubtful if culture has improved any race by so-called respectable clothing. "Naked" in this sense does not mean nude, but one without superfluous garments. Clothes are auxiliary skins, either for protection against the elements, to equalize personal appearance, or to discriminate social, political, and military caste. In Geyserland the amply draped matrons made a marked contrast to the apparently unconscious lack of covering of the others during the sports.

All who have read the unexpurgated edition of Burton's "Arabian Nights" must recognize that the frank, unconscious immodesty of the Eastern women must shock the etiquette of the women of the West. On the other hand, the bold customs of the West are incomprehensible to the cloistered women of the East. Just as strong a contrast is

seen where in the East people cover their heads and take off their shoes, in the West they polish their shoes and uncover their heads. We believe the prudish concealment of charms, whether mental or physical, has been the direct cause of thousands of wasted lives, thousands of sad "wall flowers" victims of useless hypocritical laws of dignity and decorum. Certainly perverted lives are wasted ones. The native women of Orinoco refused to cover themselves "because it caused them shame." The attendants of the nobility in early Egyptian festivals, as seen on bas-reliefs, wear only a girdle about their hips. Montaigne (1580) observed, "I know not who would ask a beggar, whom he should see in his shirt in the depth of winter, as brisk and frolick, as he goes muffled up to the ears in furs, how is he able to endure to go so? Why, sir, he might answer, you go with your face bare, and I am all face." Eskimos do not wear clothes in their huts. Japanese men and women and their children bathe naked in the same hot pool at the same time. Mohammedans insist more upon cleanliness than coverings. During plagues and pests clothes are sources of the greatest danger. Rheumatism, pneumonia, and all the common troubles of civilized people came with the introduction of clothes.

Conventional prudery, like many forms and customs, has been handed down to us without sufficient reasons for its utility. What is coarse and vulgar in one epoch, climate, or time of life may be meritorious under different conditions. We object to the too sweeping generalizing of our alleged moral philosophers, particularly their "Don'ts." Their bewildering hallucinations are like dross to be found in every crucible.

Why should we be ashamed of anything we do that is not repulsive? To quote Fincke:

"Women originally being chattels and being naturally rebellious and flirtatious, were by their masters subjected to severe restraints and seclusive regulations, enforced by bitter cruelties; thus, certain habits have become as second nature to them. The Oriental people to-day veil their women almost completely from the public gaze."

Who ever thinks of being shocked by the immodesty of animals or flowers? Where there are artificial concealments or secrets, is it not safe to assume that there is something wrong? Women say they are instinctively prudish. This is the natural outcome of several centuries of conventional restraint. Intelligence is supposed to replace instinct as the scale ascends from a lower to a higher grade of animals, but inherited proclivities never wholly disappear. However, all children have had to be taught to avoid indecent exposure, as they do not comprehend that without clothes they are guilty of an impropriety. All of us have dreamed the old, old dream of appearing in public without clothes, a simple demonstration of atavism—like the "falling dream."

It must be admitted, however, that nudeness is a luxury which all cannot indulge in, for physical defects have to be hidden by clothing, just as the tainted fruit in the center dish is covered with smilax. Those who need the smilax are the overripe, as Irving said that no one was "so rigidly prudish and inexorably decorous as a superannuated coquette."

Those who set the fashion—be they royalty, sporting women, or actresses—have always determined whether that fashion shall be such as will

grace a fine figure or conceal a bad one; to illustrate the latter contingency, ruffs or collars were introduced by Joanna, the crazy daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and mother of Charles V. She had a running sore on her neck, and for her sake for four hundred years Christendom had concealed one of the greatest beauties of the human body—the throat. Side-saddles are in vogue because some lady of the Court of Anne of Cleves, in the time of Henry VIII., was so misconstructed that a chair had to be put on a horse for her. From all times we see traces of an unhealthy, morbid desire for women to copy men and men women. Men copied collars from women and women copied the farthingale from men. It is as natural for men to wear their hair long as for women. Wealth of hair was the luxurious token of the patriarch or chieftain, a shaved head a token of the slave or servant. This has survived to-day in the wig of the Speaker of the House of Commons and those "brain-champions," the advocates and barristers, while the tonsure of the monk indicates his servitude. Alexander commanded his soldiers to wear their hair short as a measure of prudence in the mêlée of battle and that fashion has prevailed until to-day. The ethics of the North American Indian forbade a beard. Beards were not worn from the time of Alexander until the time of Hadrian—about six hundred years. Mustaches were out of fashion from the time of Louis XIII. until Napoleon III. If a man of the fourteenth century should return to this world he would be surprised to find sugar sold by the ton, for in his day, before the discovery of American methods of cultivating sugar-cane, it was sold by the dram. So we, if we could return at some fu-

ture time, might find our present wholesale importance of chastity and modesty judged by very different standards.

Each sex will always strive to possess those qualities which the other sex admires. This makes for bodily cleanliness. Hairless man has evolved from the selection of the least filthy, a smooth skin affording less protection for parasites. The desire to conceal all the sources of uncleanliness is directed by the same motive that makes many tribes in Africa conceal the mouth when eating.

The motives for decorating and adorning of the human figure are interesting to review.

Why do men dress their wives handsomely? Is it because they are proud of them? Is it to please them? Is it to strengthen their financial credit? Is it to make their friends jealous? Is it to please themselves? This puzzling problem we have failed to solve, but we are inclined to suspect that, once ownership is assured, all fuss and feathers . . . are bluff or vanity. The savage was himself tattooed, not his wife; the sachem had more feathers than the squaw; the old-fashioned heroes were elaborately arrayed, not their consorts; but, unfortunately we think, since the time of George II. women have dressed more expensively than men. Throughout the animal kingdom it is invariably the male who is the nobler looking, and why? Because it is the scheme of Nature that the male should contest and compete as a candidate for the female's selection. The competition for attractiveness among the males means the building up of the race.

Since Adam had begun promoting his revolt he had adopted Geyserland ways, and craftily took

advantage of these social gatherings, assuming an approval of their system. Up to this time his unwilling performance of his duties had been unsatisfactory to the inspectors, but now his manner had changed and he, by his general cheerfulness, had been brought into closer touch with the people.

Adam pandering for Lork's lust, and his scurrilous treatment of Evrona, can only be explained by his lack of altruistic culture. He knew what he wanted, and cared little how much pain he caused Evrona in getting it. The autocratic strain in Adam prevented him from having a just feeling toward those of a different race. He had no appreciation of the study of temperaments as we have tried to explain in Chapter VI. What have racial qualities to do with capacity? Is not a pound of merit a pound of merit anywhere? Is not a trustworthy Parsi superior to an unscrupulous white man?

The arrogance of the white Autocrat has blunted his sense of justice to the other races. The reaction in the United States in giving full civic rights to ex-slaves is now recognized as an error. Three generations of slavery could not change the savage African to a civilized being; he is a hothouse civilized being; he has not passed all the milestones of culture that the intellectual man of the Northern Temperate Zone has traversed; he lacks all that verve and moral strength that gives the capacity to organize, which the white man has gathered in his six thousand years of strenuous intellectual evolution. It will be remembered that Mohammed placed the negro on an equal plane with the white man—and what was the result? The negro

soon sank, and has ever remained in the lowest grades of menials.

"What do I care," thought Adam, "about these people's model laws? My father's fathers have looked out for me, and what other people need does not interest me." Every child of a civilized race is educated to be an ambitious adventurer; it is their system, and such a man measures his importance by the regrets, envy, and hatred of his competitors. Scruples are out of place when an Anglo-Saxon wants anything. So Adam's instruction to Evrona to "hurt no one's feelings" was for policy only. He told her to promise anything, but cautioned her to remember that "people are not grateful for past favors, but are liberal for the hope of blessings to come." Her infatuation for him led her to do his bidding with a confidence begotten of blind love; womanlike, she thought that she who loves does nothing who leaves any request undone.

Evrona was sitting in her bower, checking off names of possible adherents to Adam's cause. It was evening and she was anxiously expecting a visit from Lork, whose relations with her had become lukewarm and languid. This man, lacking imagination, was an imitator and a snob, only ambitious to be on the correct side and wear the correct folds in his cloak. He was devoted to the most sought after girl, and was quick to second any new ideas in the hope of being confused with the originator. The consciousness of weakness is degrading, and Lork realized the lack of depth of his own character.

Since Evrona had become so intimate with Adam, many of her other admirers had retired; therefore, Lork no longer considered her the star

of the gayest element of Geyserland, and his devotion became tepid. Lust and vanity seldom make a permanent tie, but are generally surfeited by possession. The ambitions that inspire man's energies are, first, his own independence; second, the desire for the regard of the woman he loves.

There was no definite understanding between Lork and Evrona. Any laws made by society to prevent quarreling between rivals, like marriage or "limited contracts," are for the benefit of peace.

Some men and women are as incapable of loving as others are of dancing; some loves benefit, whereas others seem to degrade. Lork's love was without respect; it was pusillanimous, yielding but to a morbid fascination.

The astute Lork calculated that he might acquire more praise by an opportune defection from a weak cause than he could hope to receive as a reward of fidelity to Adam's rebellion. However, he kept his appointment with Evrona, and was leaning against the window-frame with arms folded, his attitude a general expression of doubtful enthusiasm.

"As we are both risking our lives for this Adam," said Lork, "let us be sensible and study the matter; for there is nothing noble in stupid adherence to an unwise cause—it is virtuous to be prudent and vicious to be imprudent. Which is the better way? Query, Should a noble person adhere to an ignoble cause? A noble man cannot say that thing is good which he knows is bad. The educated public opinion will never accept such nonsense. There must be some blood shed."

"Of course," replied Evrona; "but the strong are to be fully rewarded. What can the weak do? People with mixed ideas never work together.

Certainly you will excel and be a chief amongst us with your future family possessions."

"How can one man control ten men's servants?" asked Lork.

"Perfectly," replied Evrona. "One brave man like you is worth four dozen cowards, for pride doubles the force of a brave man. I hate cowards. Besides, Adam does not expect much fighting. He thinks many would rather have one master than be obliged to please every one in the community; that many will like a change, many are immediately resigned to misfortune, while others will not desire to fight until too late. Adam hopes for a stampede. The excitement in the hope of getting others to do one's work will please all enterprising guardsmen."

"In a word, it means that the weak are going to work for the strong, instead of everybody working for everybody else; and we, the strong men, will get what we want," said Lork.

"The pleasant things of life of course will be for us," remarked Evrona, "for we will be no longer subject to taskmasters. You can be a parent and have your own children, which will belong to you, because they are yours."

"Who is to be the mother of my children? Will you be?" asked Lork.

"I am making no promises," laughingly replied Evrona. "You may see somebody you like better to be the queen of your heart and household, my dear Patriarch Lork."

"Humph!"

Evrona was frightened—and felt as the fisherman does when he has a presentiment that his catch has escaped. She realized that Lork was not the devoted suitor he once was.

Chilled lascivious friendship makes a good foundation for infamous enmity. A love born of sexual craving will die with sexual satiety. The fire on the hearth was not seconded by the torch of sympathetic love between these two beings. No rose light, the sacred signal, burned over Evrona's bower that night. She was powerless, as she had played her trumps, and could only rely on frail gratitude, or Lork's honor—a highly differentiated trait in Geyserland.

CHAPTER XXV

LORK AND SASO

"I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to the light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right, stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

LORK was in a quandary. Loyalty to Adam's cause conflicted with loyalty to his state. He had pledged himself to Adam, and did not wish to break his word. There was something repulsive to him in doing a deliberately mean act. "His honor rooted in dishonor stood." Yet there was his duty to the government. Preëminently selfish, he could not but realize that an action which benefited the community would be appreciated, and bring perhaps that ever-longed-for popularity. Therefore, he went to Saso, the chief of Adam's social group, and told him of Adam's plotted revolt.

Saso listened to Lork's story, but as Adam was of his social group and Lork was not, his sympathies were naturally with Adam.

"Lork," said he, "you have told me, now say no more about it. A revolt is uncalled for, and whatever is untimely is doomed to perish. I will take such steps as are necessary. Have you ever heard the story of 'The Three Lovers'? It is one of the oldest legends we have; you will find it amongst our traditions of the days of barbarism.

"It occurred in times when the social conditions around our balmy lake were severe.

Then the people were divided into several groups, or family clans, each with a stalwart chief. Each chief would try to have his clan the most powerful. Some of these chiefs were bad, some good. The old and weak people did all the work, the strong and the young were fighting or loving. They knew nothing of gentleness, consideration, moderation, or mutual helpfulness, but each lived selfishly for himself or his clan. The attractive young women, as a reward for prowess, or in exchange for advantages, were given to those whom their chief selected.

"The famous old Chieftain Rorax had a pretty maiden daughter named Dorna. Two warriors sought her for their loving mate—one named Aoni, who was noble, the other, Bruto, was a base, desperate scoundrel; but there was a third, Camo, who did not know about Bruto. This third one was filled with jealousy toward Aoni, the noble one. He resolved and planned to destroy him. One day the old Chieftain Rorax, while in the dark forest, discovered Camo making a pitfall. He watched, and admired his cunning and ability in making such a deceptive trap, and retired without revealing himself. The next morning the desperate lover Bruto was found lying dead in the pitfall. Rorax sent for Camo, who, obeying the summons, approached full of fear and humility; but the grateful old Chieftain thanked him and told him he knew all about it, to say nothing more, but to name the reward he wished; and Camo's reward was the maiden. They who knew the truth thought lightly of Camo. A man who earnestly enters into a plot, sees it carried out, and stands by the result can at least claim sincerity of

purpose. But he who plans a deed which by a freak of chance accomplishes another end, and he accepts the safety of the unlooked-for result, cannot be admired on any score.

"You will not be respected, Lork, for making a virtue out of what started in weakness. The rôle of a rogue-accomplice is, has, and always will be odious. The principle of a nobleman is, never give up a friend unless you would give up yourself if you had done what he had done. A spy to be a hero must be one who goes from his own chieftain to the opposing side, not one who deserts the opposing side for reasons of policy or prudence. However, comrade Lork, let this matter drift. Adam is a great deal with Evrona, and if he becomes infatuated he will shed his egotism as a snake sheds its skin."

"Now just listen to me," interrupted Lork. "Few men care for the adoration of women, and this man cares for no one but himself. This selfish exotic would continue to pine for his primitive habits, even though our beautiful Evrona were twenty times more beautiful than she is."

"So be it," said Saso, not wishing to argue the possibility of Adam's infatuation, "but we will not close the trap until the rat has entered. The blow that hits oneself is the one that teaches the best lesson. The science of conquering by yielding is the course to pursue with all those who have self-confidence. Adam is self-confident, let him have what he wants; that is the shortest way from civilization to altruism. He is a pig; the pig is the crowning glory of civilization. They probably have better where he came from, but the satiated

pig is the fundamental cause of altrusim; for when civilization is ripe it falls to the ground and is replaced by a new degree of culture, as in the forest the birch follows the oak and the oak follows the pine."

CHAPTER XXVI

THE FORUM—FAIRMENA'S TRIUMPH—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—COMPENSATIONS—SACRIFICES—ADAM'S TRIAL

"I praise all good thoughts, words and works, through thought, word, and deed."—ARESTA.

"Life without labor is contemptible; labor without art is brutal."—HUBBARD.

THE annual installation of the young matrons who had been selected for the yearly addition to the matron's group occurred this autumn of 1639 on a particularly beautiful day. The Forum with its High Temple of Honor was situated on an elevated terrace about one league from the shore. The place was thronged and resplendent with the crowd of distinguished citizens who had gathered to witness the stately ceremony of the coronation of the new matrons. The pageant of this particular fête in Geyserland was remarkably beautiful and inspiring. Since early morning the portals of the Forum had been thrown open to the swarms of people coming to see Fairmena and her companions crowned. The elders, seers, and aged matrons were seated on commanding thrones. Each individual, as he or she approached, could not but be charmed by the artistic culture of the trees and shrubs. The permanent architecture and the temporary decorations were wonderfully appropriate for the pageant. This pageant was an appeal to the emotions of the masses and those who witnessed it. Like those who were active participants in it, all sympathized with joyous enthusiasm.

The Geyserlanders loved the beautiful. Like the later Greeks, their theology took the form of the beautiful in art instead of prayers. They had musical laudations; instead of sacrifices they cultivated the æsthetic; and their *beautiful* was the *embodiment* of *health* and *truth.*

It is hard to get art away from idolatry. All artists are instinctively pagans. Paganism is built upon man's gratitude to the Unknowable, and unless an artist confines himself to beautiful designs and geometrical patterns, he must put a meaning into his work, and that irresistibly leads to personifications. It is in our blood to draw a beautiful woman for Columbia and to personify every state, science, or industry with an appropriate figure.

Barbarians were not art-loving people. The art of the nomad was in his gun-stock, bridle, and saddle; the refining influences of civilization demanded home decorations, but the altruistic spirit always showed itself in noble public buildings. The cathedral and town hall of the middle ages, and the library, hospital, and school-house of today. So it was in Geyserland, and their temples were in perfect accord with the wishes of the Roman Vitruvius, in possessing " utility, stability, and beauty." The high standards to which Grecian artists had brought the personification of their varied gods had completely replaced all emotional feelings toward grotesque fetishes and idols. Art had made the statues admired more for their beauty than for the personality of the god they represented. Mohammed determined to have only a spiritual god. He forbade all artistic personifications, as the Omnipotence and the Omnipresent, being everything and everywhere, was never rep-

resented by any form or token; and the Prophet succeeded far better than either the Jews or the Christians had done. The remarkable remains of the mosques at Cairo and the palaces at Granada show how the Arab Moslem architects and their lieutenants, for painting and sculpture, confined themselves, as they were instructed to do, to geometrical designs—unlike anything "in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth." It is proper to mention that it is a common error to give credit to the Moors for these works; for the Moors were many, the Arabs few.

The Christian church went backwards with the emblems of Trinity, crucifixes, crosses, and statues.

A healthy, noble people imbued with buoyant thoughts will manifest their appreciation of their surroundings by gracious acts, and the joyousness of these acts is in marked contrast with the different forms of misery adopted by people of low intellects who demonstrate their fear or reverence to our Host the Creator by sacrifices, privations, and general woe-begoneness. Gratitude to and fear of the mysterious are the emotional foundations for all divine thoughts. The varieties of systems, rites, and practices of religions are only man's embarrassment in displaying his feelings. The poverty of our vocabulary is unquestionably the cause of profanity, idolatry, fasting, and mortifications of the flesh, from the self-mutilations of the frenzied Coptic priests, to the choral singing of the school class, or the whistling of the boy in the woods.

Why should any gods be pleased with sacrifices or prayers? Why should any gods desire sacrifices except as a token of gratitude? And is not

sacrificing a foolish method of expressing gratitude? If we should send a friend a barrel of whiskey, we do not love him the more because he throws a portion of it away in ecstasy or in exuberance of his gratitude; therefore, it is difficult to imagine why Nature should think the better of any of us for *unnecessarily curtailing our pleasures.* The institution of sacrifices as an atonement for sin or as a propitiation to the gods was an ancient Cushite-Ethiopian custom, and appears to have permeated all ancient races. We see it in the holocausts of Homer, in the human sacrifices of the Druids of Albion, and in the Aztecs of Mexico. The Tyrians, who were the direct offspring of the Cushite-Ethiopians, were conspicuous for their offerings to their god Baal. The Jews, who were always jealous of the Tyrians, were ever anxious to copy their religion, and Christianity is founded on the theory of the sacrifice of the Son of God as an atonement for the sins of the world. Why should any gods be pleased with prayers suggestive of better management? Are not such supplications criticism? The Geyserlanders believed the Original Creator so perfected the cosmos that it was superfluous for man or beast to appeal or pray for betterments. Prayer suggests the following parable. Two men each buy a clock. The first buys a clock made by a perfect clock-maker, which he is gratefully convinced can run indefinitely without repair. The second buys a clock from the same perfect clock-maker, and not only regards it as his sacred duty, but believes it a commendable act of laudation to continually ask the maker to change and repair it. To the glory of our race, let us be thankful that the same type of progressive people who years ago fought against torture and

hereditary slavery are to-day fighting against these useless customs.

The following short parable by Voltaire in "Zadig" shows how he would illustrate the difference between useless sacrifices and useful employment:

"A famous merchant of Babylon, who died in the Indies, divided his estate equally between his two sons, after having disposed of their sister in marriage, and left a present of thirty thousand pieces of gold to that son who should be found to have loved him best. The elder raised a tomb to his memory; the younger increased his sister's portion by giving her a part of his inheritance. Every one said that the elder son loved his father best and the younger his sister; and that the thirty thousand pieces belonged to the elder.

"Zadig sent for both of them, the one after the other. To the elder he said:

"'Thy father is not dead; but has survived his last illness and is returning to Babylon.'

"'God be praised,' replied the young man; 'but his tomb cost me a considerable sum.'

"Zadig afterward repeated the same story to the younger son.

"'God be praised,' said he. 'I will go and restore to my father all that I have; but I could wish that he would leave my sister what I have given her.'

"'Thou shalt restore nothing,' replied Zadig, 'and thou shalt have the thirty thousand pieces of gold, for thou art the son who loved his father best.'"

* * * * *

While waiting, all the little side-shows of holidays were in play. There were story-tellers, contortionists, mimics, ventriloquists, tumblers, and prestidigitators, and all for the fun of the fun and for the love of popularity. Covetousness and compensation are the mainsprings of civilization. Centuries before Christ, Moses condemned covetousness as one of the greatest of offenses, but every Jew then as now regarded compensation as the

right and lawful thing. But we believe that as compensation is degrading because it develops selfishness and fosters a desire to take advantage of others, it has no place in an altruist's scheme of living. Adam was English, and England had become serious in Adam's time.*

Adam's bewilderment at the gratuitous exertions recalls the ancient Roman feeling, where, if a Roman saved another Roman's life, he received a branch of oak leaves, any other compensation being considered insulting to offer and ignoble to accept. Every one likes his reward in the form expected. Monks and sisters of charity expect "happiness in a future life." Fakirs, conjurors, magicians, palmists, and contortionists of India give their exhibitions in the open air to "acquire merit." These expert fakirs cannot be hired for money to appear upon a public stage; they will not work for lucre, but spare no effort to attain the favor of the god, and scorn everything like pecuniary reward offered by the Barnum or other Occidental showmen. It is prostitutional and contemptible to do a meritorious act with the motive of self-interest. "When thou makest a dinner . . . call not thy neighbours who are rich; lest perhaps they also invite thee again, and a recompense be made to thee." † Martin Luther said about bishops, "The Devil goes into them the moment they take the sop." Persons who have never made money are better material for a community than those whose industry has been rewarded by

* Before the fifteenth century in the boroughs of England there were constant merry-makings, games, pageants, and shows. However, long before the Reformation and Puritan principles, the new commercial ambition of some and the discouragement of others, turned against the unnecessary expense of frolics and gayeties, much to the discomforting of cooks, brewers, tavern-keepers, and players.

† Luke xiv. 12.

the satisfaction of some selfish reward. Let us admire that high standard of humanity which happily seeks the truth, scorning the stifling atmosphere of reward—material or social.

A sudden stopping of the music, a moment of silence, and then a beautiful march was played by a corps of musicians.

Fairmena, accompanied by thirty other maidens, forming, with herself, the coterie of new matrons for that year, appeared at the far entrance of the Forum escorted by the Senior Council of Doctors.

Slowly and rhythmically they approached the tribune, where the high dignitaries sat on lofty seats under a gorgeous canopy, and as they passed certain standards and columns, verses were taken up and chanted by different choruses. The tunes varied and the lines changed as the procession advanced toward the dais, where sat the Supreme Elders. When they arrived before the throne, the chief doctor, with a gesture of dignity, silenced the musicians.

"August Presence," said he, addressing the Chief Elder, "I bring to the assemblage of matrons to-day these, the fairest jewels of the nation, for the nation."

"Young women, do you solemnly appreciate the grave responsibility before you?" said the elder then standing.

"We do."

"The happiness of our race increases in ratio with its health," he added, "and to what a superlative degree a mother's carefulness is necessary, the Supreme Council of Doctors informed you."

"Reverend Chief," replied Fairmena, the leader of the chosen few, "our hearts wish that our children, the fruits of our existence, shall do honor to

our race, Humanity; our virtue we hold sacred to the orders of those placed over us by the government. What is the matter?"

A loud tumult and the clashing of arms here interrupted the ceremony. The Captain of the Guard arrived with many prisoners, held by the "turn-coat" Lork and other guardsmen. Prominent among the prisoners was Adam Mann, arrayed in his Puritan costume, with firearms, etc.

A captain of the guards, saluting, said:

"Great pardon, sire. An assault has been made upon the armory and tool-house by these people, led by Adam Mann."

"Are his followers many?" asked the elder.

"That we cannot say, as the opinion of the crowd has not been expressed," replied the officer.

The Chief Elder then took counsel with the other elders and decided that it would be well to have an immediate investigation, which produced the following evidence:

1st. The watchman or sentry of the armory was absent from his post with Evrona. This was discovered and reported by Guardsman Lork.

2nd. That Adam had secured his odd belongings.

3rd. Preparations were almost complete for destroying by fire the arsenal, containing all the missiles and sharp fighting implements.

4th. The desperate character of resistance on the part of the conspirators until counseled by Adam to submit.

"As it appears, this stranger is at the bottom of the mischief," said Elder Jab, resuming. "Adam, have you anything to say in defense of your action?"

"Only that I have not been treated with proper

courtesy here. I have not been considered as I deserved, and I proposed to acquire my rights and position."

"Does this man mean that we have not good manners?" asked the Assistant Surgeon.

"That is about it," said Adam.

"Let him explain," suggested Sibis. "A criminal caught in the act has no rights and needs no trial; but the love of fair play is an old prerogative of the spectators. Let him explain to us his theories on good manners."

"Good manners," continued Adam, "demand that when a foreigner comes to your shores he should be treated with such courtesy as his position at home would suggest. The manner in which he was accustomed to looking at things should be considered. I am not a digging farmhand at home, and common hospitality would be to treat me as a guest until I could return to my native land. I believe the backbone of manliness is to insist upon one's personal rights. Instead of receiving me like a guest, you have treated me like a captive; and I with the help of these dupes have used what means I could to escape. Do you have no system for the forgiveness of crimes? Let me atone for my followers. You may kill me, or send me home, but I will not work for you."

The Assistant Surgeon here exclaimed that the man's impertinence and ingratitude should bar him from any further hearing or consideration. He had brought death and disaster when he arrived, had been of little use during his stay, and had made this riotous effort to depart. He suggested that a receipt for his body should be given at the Dissolution House and his name be mentioned no more.

"The place where this man comes from is so vastly populated that we, in comparison, are like a few hairs on the hide of a musk ox," said Sibis. "The means of subsistence are so unlimited that his people never have considered waste. It is their custom to take, use, destroy, and move elsewhere. Bimo has told me that in time the peribole of the sun will be shortened; then again we shall be surrounded by fertile hills and green fields, and possibly we may be tempted to think as Adam does."

"This is not a question of thinking," interrupted the elder, "but of wrong doing. Doers of wrong are suppressed by our laws. Geyserland is not run as a charitable association, but as a commune of subjects of the commonweal, who for the good of all expect absolute individual obedience."

"If this stranger questions our politeness, let him not doubt our culture," returned Sibis. "Let it not be said that our community has no mercy. Toleration is always a sign of advanced enlightenment. The laws of Nature are severe. Nature does not care for the individual. Its fire burns the innocent and guilty alike. Nature has no mercy, no pardon. Equity is human. We must decide this matter apart from our laws and customs, for the conditions are different. We must get together the facts before judging the case. Whether an act be wrong or not depends largely upon the intent with which it is done. Don't let our laws punish one who, perhaps, is not so guilty as he appears. Let us be prudent and wise, for, as we know that no man is absolutely indispensable, so we know that the fellowship of every useful man is to our advantage. It seems to me that this man has more than his life to lose. The story of the

mysterious surroundings of his past should be heard and receive our serious attention."

"Would you recommend pardoning him and punishing his accomplices?"

"No!" exclaimed Adam, "I am the guilty one. If any one is to suffer, it is I. I don't see that any great harm has been done to your establishment. It is a pretty weak structure that cannot stand a little storm occasionally."

"Honest error is innocence," remarked Sibis. "When sincere people quarrel they are probably both partially right, and the strong can make concessions."

"You forced him," interrupted Evrona; "he resisted in the same way that any noble creature would resist. Rather admire his courage than condemn his rebellious instincts. It is harder to curb a wildcat than a domesticated dog. He has done nothing mean. That, after all, is my measure of a man. Hear him."

"No, no! Evrona," spoke the elder, "cease your twaddle; it is useless for you to talk. He must have a less wayward advocate than you."

"Hold! Stop!" cried Adam, breaking loose. "All listen. I will speak for myself. I appeal to you, O Mighty Person! I appeal to you for my freedom, I demand it!"

"Demand nothing," answered the elder. "Guards, hold your prisoner."

"Stop!" shouted Adam. "He who approaches me, dies."

The Epicurean Roul recognized the danger, yet with the composure of absolute bravery advanced toward Adam, but at a gesture from Elder Jab, halted.

"Hear me, O Chief," continued Adam, turning

to Elder Jab. "You and I are from different people. You are masters of but one locality. Talk to me of men when you can judge mankind from a knowledge based on a wider experience than that gained in a cramped-up space no bigger than a small English district. Promise me on your sacred word your aid to secure my return to my own country. Promise me a pardon for these innocent followers, and I, on my part, promise to explain this wonderful death-giving instrument. Speak, Sovereign Chief!"

Adam's attitude was superb. There are things that appear to be without worth that have worth. Manner is one of these. Assumed dignity is the insolent shield of impotency and ignorance, whereas natural dignity is the manifestation of intellectual alertness and manhood. In Geyserland all were judged by their material merit, but Adam's natural bearing gave him a distinction that influenced all in his favor.

"Stranger," said Elder Jab, "it is not for you to dictate terms to the elders, and it is thought by us that you will be better dead than living to pervert your fellow-men. Arrest him."

"One word," said Adam, at the same time pointing with his hand to the skies. "The God of us all has hidden many of His secrets. You know many, I know many. Alive, I can explain; dead, you will lose all I bring and offer you."

"Guards!" commanded the elder.

"Beware!" threatened Adam. "If a man moves, you, elder, will be the first to die! I mean what I say. Make no mistake. Do you see yonder bird? It dies." Adam then deliberately aimed at a bird perched on one of the columns, fired one of his pistols, and the bird dropped dead.

All present were appalled and frightened by the report, the flash, and the cruelty.

"Now, Chief, a truce to all this idle talk; let this be between you and me. You represent this beautiful Geyserland, I represent millions of your fellow-beings far away. We are men, not children. I am not without gratitude for what has been done for me in Geyserland; but as a crow is not at home in a pigeon's nest, or a salt-water fish in a barnyard pond, neither am I happy here. The conversations of your good Sibis have not fallen on a barren heart. I will do all that I can for you. I wish to do what is right, and I know that you and these good people understand me better now. You may have a receipt for my body, as your noble associate, the Assistant Surgeon, suggested, or you may let me go, and take the gratitude of an English gentleman. It is for you to choose."

"Chief," spoke up Bimo, "with your permission I would recall the legend of the curious Chaldean craft that drifted centuries ago on the outer coast, and how our wise men of those ancient days studied and recorded its very shape and make; so might we with this waif."

The Chief Elder, after further counseling with those near him, slowly said to Adam:

"We, who by the people's wish rule in Geyserland, have heard your words and recognize the justice of your argument. As you wish, so shall it be. Go, return to your civilization—to your rich and your poor, your masters and slaves, your kin and your quarrels. Go tell them what you saw in Geyserland. Go tell them how we ill-used you, and perchance some day you will wish yourself back again. Man, I promise by my sacred rights,

I swear and call for witnesses the guards. Guards, you have heard me, now let all the prisoners be free."

"Amen," said Adam.

Then Taskmaster Jab, addressing the Assistant Surgeon, directed:

"You, who are well versed in the science of our land, question this man on all points, that all the secrets of the universe that we know not of shall be added to our emblazoned tablets, as our present knowledge is only the record of our own experiences. Beg that he will show you things or methods that will add to happiness rather than such instruments as will destroy and curtail it."

"All savages care more for the power of killing than any other power," remarked Dr. Wewo.

"And you, Fasho," continued Elder Jab, "former intrepid hero, and hunter of the frozen sea, to you we give entire charge of this expedition to escort this man to the farthest shore, where you found him. Leave him with such food and clothing as he shall desire—alone."

Then turning to the young maidens, he handed to each a soft embroidered scarf, saying:

"Fairmena, and you, beloved matrons, accept each this token of your new position. I proclaim that you are to be honored above all other workers in our happy land. Now let the music proceed, and let every sense bear tribute to our praise of the Omnipotent, the Creator of all. Let saturnalia prevail."

CHAPTER XXVII

TURTLE DOVE COTE—FAIRMENA—BIMO

"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heavens."—WITHERBEE.

WE hear much about race suicide. Apes will not breed in captivity. Why should mortals, their quasi-relatives, do it? It is conceded that marriage laws have made the world a prison for women. Females should be the real selectors of mates, as they are the creators of the race. Two stags fight, the doe takes the victor, assuming that he is the superior. Man may do the courting, he can decorate, demonstrate, and advertise his qualities, but the right of the matron is to make the final selection. When not hampered by financial, social, or religious qualifications she will waive all sensual desires and always try to have her offspring inherit good physical, intellectual, and moral characteristics.

The Jews forbade, under penalty of death, the priests to go before the altar of sacrifice after drinking wine, or for a man who had a blemish to go near the altar, in order that the sanctuary might not be profaned. In Geyserland the sanctuary of human procreation was equally preserved from profanation. The failure of the best men and women to propagate was as much an unnatural vice in Geyserland as the unnatural gratification of the senses.

Turtle Dove Cote, Fairmena's home in the park,

was picturesquely perched on the rocky hillside of a clear cascade which flowed through the fragrant, flowery reservation of the lake. It was in this chalet, or cottage, that Fairmena had recently been installed, with all the regular attendants and luxuries that accompany a matron's home.

This was the inspiring prospect that greeted Bimo, the first of Fairmena's friends to pay homage in her new installation. Like a maple leaf in autumn, he seemed more glorious than ever before. His eyes sparkled, for his virility was not dead. His white hair, like spun-silver, shadowed a wrinkled face which was but the interesting log of a noble voyage over the vast ocean of life.

Fairmena's heart throbbed with joy as she welcomed her dear old friend to her beautiful new abode. Although he had had sixty odd years of life, in the present situation Bimo was slightly awkward and embarrassed. Fairmena's happy, joyous spirit when showing him her home, as if her heart had chosen him for her mate, was to him an amazing surprise. In spite of his immense intellectual alertness he was slow in grasping her intent. Foolish is the person who thinks old men do not love youth and beauty. They do, but their worldly wisdom and experience have inculcated in them the bitter lesson of self-denial and resignation. Bimo's embarrassment was the result of the realization of the unhoped-for privilege of loving this exquisite young matron.

Bimo being a progenitor, it had not been necessary to notify him that his attentions to Fairmena were pleasing to the Supreme Council, as in Geyserland a matron, with the consent of the Council, could accept the love of any of the progenitors, and it was a habit, although not enforced, that the

chosen progenitor resided at the cottage of the matron for a period of two years.

When people understand each other love becomes a pantomime. Bimo clasped her in his arms, and on her virgin lips, with all the fire of Jupiter with Io, pressed an incipient kiss. It was like the warm spring sun which dispels the cool vapors from the valleys and vales, and brings life into all hibernating nature.

This thrilling, branding Geyserland matron's kiss equaled, if it did not excel, the binding of priests and parsons, judges and justices, vows and oaths of Christendom.

All she had was his, and all he had was hers.

CHAPTER XXVIII

ADAM AND LORK—PROSPECT HILL—FASHO AND SIBIS

"Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,
They never pardon who commit the wrong."
—LOWELL.

"Be noble and the nobleness that lies
In other hearts, sleeping but never dead,
Shall rise in majesty to meet thine own."
—LOWELL.

LABOR DAY—DAY OF REST

IT was an autumnal holiday. In Geyserland there were an extraordinary number of holidays and festivals. All of these events were popular. They had no day like our Labor Day, because they had no servile class to pity and commiserate—they all worked and were equally dignified. Is the American Republic to have an "outcast class"—like the eaters-of-unclean-things outside the gates of Carthage? Flaubert describes these people, eaters of shell-fish and serpents, sporting among tombstones, inhabiting cabins built of mud and sea-weed, clinging to the cliff like swallows' nests. "There they dwelt, in promiscuous confusion, without either government or gods, absolutely naked, at once feeble and savage, and for centuries past abhorred by the Carthaginians on account of their unclean diet." How long is American manhood to tolerate such a holiday as "Labor Day," and such a custom of servile obsequiousness as "receiving tips"? The type of humanity that will voluntarily celebrate a day set apart to glorify the

servile class,—the type of humanity whose wage is the result of a mealy-mouthed appeal to charity,—has no place in a modern Republic. For fifty centuries there has ever been a "Labor Day"—the seventh day, a day of rest. The week is not a sacred division of time. The word "Sabbath" can mean "the divider." Before the Jews ever dreamed of Adam or of any scheme of the creation, it was the custom of the Cushite-Ethiopians to count by the duodecimal numbers (6-12-144) and to reckon the year by twelve lunar months, of twenty-eight days each. Mankind was supposed to labor six (the half dozen) days. The seventh day did not count, as it was an idle day; but the sum total—twenty-four plus four idle days—made twenty-eight days the lunar month.

Adam had wandered along the mountain path to Prospect Hill. The panorama of Geyserland lay before him. The scant growth of the mountain-side in the foreground, the pastures and cultivated fields stretching away to meet the lake and settlement in the middle distance, and beyond a background of distant snow-capped mountains. As Adam mused he suddenly appreciated that he had been followed by some one whom he soon recognized as Lork.

Lork had not spoken to Adam since the revolt. The traitor was out of harmony with his self-respect. He was that type of cautious coward who believed in conciliation rather than have another man hold him in contempt. He rather expected malice from Adam; but Adam, being assured of his freedom, had what he wanted and harbored no malice. It was no longer a question of establishing reputation for manliness, as had been the case when he fought Flot.

Malice is a contemptible thing. Children do not have it. It is the recourse of a weak, cowardly spirit. Revenge is a different thing. Cæsar had no malice, and never punished a Roman soldier except for cowardice; but when, for a spirit of precaution, he thought it necessary to take revenge he showed no mercy on his treacherous allies. He put whole tribes to the sword, or sold them into slavery. This was a war measure, on the principle that the most ferocious chastisement is the most certain deterrent. Offended dignity, seeking revenge, marks a trivial caliber of mind. Such a mind had Lork.

Lork desired the friendship of Adam, whom he now recognized as being respected by every one. Adam being alone, he seized the opportunity to follow him.

He now approached, and with a doubting smile said:

"Do you wish friendship or indifference?"

"Here is my hand," replied Adam. "By hazard you have not hurt me."

"Then," responded Lork, "let me make haste to do that which will make you respect me."

"I have heard that all things are possible," said Adam, looking at him with a quizzical smile.

"If you would like me to return to your country with you, I will be glad to do so," said Lork, continuing, "Your ways are not our ways, but I have seen enough of you to respect you, because you are the type of man who is himself, and I want to be your friend. I want you to like me and to know that I like you, and to know that when you need me you have but to command me. Will you take a stroll with me?" He felt that he had done

the mean thing, although his treacherous action had been justified by his second thought.

Lork had apologized; which action Adam had been educated to think was one of painful humiliation. "Who excuses himself, accuses himself." So his manner softened, he was noble enough not to dwell upon Lork's treachery. Our attitude toward our fellow-men is largely of our own choosing. We can sympathize, approve, enjoy, censure, oppose, or combat.

They wandered over the mountain paths, through the pine forests to the distant asphalt lakes. Next to the mysterious beyond the skies, the mysteries of the interior of the earth are the most appalling. This oozing bitumen with asphalt and volcanic manifestation had a fascination and gave the sacred emotional feeling that we all have when seeing anything arrive from the hallowed mysterious unknown.

It was late as they wandered back hand on shoulder and arm twisted around arm as friends walk in pleasant paths. A friendly sensation of touch brings peace. As late in the evening they reached the outskirts of the settlement, it was with mutual surprise that they noticed that there was a rosy light in the bower of Sibis. They wondered who could fascinate Sibis. Who could personify in himself her love for all the world?

Menacing advice from an inferior, even if not followed, is apt to have an arousing effect, and it is possible that when Adam told Fasho at the spring to assert himself new ideas were germinated. The sower does not always know the seed he sows. The soil that refuses the grass may accept the rose.

Fasho decided that the comedy of constancy need not be carried to the point of tragedy. This was an intellectual conclusion obtained by reasoning, helped by a feeling to exert himself more for his fellow-creatures, for Fasho realized that he was on the wrong road toward benefiting others, or himself, and determined to check himself. He knew that the secret of navigation lay in trimming the sails to the storm. When one can reach harbor by altering the course it is folly to persevere in struggling against the wind. Steadfastness to all things is a fool's dream.

Fasho, like the eagle of his beloved mountain peaks, arose and surveyed the situation. Sibis was right—he must accept the verdict that a man with a crooked back should not be a progenitor. He had been promoted and now was a comptroller, and with his new duties, naturally, new interests came. He realized that the oak was good for other things besides producing the acorn. He abandoned his ambition to make new records for personal prowess, and was glad to show others how to even surpass his own famous deeds, being anxious for that glory which comes from meritorious conduct rather than athletic adroitness.

Fairmena was ever thinking of maternity, which was uninteresting to Fasho. When a friend talks continually of interests with which we are not in sympathy we are bored. What Fasho really wanted was a sympathetic friend who had the type of wifehood, not of motherhood. It gradually dawned upon him that Fairmena lacked certain spiritual qualities which he possessed, and that she only measured him by his animalism, to see if he came up to her standard as a physical mate. She

was as impassionate as she was beautiful, thinking always of her duty, and constantly alarmed for fear that he might caress her, which act the elders would not approve. A person with one idea is not charming. Fairmena only knew her own mind and had a very small acquaintance.

It is not good for a man to live alone. When in misfortune, he generally prefers in a manly way to take his sorrow undiluted; but when the reaction comes he wants sympathy for his new hopes and aspirations, and a live man will generally get it, for a mortal's love admits of much reasoning which justifies his transfer of allegiance. When a real and strong affection has come to an end it is not well to mock the sacred past by acting. "Who has loved once, he best can love again." After months of meditation which had slowly shaped his plan of action for the future, Fasho left his bower and went out into the quiet, peaceful, starlit valley which was wrapped in a mellow glow of the Arctic light. Few were abroad, some of the bowers were dark and closed, some were lit up by the white social light, others were noticeable on account of the sacred red light that shone above the door of the bower, a warning that forbade any intrusion.

Fasho started off at an exceedingly brisk pace for a cripple, until he came to a remote bower to the southward. There was one peculiarity about it which distinguished it from others; a delicious odor of cooking pervaded the place, showing that the inmate did not eat with her social group. This was the abode of the dainty Sibis, who, though she held no official rank as food preparer, acted as a welcomed volunteer-suggester

of the different kitchens of the island. Cooking, the most useful of arts, was her passion, and she had introduced so many improvements that the Council, in the same manner as they had given Bimo the facilities for studying the stars, gave to her all the necessities for cooking, and she now ate in her bower instead of with the social group. Archæologists have found no record of women doing cooking in Egypt.

> "We can live without pictures,
> We can live without books,
> But civilized men
> Cannot live without cooks."

Her methods were like the scent of the hound or the sight of the deer—incomprehensible. Sibis was a pure Epicurean, but not in any way a degenerate. Exquisite delicacies are often lost by simplifying processes. Machinery cannot give the characteristics of the best hand-made work. The Phœnicians who replaced the cumbersome glyphics with their alphabet unquestionably sacrificed untold fascinating details. As Sibis was a woman whose bent of life was in making others happy, she was a privileged character, and had an extraordinary influence over the youth of both sexes, due to her sympathy and to her active mind and wisdom. Like the courtesans of Athens, she had profited by her freedom to acquire knowledge of men of the world, which enabled her to take an intellectual position of friendship and confidence.

Sympathy without the enjoyment of the pleasant vibrations coming from touch, is a Christian ideal, and children in Geyserland, from the time they were weaned until they became adults, were taught to avoid all amative gestures like touching,

handshaking, or kissing. Salutations were made by bows and gestures only. The simple, peaceful companionship between men and women generally results in the giving or the desiring to give of a certain amount of the healthy magnetic sense of touch, varying in degrees of intenseness.

Fasho pressed a button of shining white metal and a silvery bell sounded in the interior.

Sibis, surprised by a visitor at this late hour of the night, touched a spring, and the cozy anteroom of her bower was filled with a soft radiance from the two dozen shaded lamps. She had the refinement of good taste, and the bold harmony of the walls and rugs and cushions bespoke the character of its occupant. In Athens it was not the toga that indicated the gentleman, but his manner of wearing it. People become fastidious as to the quality when quantity is abundant; there is no choice except from the superfluous.

The face of Sibis was thin, but her expressive features were large, and well framed by her abundant white hair; her chiseled features made a marked contrast to the bronzed, rugged Fasho, who was molded in a coarse, heroic shape. Her large, mobile lips carried the impression that their owner could have no small meanness. Her mind was better than her body; but a man will pardon almost anything when a woman pleases him.

"Fasho," she exclaimed, "you in the costume of leisure! What does this mean?"

"I am so lonely, Sibis. I need a friend. Good friend, I need you."

"You need not ask for my friendship, Fasho; it has always been yours."

"But I want your loving sympathy."

"Dear Fasho, as the ivy in the forest clings and

scarcely weighs on the stricken tree—so shall my love be with you, and you shall find that the slight reed, Sibis, is not too frail for the giant Fasho to lean upon."

We are slaves of what we need, and Fasho needed the sympathy of Sibis. Gratitude for gentle, sympathetic words is one of the milestones on the turnpike toward altruism.

CHAPTER XXIX

CLIFF SHORE PATH—ADAM AND EVRONA

"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be."

SEAFARING men have, while at sea, seldom accomplished literary work. Ideas come and go, as the waves toss and drop the vessel's hulk. The same can be said about those who dwell by the sea-coast, where no logical train of thought can be successfully executed. The authors from the sea, such as John Smith, Marryat, Cooper, and Clarke-Russell, have written their books on shore. The plains or the mountain-sides are the chosen haunts of the philosopher, or the logical thinker, like Emerson.

Love and logic are different. Adam, by hazard, met Evrona under a cliff on a secluded path near the edge of the lake coast. The little waves rose and fell between the rocks around them. Why is it that a man wears his heart on his sleeve, and that a woman in love is coy and does the things that are most contrary to her interests and affections? This is one of the inexplicable traits of nature which has baffled scientists and philosophers from the beginning of the world. Happy is the man who can read his mate's adoring heart. And why again is it that when a woman does make the advancing steps toward affectionate intercourse, a reserve and combative spirit takes possession of the man? It is the one who merely accepts who is selfish. She who gives is noble. A man of spirit

will soon hate a woman who has wronged herself for him. A woman was a trophy in ancient days, and a man acquired importance from the difficulty of obtaining a woman of an alien tribe. To possess such a woman argued prowess of the victor, whereas a man who married a kinswoman was less esteemed and often became an object of scorn. Adam, whose departure had been delayed on account of the information he was able to give to the Assistant Surgeon, now became impatient to be off.

He did not understand Evrona's loyal love, and her presence annoyed him. A man always hates the society of those to whom he has been unjust and mean.

People who have never had a great love cannot properly value its worth. Adam's fanciful, frenzied affection for Polly Natson dulled his appreciation of the love Evrona offered him. It is strange that a man will climb a tree for an unripe peach when a mellow one falls into his hands.

Evrona's nature had evidently changed, that is, if seriousness was not a coherent part of an apparently frivolous, laughing temperament.

"Why should we part?" said Evrona as she leaned upon Adam's shoulder. She was happy, because touch, the first of the senses, is to the lover the most responsive of sensations, and so soothing that all thoughts of the past or hopes for the future seem trivial. Priceless indeed are such fleeting moments.

"Do you think I am afraid to go with you?" she continued. "Alone, you will lack a cheering friend."

"I go alone, I know the peril, I want no companion," Adam brusquely replied. "I am not

afraid of death, but of not living as I should. I am in honor bound to go."

"Dear Adam, the laws of Nature bind us; why consider your vague traditions of duty and honor?"

"My honor is my love for myself or respect for my conscience," said Adam, and then with a smothered yawn and his characteristic lack of sensitiveness asked, "What do you really wish?" He desired to know just what was expected of him.

"Cannot you love me more than you love yourself?" queried Evrona. "Don't you appreciate the pleasure of having my love? I am all yours. Take me with you or stay here; your happiness is more to me than my own. I may like your ways better than you like ours. I want to be the mother of your child."

Evrona's munificence had been generous—unrestrained, without question.

A tear gathered in Adam's eye, betokening a weakening of his resolve. He was not happy, yet he had made his resolution to go. Conscious of his weakness, and dreading to break down this resolution, he assumed an attitude of ill-concealed indifference—of brutality, even, that ignoble resource of vacillating manliness.

"Another awaits me at home," said Adam.

Evrona asked, after a long pause, when she had gained perfect control of her voice, "Does she love you?"

"I have asked her to let me love her."

"When did you see her last?"

"Twenty years ago. But we were children together, and honor bids me wait." Adam then told her all that he knew of Polly's history.

"You dear, simple man, how little you know

about women," said Evrona. . . . "You don't know when a girl loves you, or when a girl does not love you. My dear *blind* boy, you are *blinded* by a *blind* infatuation. Your phantom maiden Polly may be a grandmother now. You are dwelling in dreamland. Are you not too old to have such illusions, such flimsy hopes? What magnetic charm do you possess that compels her to wait your luxuriant time and convenience to claim her? Don't let hope make game of you. There certainly must be a point where constancy stops and insanity begins, and you, dear Adam, are at that point."

This caused Adam a serious thought, but his inborn, bull-headed English stubbornness would not allow any possibility of being in the wrong or even imagining failure.

"I don't understand this 'honor' of yours," she continued. "A man or woman is a fool who would go through life entirely without folly. You know what Donis says: 'What is superfluous is not necessary.' You and I can return to your land if you wish and live happily in some quiet place away from your home."

"The devil we could! My home is Stone Hall, where I belong."

"Would you be ashamed of me at Stone Hall? Have you no room for me at that large place? I have been useful to you here, why not there? Why do you go? I love you."

"Those whom we decide to love," said Adam, "we love always. I met you too late, gentle Evrona. I may be dull, but I did not flatter myself that I was in your mind more than others."

As Adam glanced at Evrona the idea crept through his disturbed brain that she was of a

nobler strain of human species than himself, and one whom he had little merited to possess. Suddenly, with an overwhelming outburst of affection, Evrona threw her arms around him, saying:

"You fool, don't you see how I love you? What is this nonsensical dream that stands between us? Is this visionary beauty whom you have not seen for twenty years going to take the place of me, a real human being? Look at me, fire and passion, Adam, oh, Adam!"

She cried and he kissed her eyes—forget-me-nots drenched in dew; but the taste of the tear was pain.

CHAPTER XXX

CONFERENCE BETWEEN ASSISTANT SURGEON AND ADAM

"And much it grieved my heart to think what man had made of man."
—WORDSWORTH.

A COZY room in the Temple of Reason was occupied by Adam and the Assistant Surgeon. The crafty surgeon having assumed a position of superiority early in the interview, Adam objected.

"I want you, sir, to consider my feelings sacred and to use no words that will offend them."

Thus, the Assistant Surgeon soon realized that Adam was no fool. He abhorred fools, but knew there is something to learn from every one who thinks, be he knave or nobleman. Mental opposition is exhilarating and sharpens one's wits. He enjoyed it. Mental opposition is always healthy for one's judgment, provided one's judgment is dominated by the love of truth, rather than the fear of complications to come, such as that confusion which necessarily follows when one changes one's opinions.

There is no doubt that putting ideas into people's heads increases the variety of vices. It has never been denied that the professional physician is the most helpless and pitiable victim of dopes and drugs, such as chloral and morphine. A copiously educated weakling is far more dangerous than an uneducated one.

The more Adam and the Assistant Surgeon

talked, the more the Assistant Surgeon realized that an island, even in a perfect state of culture, was a prison. The love of freedom develops differently; some wish to be free intellectually like Erasmus, others morally like Henry VIII.; again, others physically, like a tramp. Erasmus, who lived in a dark age, but, relatively, little darker than the one we live in now, was one of the first free thinkers in Christendom. The first in any new field often, but not always, attains a degree of excellence which long remains unsurpassed. For instance, the pictures of Van Eyck, the inventor of oil painting, are to-day, after four hundred years, unsurpassed for freshness and durability; again, the delicacy of the original daguerreotypes has not been equaled by modern simplifications and inventions. The same is true of early book-binding. So, for intellectuality, the poised but unpopular Erasmus, who dared think everything, has not been surpassed for his philosophical conclusions. He wrote about the wrong-doings of the monks and priests, and equally refused to accept Luther's arbitrary rulings. His sympathy seemed to be with the classical free-thinkers, particularly Lucien and Seneca. As the Papists were more than half pagans, and the Protestants were more than half Jewish, he agreed with neither, and consequently he was disliked by every one and respected by all. A man may be heroic who is well balanced, but he will never be a popular hero.

Expediency will clear the way for good and bad, but a noble feeling is essential for an appreciation of right and wrong. The learning of the Assistant Surgeon had come from an abnormal curiosity rather than from the noble desire to possess a store

of knowledge for public usefulness. Patriotism appeared to him as only prison bars, and duty assumed only the form of a local question. He wished to travel. It is by no means necessary that a man should travel to be in accord with the harmonies of Nature's ends. Very few philosophers have been travelers. Kant, Spinoza, Samuel Johnson, and Jonathan Edwards did not travel.

Adam's idea, that a man of wealth and distinction should be free from sanitary restraints and independent of petty irritations, pleased this selfish surgeon. We love in others that which is like ourselves. Sympathy is a tendency of one individual to fall in with the emotions of others—a community of sentiments. Poor man, he was a relic of civilization. As to-day we find savages and barbarians living in civilization, so this civilized egotist bloomed in altrustic Geyserland.

As a shrewd thinker the Assistant Surgeon saw the game and thought he would like to play it. Lycanthropy, the name given by physicians to that mental aberration when a man fancies himself a beast and refuses clothing or cooked food,—like Nebuchadnezzar,—has its mental counterpart when a man of high altruistic breeding and education descends to the egotism of the savage. To an altruist the pleasures within the grasp of a successful man of Christendom, although gigantic in proportion, seem trivial in satisfaction, but the Assistant Surgeon, with his unhappy temperament, had fallen short of his ambitions in Geyserland, and too late was the only sincere convert Adam made.

CHAPTER XXXI

SIBIS AND EVRONA—ADAM'S DEPARTURE—ESKIMOS

Mercy—"It is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."
—SHAKESPEARE.

"All desire is illusion, and a new binding upon the wheel."
—KIPLING, "Kim."

"When a strong man armed keepeth his court, his goods are in peace; but when a stronger than he come upon him and overcometh him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted."—LUKE ii. 21.

How shall a man and woman who have loved part? We mean those who have not been bound by legal ties, or such a vow as "Until death do us part." The ruse of the brilliant Frenchman, "I know all. Good-bye," might succeed nine times out of ten, but has in it an element of cruelty which prevents its adoption.

Adam's cool desertion of Evrona was but the manifestation of a pig-headed determination to go his own way; but with her it was not a wounded pride, but a heartrending sorrow.

People who are in sorrow often seek small, pitiably narrow lives. Men go to sea for long cruises, or enlist in the fighting lines of the army; women seek solace in some abject occupation, nearer home.

Christian nunneries and monasteries are diminutive worlds, complete in themselves, but they are not big enough to take the broad idea of the fellowship of humanity, because their biased loyalty to a hierarchy has warped their loftiest sentiments. However, they still remain comforting retreats for the heartbroken and disconsolate in spite of the narrow life led in them.

True consolation comes from extended sympathy and love, but never from contracting vows and mortifications of the senses. The good Samaritan belonged to no Christian order.

Savages, like wild brutes, are afraid of sympathy, but grateful for gentleness. A thirst for sympathy prevails in all thinking people, and the more enlightened a man becomes the more sympathy he needs; for we all like our most intense thoughts echoed in another's mind. The discovery of the need of sympathy and the supplying it for a consideration has marked one phase of civilization; for on the basis of "Tell me your tale of woe," priests, doctors, and lawyers have erected the three learned professions.

Reader, comfort all those in affliction. Alleviate their sorrow by your sympathy.

Fairmena had accompanied her loving mate Bimo to the Observatory Tower on the morning that Adam, with the farewell escort in charge of Fasho, departed for his home in Christendom, and with a spy-glass she had followed the barge's course to the distant outlet of the lake.

With a new love on, it is not always true that the old love is off, so, as Fairmena watched the crippled Fasho in the stern of the boat, she more than half sighed at the thought of "what might have been." Seeing the man whom she had so dearly loved bestowing such unselfish kindness on the one who had been the indirect cause of his and her own disappointment, thrilled her with a love and admiration for her race and pride in Fasho that brought tears to her eyes.

After the barge had disappeared among the distant rocks, Fairmena, glancing across the valley,

saw Sibis and Evrona walking down the cliff path which overlooked the sea. Poor Evrona had not gone to the wharf. She could not smother nor crush the longing for Adam's affection, nor the intense desire to be with him. She had been totally unselfish in her efforts to aid him, and this was the way he had repaid her.

Sibis, always intensely humane and living to study life and cheer the unfortunate, said to Evrona:

"What is it you wish to be, Evrona, a kind of parasite?"

"No," sobbed Evrona, "but it is the nature of a woman to be a working, useful aid to him whom she can respect and love. It certainly is my nature —his ways, his thoughts, his ambitions, his life should all have been mine. I certainly would not have loved him as a leech loves his victim. When I really love a man, I cannot help desiring to make every sacrifice for him. I would help him in all things as a loyal helpmate. Adam was brave, and he was as noble as he was brave."

Sibis saw, and philosophically appreciated the fact that when a woman loved as Evrona loved, she was not only willing to sacrifice herself, but everybody and everything for the object of her passion. She knew that a woman cannot be cured of love as a man can. A man has only to study the deficiencies of the woman he loves; not so with a woman—she but loves the more. She may disapprove of the crime, but she loves the criminal.

Continuing her conversation with Evrona, Sibis said:

"I, too, liked Adam. He had qualities worth remembering. You are a bright woman, why not

write of his many good deeds? Get an occupation for your mind, my dear. It is the law of Nature that we can better encounter the sorrows of life by seeking work, rather than seeking pleasure. You know him well. You know his thoughts and opinions on questions which were not recorded by the materialistic committee of which the Assistant Surgeon was the head. They only emphasized the least important of his characteristics. I myself believe that Adam left Geyserland from a sense of duty—not because he wanted to go."

"I know it," sobbed Evrona. "Fool!"

"What other reason had he for going?" continued Sibis. "The love of a sweet girl like you would have made a weaker man forget all else. I believe you loved him because he had that sense of duty, and we know that he never did a mean thing while he was here—except to encourage your love."

"That was my fault," interrupted Evrona. "He did not do a mean thing to me, he did not know me until too late. All the world knows that you have a heart, Sibis, but who would suspect me, the laughing Evrona, to have any depth of feeling?"

Evrona's love for Adam had the sterling ring. It had stirred the finest chords and brought out the deeper and nobler feelings of her nature. Liberty often develops greatness of character, as in the most lax times of Imperial Rome, in the most immoral times of Charles II., and during the French Regency some of the purest types of individual nobility appeared.

The church is narrow in having only Juno the woman of the fireside—the mother as the model woman for the people; sending the Minervas to

nunneries and the Venuses to the Devil. It is interesting to observe how converts from Paganism, "promoters" of the Christian church, about two hundred years after the death of Jesus, wanting a female ideal, as neither the Jews nor Christians had any, seized upon the character of Mary, the spouse of Joseph, who had always been treated with questionable courtesy by her son, and from a necessity made a goddess of her.

"I would not be frivolous, Evrona," said Sibis, "but I wish I could do the kind acts you do. Dear sister, our rôles, though different, have the same end in view. I love you for loving poor misguided Adam as you did. We should not blame him; he could not understand feelings he had never experienced. Let us hope that he will not have time to think, or recall to mind or body, what was his and what he threw away; and let us hope that he will continue in his stupid egotistical ignorance. I know, dear, that there is no worse agony than being misunderstood. It seems so trifling—but it stifles. I understand your sorrow, loving one, and will not leave you."

"Please do not," sobbed the woman, as she in desperation grasped the frail Sibis with her round, rosy arms. "All I ever cared for is gone. This sorrow will take away my desire for living. Oh, Sibis, he did not know!"

"Perhaps not. Egotistical selfishness is bred into the very bone of his people. If you could have kept him only a few months more, he would have outgrown his whimsical opinion of right and have acquired rational ideas of duty, and have enjoyed a happy life with you—and for us."

"Sibis, sister, walk with me to the Experimental Grange?"

"What!" exclaimed Sibis approvingly, after a low whistle of surprise.

"It is now to be my home," nodded Evrona. "Dr. Wewo arranged this for me, he said, for the common weal. Dr. Wewo ought to know what love is, as he has lived with the same sweetheart for forty years. But without mercy he insisted that my Adam should go."

Wewo was too good a homo-culturist not to know the advantage to his race of a strain of foreign blood. He was no busybody matchmaker nor priest—sentiment with him meant the welfare of future masses, not the individual momentary gratification.

The tears were overflowing in the eyes of Sibis, but she made no reply to Evrona's remark, but marveled at the depth and wisdom of Wewo.

To return to the subject of the departure of Adam it is necessary to state that he had consulted Bimo, the astronomer, about the best routes to the Temperate Zone. Bimo found Adam an intelligent listener concerning the sky, and advised him to leave before the spring, as the early part of the trip would be the same at any season, and thus meet any benefit by the mild weather the farthest north. He was also told to watch the flight of the birds and was shown the guiding stars.

In our days, with our habits of indoor life and cheap mechanical time-keepers, few, outside of navigators and professional astronomers, take any interest in celestial bodies. It was different in the seventeenth century, when they still cast horoscopes, told time, and traveled by observing the position of the stars.

The scientific preparations made for Adam's de-

parture were the topic of much discussion in the little altruistic republic. The improved methods of the Geyserlanders permitted many comforts unknown to our Arctic explorers, such as concentrated diet, improved snowshoes, and a tarpaulin shell, a hybrid between an umbrella, canoe, and gigantic egg shell, and little fire pills (possibly radium), that were capable of heating a portable oven for several hours.

Adam's courage was superb—ice and cold, hunger and solitude would not be a new experience to him. As we know, he was the sole survivor of the *Raven's* muster of one hundred and eighty souls. He had seen them, one by one, slowly perish in that frozen North,—the good and the bad,—Puritans and pirates, the strong and the weak,—and yet when the time came for his departure he was not undaunted.

Why is it that a man loves danger? The soldier loves the battle, the sailor loves the storm, and people who have had intense suffering and danger perhaps find life insipid without them. The more intense life is, the better some enjoy it. Fasho and his crew, looking like luxuriant Eskimos clothed in their thick skins and woolens, escorted Adam farther south than any of them had ever been before, and left him equipped with the best of warm garments, and every known safeguard against the elements.

The parting was not without pathos, as Adam saluted and bade each one a farewell with a sincere thank you, unaccompanied by any hypocritical courtesy. Here was the unity of man. Adam was a part of them all. There are no individuals on occasions like this. Every man, being, or thing is part of us, and it may be attributed to our low de-

gree of culture if we are unable to rise to that grand fellowship in Nature.

Adam, leaving behind him all comforts and happiness to seek Polly Natson, was not unlike the mountain youth of "Excelsior" as he started through the fields of ice and snow in pursuit of an illusion. His thoughts of her were chimerical—she was a reality. Query, Are the best of us sane?

Why should our hearts and sympathies go out always to a romantic lover? Constancy and pig-headedness are so closely related that the one is often taken for the other.

Adam probably left Fasho somewhere about the line one hundred and tenth meridian, west longitude, but its latitude must remain unknown. He spent many days in walking ahead on the ice, and then had to retrace his steps to flank impassable crevasses or high barriers. Weeks passed, hope and fortitude became numb, and the consciousness of having used bad judgment in leaving Geyserland grew day by day. His mind cleared, and he realized his servitude to early biased prejudices; for it is by our failures that we see deeper into life; in this way our errors help us. The stinging thought of why he had left Geyserland increased daily from a half-formed query to the tremendous question of life and existence.

Moments of solitude, meditations, will make a thinking man crazy—or great. Adam felt the quickening of the altruistic feeling. He realized that he was on a fool's errand, leaving charming realities for fallacies and phantoms, and he sighed when he thought of having left a kingdom of peace, like that which Daniel and Jesus described, and that he alone of all Christendom was the one who had seen it put in practice. First he cursed his own

stupidity; then he gradually became of loftier mood. The Bible says, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God"; "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth"; and "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven." Adam had become pure in heart, he had become meek and had become as a little child—but, he knew that it was absolutely impossible to get back, and with a faint, sore heart he pushed listlessly forward, in spirit, a new Adam.

One day in June, when he had apparently reached his last hour, if not his last moment, and his starved, enfeebled heart no longer gave strength to his mind and limbs; when he momentarily expected to collapse from exhaustion, the sight of fresh blood upon the hardened snow revived his sinking forces. Following up the trail, his vision was gratified by once more seeing some of his fellow-beings.

A few wretched creatures were engaged with their primitive harpoons in a desperate conflict with a polar bear. Adam, even in his weak condition, managed to give the fatal wound with his pistol. There is quite a difference between hunting as an ancient pursuit and as a modern sport. In ancient days the game might be wounded in the morning, but followed by the hunter sometimes for hours before it dropped from exhaustion, hence the word "hunter." The "sportsman" of modern times with his rifle kills his game instantly.

At first the surprised and startled natives were belligerent at the sight of a strange man; but upon recognizing his terribly exhausted condition, relented and dragged him, with the dead bear, to their miserable home.

Adam met these savages probably in the neighborhood of what is now known as Wolsteholme Sounds.

These savages had little or no culture. It was two hundred years later that their descendants first adopted the bow and arrow. Even the kayak, or skin-covered canoe, was unknown to them. They lived in hovels called "igloos," built of blocks of ice. These were pleasant or endurable in winter, but toward early summer (the season when Adam discovered them) they were very disagreeable on account of their constant drippings and foul stenches of rotten fish and putrid oil from the filthy, dirty floors, which were often covered with the bloody remains of a dead seal. In these ice huts the only objects resembling furniture consisted of a bank of ice, along the sides, covered with skins which served as seats and a common sleeping-place. A lamp with moss-wick was suspended from the center of the roof and acted as a heater and light giver. It was apt to stifle the unaccustomed visitor, fresh air or a breath of air of any kind being almost unobtainable.

They derived most of their sustenance from the sea, and what they ate they ate raw, so that they had nothing palatable for poor Adam in his expiring condition.

Overcome by despair, Adam stretched himself upon the rude sleeping-place and tried to practice the great lesson of altruism he had learned in Geyserland. He was "blue," and sought the moral of his existence. To have the "blues," and to have nobody profit by them, is like harrowing a pasture and sowing no seed. With his dying strength he continued to make notes and comments on his extraordinary adventure, with the praiseworthy ex-

pectation that they might some day reach those whom they would benefit, and that the world would be better for his having lived.

It had been difficult for Adam, with his antecedents, nursed as he had been upon pure egotism, to comprehend pure altruism. But the example of Geyserland had enabled him to mount to a higher round of enlightenment.

Nothing more is left of Adam's record. All must die, and every one leaves some work unaccomplished when dying. Probably after becoming partially acquainted with the uncongenial companions he abandoned hope and realized that his life was about to end in their midst. Hour by hour his strength left him. He became resigned to the fact that his efforts to reach Polly Natson were useless, and was glad to cease the fight against that inevitable destiny, death. He little knew that the object of his energies was a cross, nagging woman.

His rescuers, realizing that death was near, divided his possessions among themselves. His treatment of his Bible gave them the impression that it was a hallowed thing; his veneration for that, his absolute indifference to everything else, so impressed them that it was guarded with mysterious awe. Generations after, when it was taken from them by the Dutch, they were glad to get rid of it, as it had been an uncanny possession since Adam had left it.

EPILOGUE

"Excellent salads are to be found in every field."

"The little good I have done, is my best work."
—VOLTAIRE.

"Be not only good, be good for something."

THE shoemaker and janitor, Jules Heron, with his wife and daughter, occupied the lodge of an apartment house in the Rue des Petites Epingles (Little Pin Street, Paris). Their accommodations consisted of two rooms about ten feet square. The outer one, which was his work-shop and janitor's lodge, contained a bed and shoemaker's bench. The inner room was furnished with a soapstone range and untrapped sink, a few chairs, and a cot used by his pretty daughter Hortense, who, in spite of such unhealthful surroundings, was rosy-cheeked and robust, in startling defiance of all sanitary theories and plumbers' maledictions.

It was this winsome, vivacious girl who bade me, one Sunday afternoon in August, ascend to Mr. Seaton's rooms on the third floor. I found him busy in the laboratory, fretting about his own ignorance, and suggesting that his parents would have benefited the world more had they taught their son more chemistry and less catechism. He had now become an enthusiastic dabbler in the science.

It was a pleasure to see the old gentleman after a lapse of nearly thirty years. My visit was no surprise, for I had a few days before sent him my manuscript, with the message that I would call to get his opinion of it.

"I have read your 'Triumph of the Despotism of Freedom,'" said Mr. Seaton. "It is not the book I expected. I thought you would have selected a more mundane theme. You have no villains, no heartrending cruelties, nor exciting 'penny dreadful, fireside magazine situations'; nothing thrilling; your style is axiomatic, it is dry, dogmatic, sermony, and prosaic."

"I think horrors are not necessary," was my reply. "I have tried to show that the machinery of evolution, which has been running for thousands of years on the theory of 'whatever is, is right,' is now clogged by unnecessary fagged ends of ancient thoughts and useless refuse. I have also endeavored to sketch a happier social station than that in which I grew up. I have tried to cheer and give hope to the unfortunate; to show to those with evil thoughts a nobler course. I have tried to picture a new dream for the idle classes, and to the philosophers I have shown my convictions with all sincerity."

"You have borrowed, without giving credit, more than half your ideas, and have written what our grandfathers knew and did not think proper to say," Mr. Seaton responded.

"It is the hardest thing in the world to prevent memory from conflicting with originality. I have tried to be a thinker, and know that I have been a thief," I replied. "However, two per cent. of originality is as much as a fair critic has a right to demand from an author, and, as I could never remember the correct wording of any one's opinion, I have done the best that I could with my own brain, mixed with confused borrowings. It was George Eliot who said, 'Scholarship is a system of licensed robbery.' There were things my grand-

father knew that he would not talk about, but the things I know I will talk about. Dana said, 'Write for the intelligent sixty who can understand and the sixty million will learn from the sixty.' I have invented no new controversies, but have given light and ventilation to some dim, misty, but important ones. I love to play with sharp tools, and I have not been afraid to handle subjects that are skipped by, well—let us say 'prudent people.'"

"Before closing," Mr. Seaton objected, "you should gratify all curiosities, satisfy the qualms of imagination, and leave a pleasant feeling in our bosoms when we lay the finished book down."

"Perhaps Evrona and Lork did follow and rescue Adam; I suppose they did; but an army that fights with a reserve corps is not as thrillingly interesting as one which fights with its entire force. There never was a reserve corps in the army of Washington. The public likes actions done with the sacred fire of earnestness, with no thought of reserve, and with an unlimited strenuousness of endeavor. Adam could have taken a carrier pigeon with him, and by reporting the position of the stars, have been rescued; but the point is, he lived to appreciate the beauty of altruism. I fear, my good Mr. Seaton, that your taste has been spoiled by French novels, which are written with a desire to allay, rather than stimulate, deep thinking; and these novels generally after dubious wanderings leave the reader happy with a good Mother Goose moral; but surely that is not the mirror of Nature. The moral of 'Vanity Fair,' contrasting the enjoyment of Becky Sharp and Amelia, is truer to life than the fixed up, happy endings of the orthodox novel. Some portrait painters paint a pretty pic-

ture and then make it look like the subject, others paint the subject and it makes a pretty picture; the latter seems the most praiseworthy method. It is the writer's fault if what he says is not clear. A falsehood, by constant repetition, may acquire the appearance of truth, but it is not truth. I might have mentioned Polly Natson again, but it is unnecessary. There is but one end to a scolding woman—she stops scolding when the blood stops circulating."

"A man's opinion concerning woman-kind is generally biased by a knowledge of the woman he knows best," interrupted Mr. Seaton. "If they were all amiable, like my good maid Gabrielle, or like your dear Mother Var Voon, how happy we should be to have them around us. The mosaic construction of your fable has a certain amount of originality, but you have departed from the upper cult.—You have a very loose philosophy blended with a very disconnected narrative."—

"Mr. Seaton," I replied, "if I wished to make a departure from the practices in vogue, to omit the accepted refinements of literary style, you can see that by being independent in one direction I was in a position not to repel liberty of thought in another, and possibly thus have gained deeper thoughts and a higher morality. You suggested that I should write an ideal of individual life. I have chosen to write an ideal of communal life. An isolated person is only half developed and can only attain a low degree of culture. I have tried to sketch the largest possible individual with all his rights as an individual, and also the career of a community as a unit. I have tried to contrast the parade of selfishness with the possibility of a monastic commu-

nity; to show the folly of perpetuating useless antiquated customs; to show that by guarded breeding a worthy personnel may be produced; to advise people to ridicule all those who believe in the supernatural; to live larger lives, to despise secrets, to love Nature, and with a nobler philosophy to enlighten those who harbor malicious thoughts of vengeance; to show that happiness may come from the vague comfort of a dream or of a fallacious fancy, but genuine peace of mind must be won by adapting our lives to the realities."

"My dear boy, you do not have to go to Geyserland to be an altruistic philosopher. Our capabilities are like a tool-chest in which there are some tools that have become dull and rusty from lack of use. Mutual aid has always been evident; we recognize glimmerings of it everywhere in history. Look at the monks of the fifth century who lived by bridgeless rivers to ferry travelers over. Every day there are those who voluntarily nurse the sick. Is not this desire to do for others without reward, this noblest impulse of man, altruism? There was nothing done in Geyserland that could not be done here. Your ideal—the Altruist—is a character that we all know; and while we are discussing this subject let me say that no eminent novel has ever been written that has not shown the Altruist to be an object of pity and ridicule and the victim of every knave. Your inheritance scheme is plausible and perhaps possible. Our modern facilities for traveling permit an enterprising person to get away from local, social restraints. In America it is only by defying the laws that freedom is enjoyed, but here in Paris neither the government, priests, local influences, nor labor unions interfere with one's independence or pri-

vate life.—There are now more happy polygamists in Paris than ever existed in Utah, and every day there is somebody born who will appreciate the large, free life that Jesus taught. Yet, from the weakly authenticated accounts of Jesus we believe that He was mortal—and, thanks to His example, I am happy. I cannot and would not be like Him, for if all mankind were alike the arrangement of bouquets would be the same.—My next criticism is in regard to your materialistic ideas of recognizing but one power, Nature, which will not be acceptable to the confused ideas of the fashionable church people.

"A husbandman," I said, "throws the seed, hoping it will fall in congenial soil, and he is not discouraged if some soil is barren. Man should take as his model of duty that unpopular but noblest of scavengers, the blue-bottle fly, the mother of maggots, who will be forever hated and accursed by our cooks, because, in spite of every precaution that human integrity has invented, it seeks carrion everywhere, even in the most secluded ice-chest, with an enterprising persistency that the cooks think unequaled. Each thinker should seek the truth as the bottle fly seeks carrion. Many truths are concealed; some are greater than others, and consequently will be visible longer. The able man is the one who sees deepest into any one subject and sticks to it, and perhaps throws new light upon that subject. *To make digression does not require a profound mind.*" Then, with a suspicion of vehemence, I added, "The secret of our future existence, if there is to be one, has been well kept. When my mind first tackled the mysteries of religion, I prayed the Lord to guide my mind, 'as He would have it go,' and I soon afterward deter-

mined that there were no providential acts, like the answer to prayer. Marius said that all Romans were liars. Marius was a Roman. So where are we?"

We were interrupted by a deep male voice which came from the kitchen.

"This is Sunday," said Mr. Seaton, "and having read your book, I shall not hesitate to have you stop and have some flap-doodles with us. Gabrielle's son is here, and he is a prominent pupil of the École Polytechnique."

Mr. Seaton had no occasion to be ashamed of Gabrielle's son. Henri le Breton had the large bones and healthy physique of his peasant mother of Brittany, with the head of the Autocrat and the physiognomy that showed the influence of fifteen hundred years of strenuous intellectual evolution. The big-boned, robust, uneducated, good-natured Gabrielle was a comfort to the small-boned, dyspeptic, nervous, genial Mr. Seaton, and she had been with him more than thirty years. Her lack of education had been so completely offset by her good heart and affection that any question of change seemed improbable and unnecessary. It was a union where the first cross word meant separation. At the time of Henri's birth Mr. Seaton had financially protected her from any fear of poverty. If one cannot be both happily married and mated, it is better to be happily mated than unhappily married.

With the assistance of the working-girl, Gabrielle gave us a good "pot-luck" dinner, an ambrosial repast, such as can only be had in dear old Bohemian Paris—oysters, soup, olives, and caviare, baby fillets, carmon, salad, cheese, etc.

Economy is a local question. Peter Seaton lived

well, but with no ostentation. To live expensively in order to gain the commendation of those whom we wish to think well of us, foolishly costs much good money.

Mr. Seaton informed me that our old waiter Xavier had died and that his brother Jacques, who had been dependent upon him, had become a helpless victim of the "Green Muse"—absinthe. I also learned from other sources that Mrs. Seaton and her daughter, Victoria, a young widow, were now conspicuous in the "smart set" of New York. The comedy of luxury that some are willing to play is truly amusing. They were happy in that fashionable world, with plenty of money, independent of everything but social and religious laws. Seasons came and seasons went, and the contented mother and daughter continued to smile, untrammeled by any further ambitions or desire to change. Ladies of fashion are always "loyal" to a conventionality, however stupid. It takes less brains to be selfish than to be generous.

The moral of the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Seaton justified his trite saying, *"When success is impossible, try again—something else."*

Should a noble person adhere to an ignoble cause?

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